











MEXICAN  
AND  
SOUTH AMERICAN  
P O E M S  
(SPANISH AND ENGLISH.)

TRANSLATED BY

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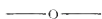
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## INTRODUCTION.



In preparing this volume of translations the original intention was to render the entire collection in English rhyme, and publish in that language only ; but acting upon the suggestion of a number of teachers and students of Spanish, a "line for line translation," as near as irregular blank verse will admit, is given of all excepting a few poems which we had already translated in rhyme when the plan for the present work was adopted, viz.: to place the Spanish text on one page and the English on the opposite. This plan can not fail to meet with the approval of all admirers of the beautiful and euphonious language of Calderon and Cervantes, as it will not only introduce American readers to some of the most beautiful poems of their sister republics, but will also supply a useful and entertaining auxiliary to the Spanish grammars and readers now in use.

To strictly follow the rules of prosody would require so many interpolations and transpositions that it would prove confusing to the student, unless well advanced in the study of Spanish, and thus fail in the purpose for which the book is designed. It is therefore hoped that the irregularities which occur in this work will be overlooked.

"The Dark Forest," by Don Gaspar Nuñez de Arce, although by a Spanish author, is so popular in Mexico that we trust to be pardoned for publishing it with poems of the latter country.

The beautiful thoughts expressed in these canticles are nowhere to be found in such abundance as among the Spanish-American

people—not even in Spain, the mother of their language, and therefore these translations must be of incalculable interest to all lovers of poetry, even if they do not wish to acquire a knowledge of the Spanish language.

For lack of space only a few of the Mexican poets are quoted in this book, but there are others whose writings are almost equally popular. Among them may be mentioned: Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, who was known as the tenth Muse of the age in which she lived; A. Plaza; J. J. Pesado; F. Rodriguez Galvan; J. S. Segura; J. Echais; M. Perez Diaz; G. Prieto; F. de la Puente y Apezachea; J. Riviera y Rio, and J. M. Sartorio.

Having quoted principally from the poems of Manuel Acuña, a brief biographical sketch is given of him as translated from the Spanish of Fernando Soldevilla, a distinguished Spanish biographer.

Special attention is invited to the South American poems, they having been carefully selected from among the gems of over fifty of the leading authors who dwell in the beautiful realms of astral breezes and tropical flowers.

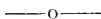
At the close of this volume will be found a biographical dictionary of all the poets quoted.

#### THE AUTHORS.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., September, 1892.



## INTRODUCCION.



Cuando concebimos la idea de presentar al público las traducciones que contiene este libro, fué nuestra primera intencion publicar tan solo la traslacion en verso inglés de las hermosas poesías que aquí le ofrecemos; mas siguiendo el sano parecer de un gran número de estudiantes y maestros de la lengua española, hemos resuelto hacer una traduccion casi literal y "línea por línea," por decirlo así, conservando hasta donde ha sido posible la galanura, belleza y sabor de los originales.

Para que el público estudioso pueda hacer la comparacion entre el texto español y la traduccion inglesa, hemos colocado una al frente de la otra la poesia original y su traduccion, confiando en que este arreglo merecerá la aprobacion de todos los que estudian y admiran el habla rica y sonora á cuya galanura y esplendor tanto contribuyeron Cervantes y Calderon, Tirso de Molinas, Lope de Vega, Carpio, y tantos y tantos otros escritores, poetas y oradores de que el Parnaso castellano legitimamente se enorgullese.

En este libro hemos procurado mas bien hacer una traslacion lisa y llana de los conceptos de un idioma en los del otro, que sujetarnos extrictamente á las leyes prosódicas, cuya estrecha observancia requeriria la introduccion de una multitud de interpolaciones y trasposiciones que, aunque muy literarias, desnaturalizarian el sentido y belleza del texto original; sin contar con que haciendolo así desvirtuaríamos el especial objeto de esta obra, que es el presentar á los aficionados, y estudiantes del idioma español

una traduccion comparada del verso castellano en rimas inglesas.

*La Salsa Oscura*, del eximio vate español Don Gaspar Nuñez de Arce, es tan popular y admirada en Mejico que no hemos vacilado en colocarla al lado de las poesas de este país.

Ningun medio mejor pudiera encontrarse para estudiar el carácter y las costumbres del pueblo mejicano y sur-americano, que leer sus poesías; pudiendo muy bien decirse que los sublimes sentimientos que en sus cantos expresan los bardos del Nuevo Mundo, son típicos y característicos del rico Parnaso hispano-americano.

Para no dar extraordinarias proporciones á este libro, solo hemos escogido algunas de las muchísimas poesias de autores mejicanos que gozan de universal aplauso y renombre, deplorando no poder dar cabida á las inspiradas obras de poetas tan insignes como: Sor Juana Inez de la Cruz, que fué llamada en su siglo La Décima Musa Mejicana; A. Plaza; J. J. Pesado; F. Rodriguez Galvan; J. S. Segura; J. Echais; M. Perez Diaz; G. Prieto; Isabel A. Prieto; F. de la Puente y Apezechea; J. Riviera y Rio; J. M. Sartorio; Manuel M. Flores; José Peón y Contreras.

Llamamos muy especialmente la atencion de nuestros benignos lectores hacia las producciones de poetas de la América Meridional que aquí insertamos, las cuales han sido cuidadosamente escogidas de entre las muchas y muy hermosas que han producido los inspirados bardos de aquellas tierras tropicales donde todo es luz, flores, aromas y poesía.

Al fin de este tomo se encontrará un diccionario biográfico de todos los poetas citados.

LOS AUTORES.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Setiembre de 1892.

# THE DARK FOREST.

(*LA SELVA OSCURA.*)

BY

GASPAR NUÑEZ DE ARCE.





### EXPLANATORY NOTES TO "THE DARK FOREST,"

The first triplet is almost a translation of the well known tercet with which Dante commences his "Divine Comedy," "*Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita*," etc. I have placed at the head of my work this verse of the illustrious Florentine poet, moved by a feeling of respect to his glorious memory, like the poor gentleman of position, in reduced circumstances, who still preserves with religious affection the ancient manorial escutcheon on the portal of his lordly, but ruined and desolate home.

My poem begins in the dark forest in which Dante supposes to have suddenly found himself at the beginning of middle age, and separated from the direct road. His simple action passes in the place and in the period intervening from the time he found himself unexpectedly in the gloomy forest, until a panther attacks him intercepting his progress.

Following the symbolism of Dante, although without the certainty of having given the fit interpretation, I have represented in *The Dark Forest* that sad period of life—verging to old age—in which the illusions and hopes fall withered from the heart, as the dry leaves from the trees, destroyed by the autumn winds, and in which the vegetation of the soul,—permit me to use the metaphor, although I may sin as being bold—that is to say, the renewing of its lost affections and its dreamed felicity, is very difficult, if not quite impossible.

Dante, whose likeness I have tried to trace in these verses,—and approaching the nearest that is preserved of him, and which, if I mistake not, is the work of Domingo Michelino—was born in Florence, in the year 1265, and was a descendant of an ancient Guelph family. From his youth, faithful to the party which his parents had embraced, he served his republic in magistracies and

embassies, and fought for it in Capaldino, and in Caprona. The divisions of the Guelphs, and the vicissitudes of the land of their nativity, drove him to exile, near Ravenna, where he died in 1321.

A man of firm and strong character, notwithstanding his lively and natural desire which urged him to return to Florence, he constantly resisted to take, in order to do so, any humiliating and degrading steps. He might have been able to return to his fatherland, where already, as in all Italy, he was famous and admired, had he wished to lend himself to the conditions imposed upon him: the payment of a moderate fine, and the submission to various religious ceremonies which involved a kind of retraction; but Dante refused, saying that if to enter Florence, there was no other road, he would bid farewell forever to his native land. In fact, rather than to accede to what was demanded of him, he preferred to wander to the end of his life through France and England, and principally through diverse towns of Italy, learning through his own experience how bitter is the bread received from others, and how sad it is to climb the stairs of strangers.

*Come sa disle  
lo pane altrui è com' è duro calle  
lo scendere è il salir per l' altrui scale.*

—PARADISE, Canto XVII.

In the course of time Dante suffered in his political opinions. He began by being a Guelph and ended by being a Ghibelline. He loved ardently the liberty of Florence, but, abashed by the repugnant spectacle of a thousand petty tyrants that rent the heart of the Italian republic, he did not believe that freedom could be possible and secure, except under the protection and superiority of the emperor of Germany. The profound transformation through which his ideas had passed appears clearly in his book of "Monarchy," and in Cantos VI and VII of "Purgatory."

Virgil is the mentor of the great Italian poet in his journey through the "Inferno," and he neither deserts, nor separates from him, except at the entrance of "Paradise," when they both penetrate in the first circle of horrors where the great shadows of antiquity are suspended over the abyss. Beatrice descends to them from the celestial heights and, addressing Virgil, asks him to defend and guide the one she calls with gentlest voice: "*L' amico mio.*" Thus, and by means of an allegory so delicate, love places Dante under the protection of poesy.

Dante was just nine years of age when, one day in May, being at the house of a friend of his father's, the Portinare family, he saw Beatrice,—daughter of the host, who was eleven months younger than the poet, and who was to be the inexhaustible fountain of his inspiration,—for the first time. "When she appeared before my eyes, with such a noble look," says Dante in his "*Vita Nuova*," "dressed in red, meek and virtuous, gracefully girdled, and in a way becoming her tender years, the vital spirit which dwelt in the depth of the heart, commenced to beat with great force in my breast, and my whole being received a deep impression, as if I said within me: 'Behold here, a being superior to myself that comes to take possession of me.'" This premature affection which other great poets have also felt,—and almost in our own times, Lord Byron, in love in his youth with a maiden of his own age—never lost in Dante the character of the ideal and contemplative which was to lead him to austerity and to glory. Nine years after his first interview, i. e. when Beatrice was seventeen, and he eighteen years of age, he saw again his beloved in the company of some ladies of rank, older than she, "dressed in a tunic of pure white." She greeted him sweetly, and by so doing transported the poet to the farthest limits of beatitude, and, as if he heard for the first time the ring of her voice, he was seized with such a strong perturbation, as he himself relates, that retiring to an obscure corner of his estate, he gave himself up to the most tender thoughts of gratitude and affection. Some years afterward she crossed his path again. Beatrice, feeling hurt by the suspicion of certain youthful levities attributed to her, refused to greet him one day as she was passing by him. This indifference produced such an intense grief in the heart of the poet that, fleeing from the people, he filled the earth with bitterest tears, and remained a long while as in a state of lethargy.

I did not relate all the incidents of Dante's intimate life, for they would not find room in the narrow limits of a note, and besides, being well known, they are not necessary for the understanding of my poem. Suffice it to say that timid and irresolute as he was, perhaps for the very power of his contained passion, he could never see Beatrice without being profoundly moved. On a certain day, having found her unexpectedly at the home of some lady friends, such an extraordinary trembling seized him as to almost

set him beside himself. The ladies found out his secret, and increased his confusion by mischievous smiles and whispering.

Thus years passed without producing any change whatever in the sentiments of Dante, until the death of Beatrice in the flower of her age, on the 2nd of July, 1290. The grief of the bard was unbounded; the city of Florence, robbed of whatever it contained of charm and splendor, seemed to him in mourning. He wrote touching poems to the holy memory of Beatrice, in her praise and glorification, filled with the mystic and symbolic spirit which is one of the most characteristic strokes of his genius, until one day he had a marvelous vision, the details of which he passes over in silence, and of which it says in the "Vita Nuova," he witnessed such things that he determined to keep silence concerning everything about that blessed soul unless he could speak in worthy terms. "In order to succeed in this," he adds, "I have studied constantly, and I hope to say of her what has never been said before of any other."

Thus he announces fourteen or fifteen years before his poems of "Hell," "Purgatory," and "Paradise," that he is entirely wrapped up in Beatrice, who, after her death, continued to be the absolute mistress of the poet's heart, as she had been in life.

The story of these chaste and immortal affections, the allegoric sense of which has always given occasion for careful and profound interpretations, serves for a basis, as the reader will see, to my poem, "The Dark Forest," and singularly to the second canto.

Dante who, as previously stated, accompanies Virgil in his peregrination through the Inferno, and afterwards Stacio, a Christian poet who joins, and remains with them until their exit from Purgatory, has always present the purest image of Beatrice, on whose frequently invoked name the obstacles he encounters are smoothed over and disappear. When in the twenty-seventh canto of the Purgatory he finds before him a wall of fire which impedes his progress, Dante draws back in fright, but Virgil says to him: "Consider, my son, that this wall interposes itself between Beatrice and thee."

*"Or vedi figlio  
trá Beatrice e te è questo muro,*

and upon hearing this he throws himself, without hesitating, into the midst of the flames. He feels himself suffocating by the heat of the sea of fire which surrounds him, and then the glorious bard



again speaks to him of Beatrice, and to comfort his sorrowing mind says to him these tender and consoling words: "It appears to me that I already see her eyes,"

*"Gli occhi suoi già veder parve."*

Transported through two abodes of sorrow, Hell and Purgatory, Beatrice is the only one who conducts Dante, and who attracts him from circle to circle that he may taste of the heavenly joys and ineffable pleasures of Paradise.

GASPAR NUÑEZ DE ARCE.



## LA SELVA OSCURA.

### CANTO I.

Al bajar la pendiente de la vida,  
Me hallé de pronto en una selva oscura  
Agreste y sin vereda conocida.

Turbado y lleno de mortal pavor,  
Seguí marchando á tientas y sin tino  
Al través de la lóbrega espesura.

Brisa otoñal, en rauda remolino,  
Las hojas de los árboles movía  
Y alombraba con ellas mi camino.

No sé por qué mi corazón creía  
Que con las muéstias y amarillas hojas  
Llevaba el viento la esperanza mía.

Dejando impresas las señales rojas  
De mis desnudos piés ensangrentados,  
Y avanzando entre sustos y congojas,

Intenté ver si por opuestos lados  
Fácil salida al labarinto hallaba,  
Y venturoso fin á mis cuidados.

Pero á medida que en la selva entraba  
Iba siendo su aspecto más salvaje,  
Y más profusa, impenetrable y brava.



## THE DARK FOREST.

### CANTO I.

Descending down the steep declivity of time  
I found myself within a forest, wild, sublime,  
Among whose shades was heard the dry leaves' chime.

Thus, restless and aweary, filled with mortal dread,  
Among the sombre trees my aimless steps were led,  
And through the tangled thicket upon my course I sped.

The elements were moved with an autumnal breeze  
Which woke the solitude and sighed among the trees,  
And carpeted my road with showers of russet leaves.

I do not know what cause my heart had then to say  
That with the withered yellow leaves I saw that day  
My hopes by winds were borne to regions far away.

I left the tracks of my ensanguined footprints there—  
The marks of feet that wandered bleeding, torn and bare—  
Advancing fast between each anguish and each scare.

I tried first one and then the other side to see  
If from the labyrinth an exit there could be  
To put a happy end to my anxiety ;

But entering the wold, where winds the trees had piled,  
Still onward, ever on, my footsteps were beguiled,  
And still the woods became more tortuous and wild.

¡ Cuántas veces el áspero ramaje  
Hiriéndome al pasar con golpe rudo,  
Me arrancó sordo grito de coraje,

Sin que templaran mi dolor agudo  
Ni el silencioso bosque, ni el sombrío  
Cielo, ni el eco á mis clamores mudo !

Asaltóme el terror, y á pesar mio  
Volcóse mi asombrado pensamiento,  
Como se vuelca el ánfora de un rio,

Poblando, en su febril desbordamiento,  
De monstruos la espesísima arboleda  
Y de rumores el callado viento.

Tibio fulgor, cuyo recuerdo aún queda  
Fijo en el alma, del tropel liviano  
Iluminaba la bullente rueda,

Cual la luz que en las noches de verano  
Serpentea con lívido destello  
Sobre la sepultura y el pantano.

Tenaz angustia se enroscó á mi cuello  
Y conturbó mi juicio de tal modo,  
Que de pavor se me erizó el cabello.

Desvanecido ya, ciego del todo  
Y acometido por las sombras, iba  
Trozando do quier como un beodo,

Hasta que al fin, agitacion tan viva  
Rindió mis fuerzas y caí, cual duro  
Roble, que el huracan troncha y derriba.

How often those rough limbs dealt me a wicked blow,  
While passing where well nigh impervious thickets grow,  
Which drew from me low cries of anger and of woe.

Not did the silent woods, nor yet the murky sky,  
Nor e'en the sound that echoed from each mute outcry,  
Temper my pain intense or quell the rising sigh.

New terrors spread around on all before my gaze ;  
They seized my mind and left me there in puzzled maze,  
As overflowing river the lonely tree doth raze ;

And with the inundation, covered o'er with foam,  
Are mighty monsters borne far from their natal home,  
While loud aerial murmurs ascend the heavenly dome.

A dim phosphorus light before mine eyes did lay—  
A light that from my soul will never pass away,  
And lit upon the circle which in the grove held sway,

As in the darkness of a cloudy summer's night  
There creeps about a livid scintillating light  
O'er grave and marsh where gaseous fluids there unite.

A most tenacious anguish did to my throat adhere  
Which rendered all my thoughts vertiginous and unclear,  
And made my hair to stand on end with mortal fear.

Already weary, trembling, faint and blind to all,  
And overcome by darkness, gathering like a pall,  
I staggered slowly on, and scarce could help but fall,

Until at last my strength I could no more retain,  
And to the ground I fell beneath a conquering pain,  
As falls the mighty oak before the hurricane.

Cuánto, en el bosque tétrico y oscuro,  
Postrado estuve y frío como el hielo,  
Inútilmente recordar procuro.

Sé que al volver en mí con hondo anhelo,  
Desesperando del auxilio humano,  
Alcé los brazos y la vista al cielo ;

Que busqué en mi memoria de cristiano  
La fè de mi piadosa adolescencia,  
Y que pugué por alcanzarla en vano.

¡ Oh cielo que alumbraste mi inocencia,  
De candorosas ilusiones lleno  
En tu infinita y pura transparencia !

¡ Oh cielo azul, espléndido y sereno,  
Patria inmortal del ánimo que aspira  
A dilitarse en tu profundo seno !

¡ Cuánto has cambiado para mí! . . . ¡ Mentira !  
Tú no cambias jamas. ¡ Siempre tu esfera  
Es del color del alma que la mira !

—¿ Por qué se asusta el ave pasajera  
Que con vuelo imprudente y atrevido  
A incógnita region partió ligera,

Si cuando torna al bosque en que ha nacido  
Tal vez arrepentida y fatigada,  
No encuentra ya su abandonado nido?—

De pronto, traspasando la enramada  
Sin commover las hojas, como suave  
Rayo de luna en noche sosegada,

How long in this foul grove, upon the damp cold clay,  
My form, as cold as ice, unconsciously did lay,  
Alas ! my memory fails, and I no more can say.

I but remember that 't was in a gloomy shade,  
And when I woke, despairing of all human aid,  
With eyes and arms toward heaven in eagerness I prayed.

I sought in Christian memory once more to gain  
The faith that once my adolescence did maintain,  
But to accomplish this endeavor proved in vain.

O heaven, replete with true illusions, it is ye  
Whose light upon my innocence doth make to flee  
The darkness, in thy infinite, pure transparency !

O azure sky, magnificent, glorious and serene ;      [lean  
The bright immortal home toward which the soul doth  
That it may roam thy bosom in celestial mien !

To me how changed and dark thine aspect doth appear !  
'T is false, 't is false ! thine aspect ne'er will change ! Thy  
Is colored as the soul beholding its compeer !      [sphere

The bird of passage that hath left its native land  
In venturesome, imprudent flight to an unknown strand  
Why was it frightened when the foreign realm was scan'd.

If, when repenting and aweary on that shore,  
It rose, and to the woods which saw its birth did soar,  
But its deserted nest it finds, alas ! no more ?

Suddenly between the bows there came a light,  
Without a rustle of the leaves to left or right,  
Like gentle ray of moon upon a peaceful night.

Llegó un anciano á mí, pausado y grave,  
Mostrando la serena compustura  
Que solo en almas superiores cabe.

Prestaban majestad á su figura  
El lauro de oro en la anchurosa frente,  
Y la talar y roja vestidura.

Avanzó con el firme continente  
De quien no cede á la pasión tirana,  
Ni el torpe miedo del peligro siente,

Rasgando con su vista soberana  
La densa oscuridad, como avisado  
A penetrar en la conciencia humana,

Y á ver hasta en el pecho más cerrado  
La insomnia incertidumbre del delito  
Y la muda vergüenza del pecado.

Mi respeto es mayor cuando medito  
En su semblante rígido y severo  
Por las vigiliás y el dolor marchito ;

Cuando animar con mis memorias quiero,  
Si no la noble imagen, el esbozo  
De aquella ilustre sombra que venero ;

De boca reprimida, extraña al gozo,  
Como empeñada en detener el paso  
A justa maldición y hondo sollozo ;

De aguilena nariz, de rostro raso  
Y enjuto, de mirada penetrante  
Como una espada, y tan temida acaso.



An aged man approached me, feeble, grave and slow,  
While that austere and calm decorum he did show  
Which only of the most superior minds we know.

On his broad forehead was a laurel of pure gold ;  
A vesture, draped in red, about his form did fold,  
Both lending majesty to the figure firm and old.

Advancing with that steady step he did reveal  
The visage of a man who yieldeth not his zeal  
To passion, nor the sense of danger doth he feel,

But pierceth his superior sight through ambient brume  
As though his gaze could penetrate the darkest gloom  
And search the human conscience, though 'neath piles of  
[coom ;  
And see the sleepless incertitude the heart within,  
And even thoughts of guilt which may in it begin ;  
Likewise the dormant shame of hearts begrimed with sin.

And when I meditate respect doth still enhance  
As I behold his rigid and austere semblance,  
Quite shrunk through years of sorrow and of vigilance :

Then with my recollections I wish to animate,  
If not the noble image, the outlines yet create,  
Of that illustrious spirit which I so venerate.

With mouth repressed, and he to joy a stranger found.  
As if resolved to arrest the steps upon the ground  
To malediction just, and awful sobs profound.

His nose was aquiline—at least appeared as such—  
His visage, clear and spare, did seem the soul to touch  
As point of sword the flesh, and may be feared as much.

Lleno de admiracion vile delante  
De mí, lloré, con voz conmovedora  
Grité, cayendo prosternado :—¡ Oh Dante !

Y á este nombre la turba aterradora  
De fantasmas huyó cual los insanos  
Sueños al leve rayo de la aurora.

Señor—tendiendo las crispadas manos  
Exclamé con afán :—préstame auxilio,  
Que me pierdo en tinieblas y aleanos.

—Haré por tí cuanto en mi largo exilio—  
Me contestó con reposado acento—  
Hizó por mí la sombra de Virgilio.

Será grande y terrible tu tormento  
Antes que el sol á iluminarte vuelva,  
Porque aquí se desgarrá el pensamiento.

Pero al amargo trance te resuelva  
La sentencia fatal que en la vida  
Todos pasamos por la *oscura selva*.

¡ Todos pasamos, sí ! Y es á medida  
Que de su freno la razon se exime,  
Más angosta y difícil la salida.

Aquí se desespera, aquí se gime,  
Aquí se llora sangre, aquí el quebranto  
De las pasadas culpas nos redime.

Aquí no tienen en su eterno espanto,  
Ni olor las flores, ni rumor las fuentes,  
Ni las medrosas avecillas canto.

I saw him stand before me and mine eyes did chant  
His praise, and weeping fell I prostrate and did pant  
With deep emotion and with touching voice: "O, Dant'!"

And at that name the fiendish phantoms fled away  
From that lone wood as darkness pales before the day,  
And maddening dreams before aurora's gleaming ray.

"Master," I exclaimed with utmost eagerness,  
And stretching out my hand spasmodically to address,  
"Lend succor or I'm lost in arcana and darkness!"

"What Virgil's spirit did, in my long exile, for me,  
The same to-day, my son, will I now do for thee,"  
He answered in a quiet voice and tenderly.

"Ere shines the sun upon his course again on thee  
Thy torments will be great and terrible to see,  
For only thus can the imprisoned thought be free;

"But may the ominous sentence that we all, in life,  
Must pass the dark and gloomy forest and its strife,  
Resolve thee to the dangers which in it are rife.

"We all must drink the bitter cup while passing through,  
And thus as reason doth its onward course pursue  
Still narrower becomes the exit avenue.

[stream,  
"Here groans; here deep despair; here tears of anguish  
And here the breaking up, as waking from a dream,  
Of our past faults which now our troubled souls redeem.

"And here, in their eternal fright no fountains spring;  
No flowers scent; no sound of brooklets murmuring,  
Nor e'en in all the realm do timorous birdlets sing.

Ya verás, cuando avances, cómo sientes  
Bajo el tremendo golpe de la pena,  
Crujir tus huesos y chocar tus dientes.

Aquí el aire es infecto y envenena,  
Hiel el agua que bebes; aquí el hombre  
Llega á dudar de Dios y se condena.—

—¡Oh!—receloso pregunté—¿qué nombre  
Tiene esta horrible selva en que me veo?  
¿A dó podré mirar que no me asombre?—

Y cuando así expresaba mi deseo,  
Sentíme herido de terror extraño,  
Como en presencia de su juez el reo.

—¿No has conocido ya para tu daño—  
Respondióme el Maestro—que caminas  
Por la selva mortal del Desengaño?

¿No te lo han revelado las espigas  
Que ensangrientan tus piés, y el grave peso  
De los recuerdos bajo el cual te inclinas?

No esperes que con lánguido embeleso  
Las jóvenes y alegres ilusiones  
Impriman en tu faz su ardiente beso.

No esperes que con himnos y canciones  
Aduerman tu virtud, ni con infames  
Halagos den calor á tus pasiones.

Es inútil que grites y derrames  
El llanto acerbo que tu rostro escalda.  
¡Huyeron! No vendrán, aunque las llames.

“And thou wilt see, when on thy dreary journey bent,  
Thy bones will shake; thy teeth will chatter; thou’lt la-  
When under the tremendous blow of punishment; [ment

“For here the air is tainted and envenomed all;  
The water that thou drink’st shall likewise be as gall.  
Here man, coming to doubt his God, self damned doth  
[fall.”

“Oh!” I asked with dread of what must yet betide,  
“What name dost call this dreadful wood where I abide,  
And whither may I look and not be terrified?”

And when I thus expressed my wish I saw my fate;  
A strange and awful dread my soul did animate  
Like fear of criminal before the magistrate.

“And hast thou then,” the master answered, “not yet  
Unto thy detriment that we are walking ’round [found  
Upon the forest of Disillusion’s fatal ground?

“Have not the many thorns that tear thee cap-a-pie,  
And memories’ heavy burden from which thou art not free,  
And under which thou bend’st, revealed it unto thee?

“Think not that youth’s illusions will give thee joyful  
Nor imprint on thy visage (my son remember this) [bliss,  
With languid ecstasy, their warm and ardent kiss.

“Do not expect, or hope, that they will thee allure  
With chants and hymns, nor yet assuage thy vigor pure,  
Nor with vile flattery thy passion’s zeal inure.

“’T is useless now for thee to weep upon this shore,  
And shed the bitter tears that scald thy visage o’er:  
They’ve fled, and tho’ thou callest they return no more!

Cuando tocamos en la agreste falda  
De la vejez, impuras meretrices,  
Todas nos vuelven con desden la espalda.

¡ Ay ! Bienaventurados y felices  
Los que al llegar al término forzoso  
Que con estéril cólera maldices;

Cuando por todas partes el frondoso  
Bosque, sus pasos embaraza y cierra,  
Y no encuentran la dicha ni el reposo;

Cuando, como despojos de la guerra,  
Van dejando en la linde del camino  
Las breves alegrías de la tierra,

Y el hombre, fatigado peregrino,  
Hacia el negro sepulcro avanza á oscuras  
Sin saber dónde va, ni por qué vino;

No pierden en las ágras cortaduras  
Del escabroso monte de la vida,  
Sino sus miserables vestiduras,

Y llevan hasta el fin de la partida  
La luz, que el mundo al infortunio niega  
En su propia conciencia recogida !

Esa luz, cuando el ánimo se entrega  
A la insaciable duda, con su escaso  
Fulgor, si no le alumbra, no le ciega.

Y semejante al sol en el ocaso,  
No esparce ya la claridad del día,  
Pero á la negra noche estorba el paso.

“When we the rough incline have reached, where life  
doth wane,  
We see the vile canaille, that throngs the town and plain  
Upon us turn their backs with haughtiness and disdain

“Ah! blest and happy will the people be if they,  
Upon arriving at th’ inevitable day  
On which the curse of blighting anger thou wilt lay,

\*“Lose but their miserable vestures in the chine  
And ’mong the cheerless groves of wild and gloomy pine,  
And in the cragged fissures of the life’s incline;

“And wandering around within the leafy wood,  
Encountering obstacles, and also craving food,  
And finding neither joy nor rest, and nothing good;

“And leaving by the way the fleeting joys of earth,  
Like ancient warrior’s relics about some Scottish firth,  
Or like fair jewels strown, of rare and precious worth.

“And men, the weary pilgrims in this realm below,  
Advancing toward the sable grave do not yet know  
The cause for which they came or whither they must go.

“They carry to their journey’s end the valued prize:  
The light in their own conscience, hid from wanderer’s  
And which misfortune to the gloomy world denies; [eyes,

“That light with brilliancy subdued and nearly out,  
Though not enlight’ning yet not blinding him without  
Who yields the soul to its insatiable doubt,

“And similar to the western sun, when fades his light,  
It doth no more spread out the beams of day so bright,  
But still impedes the darkness of the coming night.

\* In the Spanish text the subject and predicate are here separated by three verses, but to sound well in English it was necessary to place the clausal verses after the predicate.

Ténue es su resplandor ; mas él nos guia  
Cuando abatido el corazon despierta  
En la intrincada y azarosa vía.

¡ Triste de aquel que á conservar no acierta  
Viva esa luz y arrastra desolado  
Al través de la vida el alma muerta !

Que es como el asesino condenado  
A marchar siempre, en lóbreguez envuelto,  
Con su inocente víctima cargado.—

—¡ Oh Dante !—preguntéle apénas vuelto  
De mi estupor.—Y tu pasion, aún vive?—  
—¡ Vive y no morirá !—dijo resuelto.

Con mayor fuerza su impresion recibe  
Mi espíritu inmortal, hoy que no siente  
Deleznable interés que le captive.—

Dijo, dobló la pensativa frente,  
Guardó silencio y sin hablar marchamos  
Largo trecho por la áspera pendiente.

Delante de él los retorcidos ramos  
De corpulentos árboles se abrian,  
Y sin molestia ni dolor pasamos.

Pero despues con ímpetu volvian  
A entrelazarse como espesa malla,  
Y dijérase á veces que gemian,

O que surgia de la inculta valla  
Que tras nosotros se cerraba, el ruido  
Temeroso de un campo de batalla.



"Its delicate brilliancy guides to a dark abode  
Where our dejected hearts awake with heavy load  
Within some intricate, some dark and ominous road.

"'T is sad for him who fails, amid the worldly strife,  
To keep alive that light, when raging storms are rife,  
And desolately drags his defunct soul through life.

"'T is like the foul assassin, condemned to march away,  
And wander in obscurity upon his way,  
Bearing the body of the victim he did slay."

"O, Dante!" hardly o'er my stupor him asked I,  
"And lives thy passion yet as in the times gone by?"  
He resolutely said: "It lives and will not die!

"My spirit now in immortality doth roam  
And doth receive more power than in its temporal home,  
Now that 't is freed from interests frail as ocean's foam."

He ceased to speak and thoughtfully bent his brow,  
And silently we passed beneath an oak tree's bough,  
And through the rough declivity our road did plough.

Before his steps the branches on the wooded plain  
Of giant trees did part as in the land Cocagne,  
And we passed on without more trouble or more pain.

But soon again with wrath the boughs did intertwine  
Alike thick coat of mail; and one would say, in fine,  
That they at times did groan, and even woes divine:

Or that from incult barrier, which behind us sealed,  
Like meshes crudely formed from Nature's mighty shield,  
There surged the fearful din of furious battle-field.

Súbito, con acento enternecido  
Clamó alzando la frente :—¡ Oh cásto sueño,  
Nunca logrado y siempre perseguido !

¡ Oh Beatriz, que con tenaz empeño  
Busco en vida y en muerte ! ¡ Oh tú que fuiste  
Y serás siempre mi imposible dueño !

¿ Quién á su encanto celestial resiste ?  
¿ Quién, sin amarla y someterse, mira  
Su faz á un tiempo esplendorosa y triste ?

¿ Quién por volver á verla no suspira ?  
¿ Cómo olvidar su pudibunda sombra  
Si ante mí sin cesar irradia y gira ?

Cuando la humana confusion me asombra  
Y vacila mi fé, su imágen bella  
Con angélica voz me alienta y nombra,

Y vamos ambos por la misma huella  
Los círculos celestes recorriendo,  
Ella en pos de la luz, y yo tras ella.—

—Padre—dije :—perdona si pretendo  
Penetrar atrevido el hondo arcano  
De esa inmortal pasion que no comprendo.

Unió tu sentimiento soberano  
Las excelencias del amor divino  
Y las miserias del amor humano.

A una mujer te encadenó tu sino  
Y extático la amaste, hasta el momento  
En que la muerte á devorarla vino.

But soon with tender voice he the tale renewed [trude;  
With lifted brow: "Oh! chaste the dream which doth in-  
The dream which never is attained though e'er pursued!

"O, Beatrice, whom I seek and long so much to see,  
Tenaciously through life and death I search for thee,  
O thou, my ideal mistress that can never be!

"Who can the visions of her heavenly charm endure;  
Her countenance, at once sublimely sad and pure,  
Without to love her with devotion calenture?

"To see her face again who would not heave a sigh,  
Or who forget the modest spirit which doth fly  
In endless revolution 'round before the eye?

"My faith it wavers and human tumult seizes me,  
When her angelic voice wafts to me o'er the lea,  
And that seraphic image fills me with ecstasy.

"And through the heavenly circles we still journey on  
The selfsame track, for she my mystic paragon,  
Doth seek for light and I pursue her steps anon."

"Father," I said, "Forgive me if audaciously I,  
To fathom the deep arcanum of thy passion try;  
That supermundane passion which in thy soul doth lie.

"Supreme thy judgement is, which hath conjoined above  
The excellencies of divine, like heavenly dove,  
With bitter and deep miseries of earthly love.

[chained,  
"A woman thou hast known, to whom thy heart was  
Whose memory thy mind hath ardently retained  
Till Death her spirit claimed, and he the victory gained.

Cayó como la flor que troncha el viento :  
Pero al perder su túnica terrena  
Hirió con nueva luz tu entendimiento.

Sigues tras la vision que te enajena  
Con incansable afan ; mas ¿ de que modo  
Obra en tí la pasion ? ¿ Es gozo ? ¿ Es pena ?

¿ Amas la carne vil ? ¿ Amas el lodo ?  
¿ O bien la esencia incorruptible y santa  
Del alma libre ?—Y respondiíme :—¡ Todo !

La eterna aspiracion que nos encanta  
Y llega á Dios como impalpable nube,  
Del fango de la vida se levanta.

Escala es de Jacob por donde sube  
Nuestro dolor, en busca de consuelo,  
A las altas esferas en que estuve.

Es un gemido que remonta el vuelo  
A la excelsa region de la esperanza,  
Es la nostalgia mística del cielo.

—Señor—repuse :—mi razon no alcanza  
A entender los misterios que me dices,  
Y más se afusca, cuanto más avanza.

—Sabrás, sin que tu ingenio martirices  
Lo que tu mente conocer no pudo.—  
Y así hablando, sentóse en las raíces

Salientes y rugosas de un desnudo  
Tronco, fantasma de la selva umbría,  
Ante el cual desbordado, pero mudo,  
Ancho rio de lágrimas corría.

“She fell like blossom fair, snatched by the stormy wind,  
And left her earthly garb, fair as a flower of Ind,  
And to new inspiration thy mind hath disciplined.

“Thou followest with untiring zeal where'er she goes ;  
Her vision alienates and robs thee of repose ;  
But how does it effect thee? Gives it joy or woes?

“Is it the sordid flesh, or lovest thou the clay,  
Or incorruptible and holy essence, pray,  
Of th' liberated spirit?” “All,” the sage did say.

“Th' eternal aspirations which our souls enshroud  
And fascinate, arises from the thronging crowd  
And mires of life to God, like an impalpable cloud.

“It is the Jacob's ladder, on which our sorrows climb  
In search of consolation, in a realm sublime,  
To spheres on high where dwelt I 'yond the shores of Time.

“It is a sigh which rises upward in a trice  
And soars to realms of hope, and leaves the world agrise ;  
It is the spiritual nostalgia of Paradise.”

“Master,” I replied, “my reason still is dumb  
To what thou tellest me, nor can it solve the sum,  
And thy deep mysteries still more obscure become.”

“Without the torture of thy brain thou wilt receive  
The mental power which thou before couldst not achieve,  
And which thy dim intelligence could not perceive.”

He spoke, and himself seated with trees for his compeers,  
And there, like phantom of th' umbrageous grove appears  
Upon a rugose root which 'round him domineers,  
And shed a copious but silent flood of tears.

## CANTO II.

Con su profundo pensamiento fijo  
En más prósperos tiempos y lugares,  
Dante Alhigieri suspirando, dijo :

—¡ Recordar es vivir ! Paternos lares,  
Sueños de amor, quiméricos anhelos,  
Rápidos goces, íntimos pesares,

Luchas de la ambicion traidores celos,  
Sorda inquietud del alma que se pierde  
Sin hallar el camino de los cielos ;

Horas de insomnio en que voraz nos muerde  
La duda el corazon, breve alegría,  
¡ Desgraciado de aquel que no os recuerde !

La memoria es el faro que nos guía  
Por el humano mar embravecido,  
Desde la cuna hasta la tumba fría.

¿ Dónde la vida está del que ha tenido  
La lobreguez del porvenir delante,  
Si deja tras sus pasos el olvido ?

¡ Ay ! Ya que ignora el pobre navegante  
El puerto á donde va, conozca al ménos  
Los que ha tocado, náufrago y errante.

En los días alegres y serenos  
De mi fugaz y hermosa primavera,  
A la malicia y el engaño ajenos,

## CANTO II.

While his profound and troubled thoughts were backward  
 And to more prosperous and happy days they fled, [led  
 Sad Dante Alhigieri deeply sighing said :

“ Alas! but to remember is for aye to live!  
 Paternal hearths and dreams of love our mem’ries give :  
 Fantastic longings, sorrows and joys fly fugitive ;

“ The struggles of ambition and the treacherous zeal ;  
 The mute anxiety which the lost soul doth reveal  
 Which cannot find its way the heavenly joys to feel ;

“ And hours of sleeplessness in which the doubt  
 Voraciously gnaws away our hearts though e’er so stout  
 Unhappy he who from his memory these go out!

“ Our memory is the light-house that guides us thro’ the  
 Across the boist’rous human sea of raging spume, [gloom  
 And from the cradle to the cold and silent tomb.

“ What is the life of him who, having had before,  
 The darkness of the future,—mysterious unknown shore,—  
 If he looks back upon his earthly tracks no more?

“ Alas! since the poor sailor not the harbor knows  
 To which he sails away, he may at least know those  
 Which he has touched, shipwrecked and wand’ring, ’mid  
 [life’s woes

“ ’T was when the happy days so peacefully did wing  
 Across my adolescent and fugacious spring,  
 And I knew not deceit or any evil thing,

Fué cuando Beatriz, que tambien era  
Niña inocente en noble hogar nacida,  
Rindió mi voluntad por vez primera.

¿Qué fuerza superior, nunca sentida,  
Pudo unirnos con lazos tan estrechos  
En los cástos albores de la vida ?

Resguardaba la infancia nuestro pecho,  
Como resguarda á la ciudad el muro  
Contra torpe invasor, siempre en acecho.

Nuestra mútua ignorancia era un seguro  
Inexpugnable, misterioso y santo,  
Cerrado á todo pensamiento impuro.

¿Cómo ceder pudimos al encanto  
De una pasion, en la niñez ignota,  
Y cómo en nuestras almas creció tanto ?

¿No viste el manantial que gota a gota  
La peña horada, y rumoroso emprende  
Su curso desde el risco en donde brota,

Que va creciendo al paso que desciende,  
Hasta que al fin con desatado brío  
Por la vega sus márgenes extiende ?

Pues decir puedo que su amor y el mio  
Aumentaron tambien con la distancia,  
Como el arroyo al trasformarse en río.

Aquel dulce cariño de la infancia  
Encerró mi ventura, como encierra  
El virginal capullo su fragancia.



“That Beatrice, likewise an innocent, happy child,  
Born in a pleasant home of honor undefiled,  
O’ercame my will, and t’ love did leave me reconciled.

“What power ne’er felt, superior to the worldly strife,  
Could us unite in bonds almost as man and wife,  
Though yet it was the pure and happy dawn of life?

“Childhood defends our innocent and tender hearts  
As walls the city guards from the invader’s arts  
And likewise from the ambushed archer’s flying darts.

“The mutual ignorance, which in our souls was wrought,  
Was an unconquerable insurance, with mysteries fraught.  
And closed to all unholy or irreverent thought.

“How could we, when so young, give way to passion’s  
Unknown to children not inured to life’s alarm, [charm.  
And in our childish hearts how could it wax so warm.”

“Didst thou not see the spring which from its mural block  
Of stone falls drop by drop and hollows out the rock,  
And murmuring retakes its course on toward the loch,

“And as the stream augments it doth increase in speed  
Until at last with mighty force it doth proceed,  
And wide its boundaries doth extend o’er all the mead?

“Thus I may say her love and mine likewise did grow  
With distance, like the brook whose course no bounds did  
Till like the mighty river our hearts did overflow. [know

“That gentle childhood love contained my happiness,  
Like that sweet fragrance which the virgin buds compress  
But when the flowers bloom it scents the wilderness.

Hasta creo y mi espíritu se aferra  
A tan grata ilusión, que desde el cielo  
Amándonos bajamos á la tierra.

Bien sé que cubre impenetrable velo,  
Negro como la noche, la memoria  
De las gemelas almas sin consuelo,

Que durante su estancia transitoria  
Por nuestro valle de dolor, olvidan  
Su eden perdido y su pasada gloria.

Mas Dios permite á veces que coincidan  
En un mismo recuerdo, y se den cuenta  
De los misterios que en su fondo anidan.

Es fugitiva ráfaga que ahuyenta  
Las sombras de su mente, como el rayo  
Rompe la oscuridad de la tormenta.

Hoy que mi vista inmateral empleo  
En plena luz desde la excelsa cumbre  
A dó llegué tras mi postrer desmayo,

Mi duda se convierte en certidumbre,  
Y sé que fuimos al cruzar el mundo  
Como dos chispas de la misma lumbre.

¿ Dónde amor más patético y profundo  
Que el nuestro encontrarás, ni cuál ha sido  
Tan tímido, callado y pudibundo?

Siempre mi pensamiento confundido  
Llegó sin voz hasta los piés de aquella  
Que me robaba el alma y el sentido.

“ I e'en believe,—and grasps anon my spirit here  
At such agreeable illusion,—it doth appear  
That loving each other we descend to 'Tellus' sphere.

“ Full well I know that an impenetrable veil,  
As black as night, spreads o'er the recollections frail  
Of those twin souls, outside of consolation's pale ;

“ That during all their transitory stay and worry  
While passing through this vale of tears forget the story  
Of how their eden they have lost, and their past glory.

“ But God permits, at times, that they may yet concur  
The same remembrance in, and may the tale aver :—  
The mysteries of its depth which they now harbinger.

“ It is the fugitive gust that banishes the cloud  
From out the mind, like thunderbolt that peals aloud,  
And lights cimerian tempests which the land enshroud.

“ To-day expands afar my incorporeal sight  
Where, in the full transcending gleam of radiant light,  
Arrived I after my last swoon, from lofty height.

“ To certitude I am uplifted from the mire  
Of doubt, and know that when we walked in world's attire  
We were like two bright sparks sent from the selfsame fire.

“ Oh ! where couldst thou then find in all the lovely bowers  
A more pathetic and deep love, among earth's flowers,  
So timid, silent, and so modest as was ours ?

“ My thoughts, confused, always arrived without the art  
Of utt'rance at the feet of her whose Cupid's dart  
Had likewise robbed me of my reason and my heart.

Jamás oyó la cándida doncella,  
Concepto alguno, que asomar los rojos  
Matices del pudor hiciese en ella.

Mis penas, mis afanes, mis antojos,  
Mis secretas zozobras expresaba  
Con el mudo lenguaje de los ojos,

Y sin hablar, sin que mi lengua esclava  
De ruin temor, se aventurase al ruego,  
Ella mi puro amor adivinaba.

Postrábame mortal desasosiego  
Ante la majestad de su hermosura  
Que me dejaba trastornado y ciego.

Pero despues, cuando la noche oscura,  
De rutilantes astros coronada,  
Êxcitaba mi fiebre y mi locura;

Cuando solo en mi hogar, con la mirada  
Fija en el ancho espacio tenebroso,  
Do esplendía la imágen de mi amada,

Buscaba en el silencio y el reposo  
Lenitivo á mi mal ; enán tristes quejas  
Êxhalaba mi pecho congojoso !

Como al panal acuden las abejas,  
Volaban á Beatriz mis pensamientos  
Al través de los muros y las rejas,

Y en la noche callada, en los momentos  
En que soltaba sus cabellos de oro,  
Turbaban su quietud vagos acentos.

“Whatever little thought the simple maiden heard,  
The shades of modesty upon her cheeks occurred  
Like crystal pool ensanguined by the wounded bird.

“My pains; my deep anxieties which did arise;  
My secret cravings, and uneasiness likewise,  
Expressed I with the secret longings of mine eyes.

“And without uttering to her a word my eyne [decline,  
Would tell that which my tongue, thro’ cowardice, would  
And my pure love through them she would divine.

“The mortal hours of restlessness prostrated me  
Before the beauty of her glorious majesty,  
And left me sore confused; so blind I could not see.

“But later when the dark night, crowned with brilliant [stars  
Which twinkled thro’ the ambient gloom like crystal bars,  
Excited my madness; (as if possessed of rabid scars)

“When quiet and alone in my own dwelling place,  
And with the gaze fixed in the broad tenebrious space  
Where brightly shone the image of my loved one’s face,

“I sought in peace and silence a mitigant for my pain.  
Ah me! my heart oppressed so bitterly did complain  
As though it would no longer bear the fearful strain!

“As fly the bees to honey-comb from out the dew,  
So my wild thoughts from worldly woes to Beatrice flew,  
And penetrated the gloomy walls and iron bars through.

“And in the silent night I saw my loved confrere  
While in the moments when she loosed her golden hair  
Vague sounds disturbed her peace, like voices in the air.

Era quizás que en invisible coro  
Mis ardientes suspiros á su lado  
Revolaban diciéndole :—¡ Te adoro !

Alguna vez en mi infeliz estado  
La voz del corazon secreta y honda,  
Gritaba :—¡ Valor ! que eres amado ;

Mas no cobarde tu pasion se esconda,  
Ni quieras que la vírgen inocente  
A tu silencio, impúdica, responda.

Entónces, llena de ilusion la mente,  
De Beatriz á la mansion cercana  
Animoso corria y diligente.

Pero al llegar al pié de su ventana,  
Confuso y sin valor retrocedia  
Diciendo :—¡ Es pronto ! Volveré mañana.—

Y no lució jamás propicio el dia  
Para mi amor, que atormentado y preso  
En mí, como un Titan, se revolvía.

Quizá sin la flaqueza que confieso,  
Se fundieran en éxtasis divino  
Nuestras dos existencias en un beso.

Mas ¡ Ay ! que un dia inesperado vino  
A dejarme la muerte pavorosa  
Solo y triste en mitad de mi camino.

Aquella voz que trémula, indecisa,  
Llegaba á mí como lejano canto  
De la noche, en las alas de la brisa :

“May be that in a chorus mine ardent sighs did soar,  
Invisible as the moaning wind which that sound bore  
Unto her side, and said to her : ‘Thee I adore !’

“There was a time, in my unhappy and sad state,  
In which the innermost voice of my heart did generate  
The cry : ‘Courage ! thou art loved ! such is thy fate !’

“‘But do not cowardly conceal thy love, nor swerve  
Thro’ fear, nor let the maiden fair thy silence observe,  
But to her every word respond with unreserve.’

“My mind was then filled with illusions gleaming bright,  
And bravely I repaired with haste into the night  
And soon the neighboring home of Beatrice was in sight.

“But when beneath her window there returned my sorrow,  
And thus confused I turned and did more sadness borrow  
When this I said : ‘’T is hasty ! I’ll return to-morrow !’

“But never for my love propitiously shone the day  
Which like a Titan deep within my bosom lay  
Imprisoned there and yet tormenting me away.

“Who knows but that without the failing I confess,  
Our beings in eternity would coalesce  
In one divine embrace, where woes no more oppress ?

“But then, alas ! grim Death came unannounced one day  
To leave me sadly here beside her lifeless clay,  
And in my journey’s midst I all alone must stray.

“That voice which tremulous as in Hesperides,  
Yet undecided, reached my ears from ’mong the trees  
Like distant song of night upon the wings of the breeze.

Todo al compas de mi abundoso llanto,  
Pasó ante mí como fugaz centella,  
Y aún pienso en aquel día con espanto.

La muerte misma la encontró tan bella,  
Que al trasplantarla á mundos superiores  
Su hálito destructor no imprimió en ella.

Yo la ví á los siniestros resplandores  
De blanco cirio, al parecer dormida,  
La sien orlada de olorosas flores,

Y en su apacible faz descolorida  
Posé temblando un ósculo . . . ¡ el primero  
Y único beso que le dí en mi vida !

¡ Ay ! cómo pude resistir al fiero  
Y rudo embate de tan dura prueba,  
Ni lo he sabido, ni saberlo quiero,

Porque el pesar que amortiguado lleva,  
Mas no extinguido el corazon, es llaga  
Que al calor del recuerdo se renueva.

Bajo el influjo de mi suerte aciaga  
Caminaba al azar y sin concierto,  
Como loco infeliz que absorto vaga.

El mundo estaba para mí desierto,  
Sin luz el sol, naturaleza muda,  
Y yo no acongojado, sino muerto,

Porque no vive el alma que desnuda  
De todo bien, frenética se lanza  
En los negros abismos de la duda.



“ It passed me by in the compass of my grief that night  
And penetrated my tears like a fleeting flash of light,  
And even yet I think upon that day with fright.

“ She was so good and beautiful when found by Death  
That he, transporting her to worlds superior, saith :  
‘ Thou shalt be spared the imprint of my blasting breath.’

“ I saw her lie as if reposing on her bed,  
Beneath the sinister gleam of white wax candles—dead;  
Her pallid temple was with fragrant flowers spread,

“ And I upon her peaceful visage did bestow  
A trembling kiss which did with passionate fervor glow ;  
The first to her that from my lips did ever flow.

“ Alas ! I know not how it was I could withstand  
The terrible blow which such a trial did demand,  
And e’en to-day know not nor care to understand,

“ For grief which in the heart is borne, subdued although  
It be, but not extinct, is as a wound (made by cauteau)  
Which once more opes at memory’s ardent glow.

“ Influenced by my sad and melancholy fate  
Like imbecile I wandered ’neath my heavy weight  
And roved about absorbed in thought from morn till late.

“ To me the world was void ; the sun no light did send ;  
Deserted nature did in awful silence blend,  
And all I wished or hoped for was for life to end ;

“ Because the soul, which of its treasures fates deprive,  
Into the dark abyss frenetically doth dive  
Where Doubt’s dark shade abides, and where none can  
[survive.

¡ Cuán desgraciado fui ! Mas ¿ do no alcanza  
La clemencia de Dios que nos envía  
Tras la sorda tormenta la bonanza ?

Una noche de insomnio y agonía  
En que arrastrado por la indócil ola  
Del dolor, retorciéndome gemía ;

Cuando más ciega, abandonada y sola  
Pugnaba mi razon contra la pena  
En que la fé del hombre se acrisola,

La imagen de Beatriz dulce y serena  
Apareció á mis ojos de improviso,  
De celestiales resplandores llena.

Dios, de mis ánsias apiadado, quiso  
Poner fin á mi inmensa pesadumbre  
Con aquella Vision del Paraíso.

Rodeada de ráfagas de lumbre  
Y envuelta en su flotante vestidura,  
Sin mancha, como nieve de la cumbre,

Bajó hasta mí la virginal figura,  
Para alumbrar mi espíritu sombrío  
Con un rayo de angélica ternura.

Tres veces, en mi loco desvarío,  
Convulso incorporándome en el lecho,  
Quise abrazarla y abracé el vacío,

Y de su imagen al través, deshecho  
En un raudal de lágrimas, tres veces  
Sentí caer mis brazos sobre el pecho.

“How sad I was ! but where does not God’s clemency  
Extend, or where, to follow the surd storm, does he  
Not send to man beneficent prosperity ?

“One night in sleeplessness and anguish sore I passed,  
And dragged along on the ungentle wave at last  
I lay in moans, nor yet my writhing could avast.

“And when my reason was most blinded and forsaken ;  
When singly fighting ’gainst the course which sorrow ’d  
taken ;

The sorrow which man’s faith, all purified, doth waken,

“The image of Beatrice, gentle and serene, appeared  
With suddenness before mine eyes, her visage weired,  
And in celestial splendor my humble couch she neared.

“God, filled with pity for mine anguish, this device  
Did take my grief to melt, as fire consumes the ice,  
And soothed my sorrows with that view of Paradise.

“I found myself encompassed ’round with clouds of fire.  
And was enveloped in her flowing robes entire ;  
Those robes which spotless were as snow on towering spire.

“The virgin figure to my side descended down,  
My spirit to enlighten, and my gloom to drown  
With ray of golden light as from a gleaming crown.

“Three times in my delirium did I see her face ;  
Three times, while upright seated, her tried I to embrace  
And three times did my arms but sweep thro’ empty space

“And three times faded from my sight th’ angelic guest  
While in a flood of tears would melt the form so blest,  
And I could only feel my arms sink on my breast.

—El cielo, oyendo tus continuas preces,  
—Exclamó la Vision—volverte anhela  
El perdido reposo que apeteces,

Y tornó á tí, como afanosa vuela  
El ave errante al silencioso nido  
Donde el esposo sin ventura, vela.

Porque en el seno de la gloria ha sido,  
Pensando en tu afliccion, triste mi estancia,  
Y turbaba su paz con mi gemido.

Cediendo compasiva á tu constancia,  
Que no pudieron quebrantar la suerte,  
Ni el tiempo, ni el rigor, ni la distancia ;

Como en debido premio acudo á verte  
Y por orden altísima te digo  
*Que tu amor ha triunfado de la muerte.*

Con luz del cielo á esclarecer me obligo  
Tu espíritu gigante, y por do quiera  
Que vayas, siempre me verás contigo.

Cuando sigas la senda verdadera,  
—¡ Avanza !—te diré—que el bien nos guía ;—  
Y cuando empiece á dudar :—¡ Espera !—

Y tu alma, en mi amorosa compañía,  
Subirá más porque tendrá dos alas  
Para elevarse á Dios : tu fé y la mía.

Vestiré para tí nupciales galas,  
Seré tu esposa mística, y mi mano  
Te sostendrá en el mundo, si resbalas.

“ ‘The heavens, hearing thy unceasing prayer, doth save,’  
Exclaimed the Vision, ‘from the darknesss of the grave,  
And seek to give thee back the lost peace thou dost crave.

“ ‘I have returned to thee like a bird from the golden west,  
Which with solicitude doth fly to th’ silent nest,  
From accident guarded by its consort’s feathered breast,

“ ‘Because, while in the home of glory, my sojourn  
Was sad, for thinking of thy woes my soul did burn  
With lamentations, and my peace would not return ;

“ ‘And with compassion yielded to thy long constance  
Which neither fate nor time, nor darkling storm’s advance  
Could break, nor e’en the deep and silent tomb’s distance.

“ ‘And as thy just reward, upon the zephyr’s breath  
I come to tell thee, by supreme command, what saith  
To thee the spirit : *Thy love hath triumphed over death!*

“ ‘I take it on myself to enlighten thy great mind  
With heavenly light, and where thou goest thou shalt find  
Me with thee always. Long, too long, thou hast repined !

“ ‘When on the real pathway fear not with aught to cope.  
Advance ! for goodness supreme doth guide us down the  
slopes  
Of life, and when thou dost begin to doubt, then—hope !

“ ‘Thy soul in my affection’s company shall shine  
More bright, and even rise above the mystic Nine.  
Two wings ’t will have to rise to God:—thy faith and mine.

“ ‘I shall adorn myself in nuptial robes for thee  
And I thy mystic spouse and spiritual guide will be,  
And when thou falterest thine aid will come from me.

Te mostraré lo incógnito, lo arcano,  
Tu mente llegará donde no pudo  
Llegar jamás el pensamiento humano.

Y unido á tí por invisible nudo,  
En las recias batallas de la vida  
Tú la espada serás y yo el escudo.—

Esto dijo, y su voz siempre querida,  
Vibró en mi corazón, como las notas  
De un arpa por los ángeles tañida.

Despertaron en mí fuerzas ignotas :  
Sentí al impulso de su acento tierno  
Las ligaduras de mi carne rotas,

Y traspasé las puertas del *Infierno*,  
Y con espanto ví de los precitos  
La fiera angustia y el suplicio eterno.

Y horripilado percibí los gritos  
Que arrancaba á las almas pecadoras  
La tremenda expiación de sus delitos.

Y cuando en aquel antro sin auroras,  
Cerrado para siempre á la esperanza,  
Donde son siglos de dolor las horas,

Invencible y tenaz desconfianza  
Sujetaba mis piés, ó el terror ciego  
Que nunca el hombre á dominar alcanza,

Virgilio, mi mentor, uniendo al ruego  
El nombre de Beatriz, romper me hacía  
Olas de sangre y límites de fuego.

“ ‘I shall explain to thee (and to thyself alone)  
Whatever there is dark and to the world unknown.  
Thy mind shall soar where human thought has never flown,

“ ‘And by an invisible tie united as thy wife,  
Thou the sword shalt be and I the shield through life  
To fight its fiercest battles and to quell its strife.’

“ And thus she spoke ; her voice always beloved so much  
Vibrated ever in my heart, and sounded such  
Methought ’t was like the notes of harps at angel’s touch.

“ Within me woke an unknown power—I knew no pain,—  
Beneath the influence of her voice,—like gentle rain,—  
It seemed the ligatures of my flesh were rent in twain ;

“ And passing through the portals to *Inferno’s* land  
I saw a throng in anguish, and all the region scanned,  
And everywhere beheld the punishment of the damned.

“ And horrified I heard ascend the cries and doles,  
The awful expiation which their guilt unrolls,  
And which for aye is wrested from their sinful souls.

“ And when inside that den, without the dawn of day,  
From every hope shut out ; forever there to stay  
Where hours are centuries of repentance which last for aye,

“ There o’er me came an invisible and tenacious distrust.  
Or the blind dread which man can never from him thrust,  
Which then was holding my feet, subjected, to the dust.

“ But Virgil, my mentor, uniting to his entreaty the name  
Of Beatrice, made me fiercely break, with loud acclaim.  
Through waves of blood and limits of the wall of flame.

Mas no tan solo en la region sombría  
Del llanto penetré : siempre guiado  
Por mis sueños de amor y poesía,

Subí tambien al círculo apartado  
Donde las almas con ferviente anhelo  
Êsperan el perdon de su pecado ;

Y léjos ya de la mansion del duelo,  
Visité, libre de temor impuro,  
Las esferas espléndidas del cielo.—

Dijo Dante, y alzándose del duro  
Tronco, emprendió de nuevo la jornada  
Con ánimo resuelto y pié seguro.

Yo, en lucha misteriosa y prolongada  
Con el mudo tropel de mis ideas,  
Al través le seguí de la enramada.

De repente exclamó :—¡ Bendita seas,  
Santa ilusión que nuestra pobre vida  
Dignificas, levantas y hermosas !

Sin tí, nuestra conciencia sumergida  
En tenebroso y perdurable encierro,  
Gimiera en un abismo sin salida.

Solo por tí, mi voluntad de hierro  
Pudo sufrir la adversidad terrena  
Y no morir de angustia en el destierro.

Sostenido por tí, subí sin pena,  
Pero no sin orgullo, los peldaños  
Tan tristes ¡ ay ! de la escalera ajena.



“And I to the gloomy regions of Lamentations fled,  
Tho’ not alone, for thro’ these rueful realms of dread  
I always was by dreams of love and poetry led.

“I also climbed unto the circle set apart  
For souls who wait with fervent eagerness of heart  
Till angels shall the pardon of their sins impart.

“Now far away from th’ realm of mourning and of sighs,  
And free from all contemptible fear, without disguise,  
I found me where the glorious spheres of heaven rise.”

Thus Dante spoke, and, rising from the rough tree’s root,  
On thro’ the frowning forest his course he quickly put  
With resolute courage and a firm unfalt’ring foot.

And I, in a mysterious struggle, my thoughts confined  
To things obscure, and thus confused, the reason blind,  
Did follow him along where tangled thickets wind.

But of a sudden he exclaimed : “Blest shalt thou be  
O, holy illusion that dignifiest and settest free ;  
That beautifiest and elevatest such as we.

“Without thee would our conscience submerge in darkest  
Where in imprisonment, until the day of doom, [gloom,  
‘T would mourn in an abyss as exitless as the tomb.

“For thee alone my will of iron could bear revile ;  
To worldly adversities itself would reconcile,  
And yet thro’ all not die of anguish in exile.

“Upheld by thee I climbed, sans pain and unawares,  
Tho’ not without more pride than the dull world declares,  
The dark and gloomy steps, alas ! of a stranger’s stairs.

Y en la rauda corriente de mis años,  
Soporté con firmeza soberana  
La injusticia de propios y de extraños.

¡ Ay ! Si al hundirme en la miseria humana,  
No columbrara en lontananza el puerto  
Y la costa segura, aunque lejana ;

Si en medio del mundano desconcierto  
No hubiese á veces mi razon confusa  
Entrevisto el oasis del desierto ;

Privado de la paz que no rehusa  
A las almas la fé, tú hubieras sido  
¡ Oh desesperacion ! mi única Musa.—

Yo seguía escuchando embebecido  
Las austeras palabras del Maestro,  
Mi pasada inquietud dando al olvido.

El bosque, á cada instante, más siniestro  
Se presentaba, y la escabrosa ruta  
Más estrecha y hostil al paso nuestro.

Paró por fin mi marcha irresoluta,  
Salvando de improviso los abrojos  
Que la boca cerraban de una gruta,

Feroz pantera, cuyos turbios ojos  
Relucían inquietos en la densa  
Oscuridad, como carbones rojos.

Rasgando el aire con su voz inmensa,  
Cual si estuviese contra mí en acecho,  
Descuidado cogióme y sin defensa.

“ And in the rapid current of my waning years  
I bore, with supreme firmness, 'cross the flood of tears  
My own deep wrongs and those likewise of my compeers.

“ Alas ! when I plunged in humanity's deep dismay  
If I had not discerned in the far distant bay  
The shelt'ring port and pleasant coast, tho' far away ;

“ If in the midst of all my mundane disconcert  
My reason, tho' confused, did not at times revert  
Unto the fair oasis in the drear désert ;

“ Deprived of precious peace, which faith doth not refuse  
Unto the souls, thou wouldst have been (didst thou but  
O, dark and ominous Despair, my only Muse.” [choose)

I still continued list'ning with amazement to  
The austere words— those which the Master did pursue—  
And left t' oblivion what my past anxiety knew.

But at each instant more forbidding seemed the wold  
And yet more rugged was the route among the mold,  
And still more difficult our pathway we behold,

Emerging suddenly from where the thistles rise  
That closed the entrance, 'yond which a gloomy cavern lies,  
I saw a huge ferocious panther whose fierce eyes,

In that dense darkness which surrounded us, did dance  
Like coals of fire, and which anon my soul did lance  
With fear which halted my irresolute advance.

With his tremendous voice rending the elements he,  
As if expressly there concealed in wait for me,  
Upon me, unawares, did spring with savage glee.

Su aguda zarpa destrozó mi pecho,  
Grité azorado, y á mi propio grito  
Desperté, revolcándome en el lecho.

—¡ Luz, dadme luz !—clamé con infinito  
Afan, con el afan del moribundo  
A quien mira su culpa de hito en hito.

—Sin el vivo calor, sin el fecundo  
Rayo de la ilusion consoladora,  
¿ Qué fuera de la vida y qué del mundo ?

¡ Léjos de mí las sombras que á deshora  
Llenan de espanto la conciencia humana !  
Y al decir esto, penetró la aurora  
En torrentes de luz por mi ventana.

DON GASPAR NUÑEZ DE ARCE.

His long sharp pointed claws sank deep within my breast,  
And screaming in my frenzy I made a loud protest,  
But rolling on my couch awoke with heaving chest.

“Light ! Oh ! give me light !” exclaimed I, “if thou wilt !”  
As cries the dying when they feel the dagger’s hilt,  
And who with widely staring eyes behold their guilt.

Without the constant glow, to mortals here unfurled,  
And fertile ray of bright illusion ’round us curled,  
What would become of man, and what would be the world ?

Begone from me ye dark and gloomy shades of night  
Which in an evil hour the human conscience fright !  
And when I thus had spoke I saw the dawn gleam bright  
And thro’ my window came the day in floods of light.



MISCELLANEOUS  
TRANSLATIONS IN RHYME.  
FROM MEXICAN AUTHORS.

## ESPERANZA.

La miré, la miré entre las sombras  
De esa noche tan triste y callada,  
Descender hasta mí silenciosa  
Y plégar un momento las alas,  
Apagaron su fúnebre canto  
Las cuerdas del arpa,  
Y sentí disiparse de pronto  
Las profundas tinieblas de mi alma.  
Era ella, la pálida musa ;  
Era ella, la dulce esperanza ;  
Que tan sólo un momento, á mi lado  
Detuvo la planta.  
Y después... se marchó fugitiva  
En el rayo de luz que bañaba  
Con inciertos fulgores y vagos  
La estrecha ventana.

.....  
!Qué sombrío, qué triste, qué mudo  
Me has dejado, fugaz esperanza !  
Ya volvieron las sombras profundas  
A reinar otra vez en mi alma !  
Ya sollozan de nuevo las cuerdas  
Vibrantes del arpa !  
! Oh ilusión impalpable, oh alondra  
Que vuela, que canta !  
! Leve musa ideal, esplendente aurora del alma !  
! Blanca flor que perfuma la vida con suave fragancia !  
; Mariposa de alas de oro,  
Primavera inmortal ; esperanza !  
; Vuelve pronto ! Te esperan las sombras  
Profundas de mi alma,  
Y te anhelan mis hondas tristezas.  
; Vuelve pronto, inmortal esperanza !

FRANCISCO M. DE OLAGUIBEL.



## HOPE.

I saw her—I saw her amidst the shades  
Of that calm and tristful night,  
Descending so silently down to my side  
From away in the realms of light ;  
And the harp-cords, as she folded a moment her wings,  
Ceased from their mournful tune,  
While the dark clouds of woe dispersed from my soul  
Admitting the breath of June.

It was she—it was she, the pallid muse ;  
It was she, the fair, sweet Hope,  
Who paused for a moment at my side,  
Like a mystic heliotrope,  
And then through the narrow window she fled  
In the gleaming rays of light,  
And away through the fields of painted air  
She wings her uncertain flight.

---

How gloomy, how weary, how silent and sad  
Thou hast left me fugacious Hope ;  
The black clouds return to rule in my soul  
And again in the darkness I grope ;  
Again the vibrating strings of the harp  
Repeat their mournful lay,  
O, sweet delusive lark that flies  
Across my gloomy way.

O, shining—O, gleaming dawn of my soul ;  
O, fragrant enchanting flower ;  
Thou butterfly with the golden wings,  
Return to my lonely bower ;  
For I wait in my sorrow, immortal Hope,  
And silently long for thee  
To hasten and scatter the shades of my night  
And return that vision to me.

## ¡ NUNCA !

En el piélago insondable  
Que el éter de azul colora,  
Donde navegan los astros  
Por las regiones ignotas,  
Dos estrellas diamantinas,  
Mundos de almas que lloran  
Desdichas de sus amores,  
Penas de amarga memoria,  
Recorrer distintas órbitas  
Por toda una eternidad,  
Sin unirse una vez sola.

Cuando la muerte nos llame  
En la ineludible hora  
En que el alma desencarna  
Y su libertad recobra,  
Tú volverás á la una.  
Yo despertaré en la otra,  
Y en aquellas dos estrellas  
Nuestras almas, que se adoran,  
Harán su eterno viaje  
Sin unirse una vez sola.

Acabarán las edades ;  
Después de los tiempos, rotas  
Quedarán las diamantinas  
Estrellas que nos recojan ;  
Polvo será el universo ;  
La creacion, mudas sombras,  
Y sobre aquel cataclismo,  
Mar de la nada sin olas,  
Flotará la pasión nuestra,  
Como la vela que flota  
Sobre la rugiente espuma  
Que la tempestad azota,

## NEVER !

In the unfathomable dome  
Where the shining stars do roam ;  
Where, tinted by the ether blue,  
Through an unknown avenue,  
Two adamantine planets keep  
Worlds of weary souls that weep  
Of bitter memories above,  
Unhappy in their lonely love ;  
For separate shall their wand'rings be  
Through infinite eternity :

Though ever in each other's sight  
They are forbid to e'er unite.

Ah ! then when death shall near us lour,  
In that inevitable hour  
In which our souls from earth shall fly  
Away to planets in the sky,  
Thou to one thy flight shalt take  
And I upon another wake ;  
While each upon a separate star  
Those souls forever parted are,  
And journey on their worlds of light  
But ne'er again shall they unite.

The years shall cease ; the age be spent :  
The adamantine stars be rent,  
And all things time will then absterse  
For dust will be the universe ;  
Creation shall to shades resolve,  
And cataclysms shall involve  
The vapors in a drifting brume  
Which endless time will not consume,

Y en el eterno silencio  
Dos ayes, las tristes notas  
De nuestro amor ya imposible,  
Gemíran como una sola.

JOSÉ PIUG PEREZ.

— — — — —

### SONETO.

A MI QUERIDO AMIGO Y MAESTRO MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ.

Sabiendo como sé, que en esta vida  
Todo es llanto, tristeza y amargura,  
Y que no hay ni siquiera una criatura  
Que no lamente una ilusión perdida.

Sabiendo que la dicha apetecida  
Es la sombra y no más de una impostura,  
Y que la sólo aspiración segura  
Es la que al sueño eterno nos convida :

Mi voz no puede levantar su acento  
Para desearte á más de los que tienes,  
Otros años de lucha y sufrimiento ;  
Pero mi voz te da sus parabienes  
Porque sé que hasta el último momento  
Brillará la honradez sobre tus sienes.

MANUEL ACUÑA.

And as a sail our love will roam  
Aeonian midst the silent foam ;  
And our two souls shall ever moan  
As one—desolate and alone.

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## SONNET.

TO MY BELOVED FRIEND AND MASTER MANUEL DOMÍNGUEZ.

Knowing as I that in this earthly bourne  
All is sadness, bitterness and woe,  
And that there 's not a being whom we know  
That does not o'er some lost illusion mourn ;  
Knowing that the joys for which we weep  
Are like unto a fraud, and nothing more,  
And all that 's sure, to which our minds may soar,  
Is what allures to our eternal sleep :  
My voice its accents can no longer raise  
To wish thee other years amid the brine  
In which thou strugglest, or other days  
Of suffering. But yet this voice of mine  
Congratulation gives and endless praise  
To thee whose honesty will ever shine.

## CANCION.

Ah que más gloria  
Que estar al lado tuyo  
Y gozar de la luz de tu mirada  
De esa pasión ardiente y arrebatada  
Donde mi alma con la tuya encadenó  
Cuando en mi afecto puro y amoroso  
Te confies á mi alma cariñosa  
Que no ama otra jóven mas que á tí.



## SONG.

Ah ! to me what greater glory  
Than to be ever at thy side,  
And read within thine eyes the story  
Of love which doth in them abide.

Enraptured in thy adoration,  
When thy thoughts shall be as mine,  
In my pure love and warm affection  
Where linked my soul was e'en with thine.

When thou confid'st in my devotion  
My heart will ever happy be ;  
My love be boundless as the ocean  
And none e'er admire but thee.







POEMS  
OF  
MANUEL ACUÑA



MANUEL ACUÑA  
AND  
HIS POETIC SIGNIFICATION.

It becomes a vexatious and difficult task,—the one we undertake,—in wishing to formulate, in a few lines, an exact opinion concerning the life and poems of the inspired Mexican bard, Manuel Acuña. His conditions are so extraordinary and varied; the prisms under which one can study him, so different; the observations to which his writings give rise, so multiple; his poetic endowments, so exalted; his thoughts so delicate, yet, at the same time so deep, that one would require a space vastly greater than that of a simple sketch to study his work with the extension and detention which, on account of its merit, it deserves.

We shall endeavor, nevertheless, to give to this very brief work the greatest possible clearness, first making it evident that we do it with the greatest satisfaction, as much to contribute, on our part, to the greatest glory and splendor of the Mexican literature, as to demonstrate that in the brilliant heavens of art disappear the passions and rivalries of nationality and politics, leaving only kindred souls and twin spirits with the same sentiments, equal desires and identical aspirations: this, the modest homage paid to the inspired Mexican poet by a son of that Spain which Acuña, in his pure and honorable patriotism, regarded with prevention, and may be with rancor.

The times of discords have passed, and to-day remain only people who love one another as those in whose veins the same blood flows, and who have a common origin, cannot help.

An affectionate and enthusiastic heart; an inspired and ardent imagination; a perspicuous and exceedingly clear judgement: such are the gifts with which nature endowed the unfortunate Acuña: gifts which very rarely are united in one individual, and which, to state the truth, we do not venture to declare whether he who combines them possesses them for his happiness or for his unhappiness.

A descendant of an humble family, Manuel Acuña was born at Saltillo, Mexico, on the 27th of August, 1849. His parents, Don Francisco, and Doña Refugio Narro Acuña, charged themselves personally to give him the rudiments relative to his primary instruction, inculcating into the heart of the young pupil, so predisposed to the tender sentiments, that filial love, so refined, of which he gave such repeated proofs during his lifetime, that it causes him to exclaim with ingeniousness and fervor in one of his poems :

\* “Mi madre, la que vive todavía,  
Puesto que vivo yo ;”

an exquisite phrase which encloses a whole poem of abnegation and affection.

In 1865 Acuña removed to the capital with the object of devoting himself to the higher studies, entering, in 1866, the School of Medicine, where he put in relief his vehement love of study, while his clear intelligence, made rapid and thorough progress in the different lecture courses of his profession.

But this indefatigable eagerness which dominated him, in order to acquire knowledge and explore the sciences, was no obstacle for his exuberant imagination to direct itself also with a lofty flight to the fields of literature and poetry ; a field in which he was not slow in reaping glorious laurels, and in which he would also have attained abundant fruits if a sad and premature death had not torn him from his friends, whose charm he was, and from his fatherland of which, with justice, he was the pride and ornament.

Of an untiring activity, and powerful inventive faculty, he infiltrated his spirit and his intellectual vigor everywhere, especially into the youths that surrounded him, and succeeded in founding the literary society of “*Netzahualcoyolt*,” in memory of the celebrated savant and poet of Texcoco, in the time of the conquest ; a society which became a real academy in Mexico, and which exercised in all the land a most honorable literary influence. In this society he made his poems known. One of the first which then saw the light was the one dedicated to the “*Philharmonic Society*,” at its installation, in which composition Acuña already proved himself the courageous poet protector of civilization

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\*The complete poems from which these extracts are taken appear in the following pages together with the English translation.

and progress, when he addresses himself, in an energetic apostrophe to the spirits of Scipio, Cyrus, Cæsar and Alexander, and exclaims with haughtiness :

“Vuestros nombres sublimes  
No hacen arder la sangre de mis venas ;  
Yo canto á Atenas enseñando á Roma,  
No canto á Roma conquistando á Atenas.”

The young poet then published several poems in succession, and all were received with rejoicing, and applauded by his compatriots ; but borne by his intellectual vigor to wrestle in a more ample sphere, for which, naturally, he had the spirit, he wrote his celebrated drama, “El Pasado,” which was to bring him such glorious fame. But then occurred to him what happens to all new authors who have not a powerful protector to represent their work, be it good or bad. He gave the manuscript to the actors who, after three months, returned it without reading ; and Acuña discouraged by such deception, did not remember the work again until two years after when Doña Pilar Belaval played it for the first time at her benefit on the 9th of May, 1872, obtaining an extraordinary success, which has been repeated later, as often as the drama was put on the stage.

But this glory, it may be said, came late to the inspired poet. One of his most ardent wishes, in coveting applause and laurels which his compatriots showered upon him, was to honor and give joy to his parents to whom he professed a boundless affection, and when the crowns and garlands arrived to reward the vigils and inspirations of the author of “El Pasado,” Acuña, disappointed and sad, covered with them the grave of his father, who a few months before had left the world

It was under the burden of this misfortune that Acuña wrote his magnificent poem entitled “Lágrimas,” which is a model of tenderness and filial love.

No one believed, however, that that young man, so full of life and hope, whose poems were the charm and admiration of his contemporaries, was so soon to follow the author of his days to the tomb, but thus, unfortunately, it happened. On the 6th of December, 1873, the day that until then was a day of rest for Mexican learning, the poet laureate, who had just brilliantly finished the fourth year of Medicine, took his life, overwhelming with grief the heart of his sorrowing mother and those of his numerous friends.

What cause could have impelled the unfortunate Acuña to come to such a fatal resolution, when hardly at the gates of life where already glimmered a future of glory and hope? Whatever the determining motives may have been for such a sad occurrence, for us it is beyond doubt that the principal cause was that in Acuña there were two distinct beings; two antithetical principles which, like the poles of a voltaic battery, repelled each other, and which, like these, had to determine the destroying explosion of the poet's existence.

Acuña carried in his heart and in his brain the two capital principles which determine, without repose, the terrible struggle in modern society. An idealist of temperament, a dreamer, a true poet; his earnest desires, his aspirations, his eagerness, are all undermined and destroyed by his materialistic studies, determining in him that order of illusions which lead him, as if by the hand, to the borders of the grave.

What we say is very clearly manifested in his highly beautiful composition, "Entonces y Hoy." He is, in the first part, the painter of happiness and tranquil felicity, as may be judged by the following lines:

" La madre selva alzando entre las rejias  
su tallo trepador,  
Enlazaba sus ramas y sus hojas  
en grata confusión,  
Formando un cortinaje, en el que había  
por cada hoja una flor,  
En cada flor una gotita de agua,  
y en cada gota un sol."

And then he ends by saying with the sadness peculiar to the unhappy:

" Bajo el cielo nublado de mi vida,  
donde esa luz murió,  
¿ Qué hará este mundo de los sueños míos ?  
qué hará mi corazón ?

The same contrast; the same progressive despondency; the same death of his illusions, can be noticed in comparing his two poems, "Esperanza," and "Nocturno." In the former the brave spirit animates his heart telling it in a strophe of elegant simplicity and harmony:

“ Ya es hora de que altivas,  
 Tus alas surquen el azul como antes ;  
 Ya es hora de que vivas,  
 Ya es hora de que cantes ;  
 Ya es hora de que enciendas en el ara  
 La blanca luz de las antorchas muertas,  
 Y de que abras tu templo a la que viene.  
 En nombre del amor, ante tus puertas.”

And in the latter, already resolved to leave the mortal coil which so hindered his lofty mind, he exclaims with the mournful plaint and sad desperation of the dying swain :

“ Adios por la vez última  
     amor de mis amores,  
 La luz de mis tinieblas,  
     la esencia de mis flores,  
 Mi lira de poeta,  
     mi juventud, adios !”

This poem, so extremely beautiful, a model of facility and sentiment, shows, besides the great poetic talent of Acuña, his exquisite sensibility, his generous heart, and his noble and honest aspirations. One can not read, without feeling the tears start from their fountains, these two apostrophes in which are seen at the same time the talent and the heart of the unfortunate Acuña :

“ Y luego, que ya estaba  
     concluido tu santuario ;  
 Tu lámpara encendida,  
     tu velo en el altar,  
 El sol de la mañana  
     detras del companario,  
 Y abierta alla á lo léjos,  
     la puerta del hogar . . .  
 Que hermoso hubiera sido  
     vivir bajo aquel techo  
 Los dos unidos siempre  
     y amándonos los dos ;  
 Tu siempre enamorada,  
     yo siempre satisfecho,  
 Los dos una sola alma,  
     los dos un solo pecho,  
 Y en medio de nosotros  
     mi madre como un Dios.

We would never finish if we were to continue citing the beautiful thoughts ; the beautiful descriptions, and the brilliant out-

lines which enrich, as precious stones, the crown of Acuña. We will leave to the readers the pleasure of perusing some of his best productions, but will not pass over in silence his magnificent composition, "Ante un Cadaver," which is, without dispute, the best one of his poems in the book. In it Acuña shows himself, besides the original and most tender poet, the man of modern ideas, of civilization and progress,—although imbued with materialism,—and also in other poesies that mind oppressed by sorrow, for which the body is nothing but "the prison which retains the soul in its sorrow," and which seems to carry with it the nostalgia of death.

There can be no more beautiful or better expressed thought than the following :

"Y en medio de esos cambios interiores,  
Tu cráneo lleno de una nueva vida,  
En vez de pensamientos dará flores  
  
En cuyo caliz brillará escondida  
La lágrima, tal vez con que tu amada  
Acompañó el adios de tu partida."

In brief Manuel Acuña, aside from some slight errors which are noticed in the poems of his first epoch, and aside from his injustice and susceptibility when speaking of Don José Zorrilla, whose genius we all must respect, deserves to rank in the first order of Mexican poets. It causes admiration as well as sorrow, considering what he could have accomplished during a laborious life in which, hardly entered, he had already conquered a crown of brilliant fame.

The poetic significance of Manuel Acuña is very great. He represents better than any one the literary regeneration of Mexico after the war of intervention and of the empire. His activity ; his imagination ; his immense value, greatly influenced that juvenile generation which was to become the basis of the literary regeneration of his native land.

The poems of Acuña will always be read with admiration in all the limits of the earth in which the beautiful Spanish language is spoken, and the memory of the immortal poet will be an eternally brilliant star to the Mexican people, the chosen son of the Spanish race.

FERNANDO SOLDEVILLA.





## LÁGRIMAS.

Á LA MEMORIA DE MI PADRE.

“Quum subit illius tristissima noctis imago  
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit :  
Quum repeto nocturn, qua tot mihi cara reliqui,  
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis ”

OVIDO, Elegia iii.

Aun era yo muy niño, cuando un día,  
Cogiendo mi cabeza entre sus manos  
Y llorando á la vez que me veía  
“ Adiós ! Adiós ! ” me dijo ;  
Desde este instante un horizonte nuevo  
Se presenta á tus ojos ;  
Vas á buscar la fuente  
Donde apagar la sed que te devora :  
Marcha . . . . . y cuando mañana  
Al mal que aun no conoces  
Ofrezcas de tu llanto las primicias,  
Ten valor y esperanza,  
Anima el paso tardo,  
Y mientras llega de tu vuelta la hora,  
Ama un poco á tu padre que te adora,  
Y ten valor y . . . marcha . . . yo te aguardo.

Así me dijo, y confundiendo en uno  
Su sollozo y el mío,  
Me dió un beso en la frente  
Sus brazos me estrecharon

## TEARS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

*“Quum subit illius tristissima noctis imago  
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit :  
Quum repeto noctum, qua tot mihi cara reliqua  
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis.”*

OVID, *Elegy* iii.

One day while yet upon life's youthful strands  
My father, holding my head between his hands  
And weeping at the same time bitterly,  
Thus said : “ Farewell, farewell, my son to thee !  
Henceforth another horizon shall arise  
And will present itself before thine eyes ;  
And thou shalt seek, and to the fountain flee  
Where to appease the thirst which burneth thee.  
March on, march on, and when upon the morrow  
Thou bring'st the earliest offerings of thy sorrow  
Unto the ills that yet thou dost not know,  
Have hope and ever let thy courage grow,  
And may thy tardy step in haste revive ;  
And whilst in turn thy fleeting hours arrive  
A little love thy father who loves thee—  
Have courage—go—for thee I wait to see ! ”

And thus he spoke, confounding in one, now,  
His sobs and mine, and then he kissed my brow  
And pressed me to his bosom with a wail ;  
And then before the sun's reflection pale

Y después . . . á los pálidos reflejos  
Del sol que en el crepúsculo se hundía  
Sólo ví una ciudad que se perdía  
Con mi cuna y mis padres á lo léjos.

El viento de la noche  
Saturado de arrullos y de esencias,  
Soplaba en mi redor, tranquilo y dulce  
Como aliento de niño ;  
Tal vez llevando en sus ligeras alas  
Con la tibia embriaguez de sus aromas,  
El acento fugaz y enamorado  
Del silencioso beso de mi madre  
Sobre el blanco lecho abandonado . . .

Las campanas distantes repetían  
El toque de oraciones . . . una estrella  
Apareció en el seno de una nube ;  
Tras de mi oscura huella . . .  
La inmensidad se alzaba . . .  
Yo entonces me detuve,  
Y haciendo estremecer el infinito  
De mi dolor supremo con el grito :  
“ Adiós, mi santo hogar,” clamé llorando ;  
“ Adiós, hogar bendito,  
En cuyo seno viven los recuerdos  
Más queridos de mi alma . . .  
Pedazo de ese azul en donde anidan  
Mis ilusiones cándidas de niño . . .  
¿ Quién sabe si mis ojos  
No volverán á verte . . . ?  
¿ Quién sabe si hoy te envió  
El adiós de la muerte . . . ?  
Mas si el destino rudo  
Ha de darme el morir bajo tu techo,

That sank within the twilight's fading gray  
I only saw a city fade away,  
And in the distance disappearing fast  
With it my cradle and my parents passed.

Impregnated were the breezes of the night  
With fragrance and murmurs wafting 'round me light  
And tranquil as the breath of a child that sings,  
Bearing, perchance, upon its feathery wings,  
With tepid perfumes, (which makes the heart rejoice)  
The fleeting murmur and the loving voice  
Of mother's silent kiss upon my brow,  
Above the honored couch—deserted now.

The distant bells repeated the stroke aloud  
Of th' angelus ; a star appeared in the cloud ;  
Behind my steps an infinity arose,  
And then I stopped and made the abyssmal woes  
Of my dark grief to tremble with the sigh :  
“ Farewell my sacred hearth ! Farewell I cry !  
Farewell my blessed home ! in thy depths roll  
The sweet affectionate memories of my soul.  
The fragments of the azure in which the blest  
Illusions of my happy childhood rest.  
Who knows if thou mine eyes again shall see ?  
Who knows if death's farewell I send to thee ?  
But if hard fate has destined me to die  
Beneath thy roof, or bird of the woods to lie

Si el ave de la selva  
 Ha de plegar las alas en su nido,  
 ¡ Guárdame mi tesoro, hogar querido,  
 Guárdame mi tesoro hasta que vuelva ! ”

Las lágrimas brotaron  
 A mis hinchados párpados . . . las sombras  
 Espesas y agrupadas, de repente  
 Se abrieron de los astros á la huella . .  
 Cruzó una luz por lo alto, alcé la frente,  
 El cielo era una página y en ella  
 Ví esta cifra :—Detente !  
 Detente . . . y á mi oído  
 Llegó como un arrullo de paloma  
 La nota de un gemido ;  
 Algo como un suspiro de la noche  
 Rompiendo del silencio la honda calma ;  
 Algo como la queja  
 De una alma para otra alma . . .  
 Algo como el adiós con que los muertos,  
 Del amor al esfuerzo soberano,  
 Saludan desde el fondo de sus tumbas  
 Al recuerdo lejano.

.....

Al despertar de aquel supremo instante  
 De letargo sombrío,  
 La noche de la ausencia desplegaba  
 Su impenetrable velo,  
 Sus sombras sin estrellas,  
 Su atmósfera de hielo . . .

Esa odiosa ceguez en que el ausente  
 Proscrito del cariño,  
 Cumple con su destierro, suspirando  
 Por sus recuerdos vírgenes de niño ;

With folded wings within its quiet nest  
Beneath the withering hand of death to rest,  
Protect my treasure, thou beloved home ;  
Watch o'er it for me till I cease to roam."

The tears sprang to my swollen eyelids ; the black  
Shades opened from the stars unto the track ;  
A light did cross above ; I lifted mine eyes  
And on a page within the distant skies  
I saw this cipher : "STOP !" and to mine ear  
Came like the coo of a dove, (in regions drear)  
The note of a moan beyond the human sight :  
'T was something like the sigh of gloomy night,  
Breaking the silence, and something like the plaint  
Of one soul for another (that doth faint),  
And something like the farewell which the dead  
With the omnipotent aid of love hath said  
To greet from out the depths of their lone graves  
The far off memories of the soul that saves.

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After waking from that supreme moment  
Of gloomy lethargy  
The night of absence unfolded  
Its impenetrable veil,  
Its starless shadows ;  
Its frosty atmosphere ;—  
That odious blindness in which the absent one,  
Proscribed by love,  
Bears with his exile, sighing  
For his pure memories of childhood ;—

Ése inmenso dolor que hace del alma  
En el terrible y solitario viaje,  
Un árido desierto  
En donde es un miraje cada punto  
Y en donde es un amor cada miraje . .

Y así de la ampolleta de mi vida  
Se deslizaban las eternas horas  
Sobre mi frente mustia y abatida,  
Sonando al extenderse en lontananza,  
Como una dulce estrofa desprendida  
Del arpa celestial de la esperanza ;  
Así, cuando una vez, en el instante  
En que la blanca flor de mi delirio  
Desplegaba en los aires su capullo ;  
Cuando mi muerta fé se estrmecía  
Bajo sus ropas fúnebres de duelo,  
Al ver flotando en el azul del cielo  
El alma del hogar sobre la mía ;  
Cuando iba ya á sonar para mis ojos  
La última hora de llanto,  
Y se cambiaba en música de salve  
La música elegiaca de mi canto ;  
Mi corazon como la flor marchita  
Que se abre á las sonrisas de la aurora  
Esperando la vida de sus rayos,  
También se abrió . . . para plegar su broche,  
A las caricias del amor abierto,  
Encerrando en el fondo de su noche  
Las caricias de un muerto ! . . .

En el espacio blanco y encendido  
Por los trémulos rayos de la luna,  
Yo ví asomar su sombra . . .



That immense sorrow which makes of the soul,  
In the terrible and lonely journey,  
A barren desert  
In which each point is a mirage,  
And each mirage, a fancy.

And thus from the hour-glass of my life  
Slipped the eternal hours  
Over my sad and dejected brow,  
Sounding as they spread in the distance  
Like a sweet strophe unfastened  
From the supernal harp of Hope ;  
Thus, when once in the moment  
In which the white flower of my delirium  
Unfolded its bud in the breezes ;  
When my dead faith trembled  
Under its funeral robes of affliction  
At seeing afloat, in the azure of the sky,  
The spirit of my home over the real ;  
When the last hour of sorrow  
Was on the verge of striking for me,  
And the mournful music of my song  
Was changing into music of convocation,  
My heart, like the faded flower  
Which opens at the smile of dawn,  
Awaiting the life of its rays,  
Also opened to fold its clasp  
Which was spread to receive the endearments  
Enclosing in the depth of its night [of love.  
The caresses of a corpse !

In the clearly lighted space,  
By the trembling rays of the moon,  
I saw his spirit appearing ;

La gasa del sepulcro lo envolvía  
Con sus espesos pliegues. . .  
En su frente espectral se dibujaba  
Una aureola de angustia, lo que dijo  
Se perdió en la región donde flotaba. . .  
Su mano me bendijo. . .  
Su pecho sollozaba. . .  
La sombra se elevó como la niebla  
Que en la mañana se alza de los campos ;  
Cerré los ojos suspirando, y luego . .  
Oí un adiós en la profunda calma  
De aquella inmensidad muda y tranquila,  
Y al levantar de nuevo la pupila  
¡ El cielo estaba negro como mi alma !

En el reloj terrible  
Donde cada dolor marca su instante,  
El destino inflexible  
Señalaba la cifra palpitante  
De aquella hora imposible ;  
Hora triste en que el íntimo santuario  
De mis sueños de gloria,  
Vió su altar solitario,  
Convertido su sol en tenebrario,  
Y su culto en memoria . . .  
Hora negra en que la urna consagrada  
Para envolverte, !oh, padre !  
Del cariño en la esencia perfumada,  
Fué un sepulcro sombrío  
Donde sólo dejaste tu recuerdo  
Para hacer más inmenso su vacío.

¡ Padre . . perdón porque te amaba tanto,  
Que en el orgullo de mi amor creía  
Darte en él un escudo, !

The gauze of the sepulcher enveloped it  
With its thick folds ;  
About its ghostly brow an aureole of anguish  
Was outlined—what it said  
Was lost in the region where it hovered—  
Its hand blessed me ;  
Its heart sobbed ;  
It then ascended like the mist  
That rises in the morning from the meads ;  
I closed mine eyes sighing, and then  
I heard a farewell in the deep calm  
Of that mute and tranquil immensity,  
And lifting again mine eyes  
The heavens were dark as my soul !

On the immense clock  
Where each pain stamps its point of duration,  
Inflexible destiny  
Marked the vibrating cipher  
Of that impossible hour ;  
Sad hour in which the innermost sanctuary  
Of my dreams of glory  
Saw its altar abandoned ;  
Its day turned into a wax taper,  
And its worship into memories ;  
Gloomy hour in which the urn consecrated  
To enclose thee, O father,  
In the fragrant essence of affection,  
Was a dark tomb  
Where thou leavest only the remembrance  
To make its void the more infinite.

Father forgive, because so much I cherished  
That in the loftiness of my love I believed [thee  
In it to give thee a shield.

¡ Perdón porque luché contra la suerte,  
Y desprenderme de tus brazos pudo !  
¡ Perdón porque á tu muerte  
Le arrebaté mis últimas caricias  
Y te dejé morir sin que rompiendo  
Mi alma los densos nublós de la ausencia,  
Fuera á unirse en un beso con la tuya  
Y á escuchar tu postrera confianza !

Sobre la blanca cuna en que de niño  
Me adurmieron los cantos de la noche,  
El cielo azul flotaba,  
Y siempre que mis párpados se abrían,  
Siempre hallé en ese cielo dos estrellas  
Que al verme desde allí se sonreían ;  
Mañana que mis ojos  
Se alcen de nuevo hacia el espacio umbrío  
Que se mece fugaz sobre mi cuna,  
Tú sabes, padre mío,  
Que sobre aquella cuna hay un vacío,  
Que de esas dos estrellas me falta una.

Caíste . . . de los libros de la noche  
Yo no tengo la ciencia ni la clave ;  
En la tumba en que duermes  
Yo no sé si el amor tiene cabida  
Yo no sé si el sepulcro  
Puede amar á la vida ;  
Pero en la densa oscuridad que envuelve  
Mi corazón para sufrir cobarde,  
Yo sé que existe el germen de una hoguera  
Que á tu memoria se estremece y arde . .  
Yo sé que es el más dulce de los nombres  
El nombre que te doy cuando te llamo,  
Y que en la religión de mis recuerdos  
Tú eres el dios que amo.

Forgive, because I struggle against a fate  
That could tear me from thine arms.  
Forgive, because at thy death had I snatched  
My last endearments  
And let thee die without breaking  
Through the dense clouds of distance ,  
My soul would be united to thine in a kiss,  
And would list to thy last confidence.

Over the honored cradle in which from child-  
The songs of night lulled me to sleep, [hood  
The blue sky floated,  
And always when I opened mine eyelids  
I found in that firmament two stars  
That smiled whene'er they saw me.  
To-morrow when mine eyes  
I lift again toward the umbrageous space  
That fugaciously stirs above my cradle,  
Thou knowest, my father,  
That over that cradle there is a void ;  
That of those two stars I miss one.

Thou succumb'st :—of the book of darkness  
I have not the knowledge or the key ;  
In the grave wherein thou slumberest  
I know not if there be room for love ;  
I know not if the sepulcher  
Can love life ;  
But in the dense obscurity that wraps  
My heart to suffer like a coward,  
I know there exists the germ of a spark  
Which at the remembrance trembles and glows :  
I know that the sweetest of all names  
Is the name which I utter when I call to thee,  
And that, in the religion of my remembrances,  
Thou art the god I love.

Caíste...de tu abismo impenetrable  
La helada niebla arroja  
Su negra proyección sobre mi frente,  
Crepúsculo que avanza  
Derramando en el aire trasparente  
Las sombras de una noche sin oriente  
Y el capuz de un dolor sin esperanza.

Padre...duérmete...mi alma estremecida  
Te manda su cantar y sus adiós ;  
Vuela hacia tí, y flotando  
Sobre la piedra fúnebre que sella  
Tu huesa solitaria,  
Mi amor la enciende, y sobre tí, sobre ella,  
En la noche sin fin de tu sepulcro  
Mi alma será una estrella.

1871.

Thou didst depart :—from thy fathomless  
The icy mist hurls [gulf  
Its gloomy projection over my brow.  
A twilight advances  
Spreading over the transparent air  
The darkness of a night without dawn,  
And the cloak of a sorrow without hope.

Father sleep :—my vibrating heart  
Sends thee its canticle and its farewell ;  
Towards thee it rises, and hovering  
Above the tombstone that seals  
Thy lonely grave,  
My love illuminates it, while over thee, and  
In the endless night of thy tomb, [above it,  
My spirit will be a star.

1874.

# Á LA SOCIEDAD FILOLÁTRICA

## EN SU INSTALACIÓN.

¿ Hasta cuándo llegará el día en que  
se aprecia más al hombre que enseña  
que al hombre que mata ?

M. OCAMPO.

Sombras gigantes de Scipión y Ciro,  
De César y Alejandro,  
No os alcéis de la tumba á mis acentos ;  
Que si es verdad que vuestra gloria admiro,  
Me espanta vuestra gloria resonando  
Entre ayes de dolor y entre lamentos.  
Yo no canto á vosotros, cuyos lauros  
En la sangre crecidos  
Respiran con el aire de la muerte ;  
Yo no canto á vosotros los temidos,  
Los que formáis las leyes con la espada  
Sin tener más derecho que el del fuerte.  
Vuestros nombres sublimes  
No hacen arder la sangre de mis venas ;  
Yo canto á Atenas enseñando á Roma,  
No canto á Roma conquistando á Atenas.  
Como el águila audaz que surca el viento  
En pos de espacio que bastante sea  
Para dar á sus alas movimiento,  
Lo mismo mi alma cuando hallar desea  
La luz de la poesía,  
No busca sus raudales en la noche,  
Sino en la aurora al despuntar el día :



# TO THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

AT ITS INSTALLATION.

“ When will the day arrive  
When he who instructs will be  
Appreciated more than he who slays.”

M. OCAMPO.

Ye mighty shades of Scipio and Cyrus,  
Of Cæsar and of Alexander,  
Rise not from your graves at the sound of my voice.  
Although it may be true your glory I admire,  
Yet me your glory but appalls, resounding  
Between the groans of anguish and of tears :  
And not to you I sing whose laurels  
In blood were grown,  
And breathe the air of death ;  
Not unto you I sing, ye dreaded ones,  
Who frame the laws with the sword  
With no more right than that of might.  
Your names, exalted though they be,  
Yet quicken not the blood within my veins.  
I sing to Athens teaching Rome,  
And not to Rome conquering Athens.  
And like the fearless eagle which cleaves the air  
In search of ample space  
To give free movement to his wings,  
The same my soul, when it desires to find  
The light of poetry,  
Seeks not its plentitude in the night,  
But in the aurora at break of day ;

Y al encontrar la llama indeficiente  
De la verdad sagrada,  
Mi pecho entonces se electriza y siente,  
Y de mi lira tosca y olvidada,  
Brotan cantares que sonar quisieran  
Desde el nuevo, hasta el viejo continente.

Éra la sombra : entre su negro manto  
Vegetaban los hombres,  
Nutriéndose con penas y con llanto,  
Sin otra ciencia que sufrir humildes  
Del infortunio las amargas leyes,  
Y sin otros señores que verdugos  
Con el pomposo título de reyes,  
Esqueletos del cuerpo  
Y esqueletos del alma.  
Los seres como Dios, no eran entonces  
El Adán pensador del primer día,  
Sino siervos que ató, con mano airada,  
A su carro triunfal la tiranía,  
Momias vivientes que al dejar el mundo  
Para volver al hueco del osario,  
Legaban á sus hijos en recuerdo  
La cicuta del Sócrates profundo  
Y la sangre de Cristo del Calvario.  
Y así pasaron siglos y más siglos  
Que de su inmensa huella en la distancia  
Sólo dejaban sombras y vestiglos,  
Vagando entre las nieblas  
De la noche sin fin de la ignorancia,  
Mas de pronto la luz del pensamiento  
Iluminó vivífica y radiante  
De la santa Razón el firmamento,  
Y Dios apareció, bello y gigante,

And when it finds the unfailing flame  
Of sacred truth,  
Then is my heart electrified and feels,  
And from my rude and long forgotten lyre  
Spring canticles that would desire to sound  
From the new to the old continent.

Darkness reigned : within its gloomy mantle  
Men vegetated,  
Nourishing themselves on sorrows and tears  
With no other knowledge than to suffer  
In submission under the bitter laws of misery,  
And with no other masters but executioners  
With the pompous title of kings :  
Skeletons of the body  
And skeletons of the soul.  
The beings, in the image of God, were not then  
The Adam of the first day,  
But serfs, by Tyranny tied to her  
Triumphal car with an angry hand ;  
Living mummies which, on leaving the world  
To return to the hollowness of the charnel house.  
Bequeathed to their sons, in remembrance,  
The poison hemlock of the great Socrates,  
And the blood of Christ of Calvary.  
Thus centuries after centuries passed,  
Leaving in their infinite tracks in the distance  
Naught but the shadows and horrid monsters  
Wandering in obscurity  
Through the endless night of ignorance.  
But suddenly the light of thought  
Illuminated, vividly and radiantly,  
The firmament of holy Reason ;  
And God appeared, beautiful and great,

Haciendo despeñarse en el abismo  
Al soplo de sus labios soberanos  
El sangriento puñal de los tiranos  
Y la máscara vil del fanatismo.  
Entonces fué cuando la Europa vía,  
Trémula y espantada,  
La mansión ignorada  
Que la voz de Colón le predecía,  
Y á Franklin elevándose al espacio  
De su genio atrevido tras la huella,  
Para robar á la rojiza nube  
El fuego aterrador de la centella.  
Entonces fué cuando se alzó la ciencia,  
Disipando las sombras  
Que huyeron en tropel á su presencia ;  
Y entonces cuando Méjico miraba  
En la mansión maldita  
Del crimen y del miedo,  
En vez de la cadena y del levita  
La figura grandiosa de Escobedo.  
Y no tembléis al recordar la historia  
Del lugar maldecido,  
Donde el buitre feroz de la Ignorancia  
Ocultó sus polluelos y su nido ;  
No tembléis á la tétrica memoria  
Del calabozo inmundo  
Repitiendo los últimos lamentos  
Del mártir moribundo ;  
Ya está lavada de su impura mancha  
La guarida del crimen,  
Que hasta la infamia misma desaparece  
Donde las huellas del saber se imprimen,  
En vez de los verdugos,  
Y del hirviente plomo y el veneno,

Hurling into the abyss,  
With the mighty breath of his lips,  
The gory poniards of tyranny  
And vile masks of fanaticism.  
'T was then when Europe saw,  
Tremulous and frightened,  
The fameless abode  
Foretold by the voice of Columbus ;  
And Franklin, rising in the capacity  
Of his daring genius upon the track  
To rob from the crimson cloud  
The destroying fire of the lightning.  
Then it was when Knowledge rose  
Dispersing the shadows  
Which fled in confusion at her presence ;  
And then it was when Mexico saw  
In the accursed abode  
Of crime and fear,  
In place of the chain and levite,  
The grand figure of Escobedo.  
Tremble not when remembering the history  
Of the place of iniquity  
Where the savage vulture of Ignorance  
Concealed its chicks and its nest ;  
Tremble not at the gloomy memory  
Of the unearthly dungeon  
Repeating the last lamentations  
Of the dying martyr.  
Already the den of crime is cleansed  
Of its foul stigma,  
And even infamy itself disappears  
Where the tracks of wisdom are imprinted ;  
In place of the executioners  
And burning lead and poison,

La Medicina que consuela y sana,  
Y los hijos de Herófilo y Galeno.

Sublime rendición, misión sublime  
La del que sufre al consolar las penas,  
La del que llora y gime  
Al enjugar las lágrimas ajenas ;  
Misión de caridad y bienandanza,  
Empezada por Cristo en el Calvario,  
Que redime y que canta en su santuario  
Los himnos del amor y la esperanza.  
Seguidla, pues, vosotros, que imposibles  
Desafiáis á la muerte, y los pesares ;  
Y si queréis que el mundo agradecido  
Conserve vuestro nombre en la memoria,  
Y que os levante altares,  
Seguid vuestro sendero bendecido,  
Que al fin de ese sendero está la gloria ;  
Y continuad sin dirigir la vista  
Al espinado y escabroso suelo,  
Y si ansiáis la conquista  
Del lauro inmarcesible de la fama,  
Elevad vuestros ojos hasta el cielo  
Donde está quien os mira y quien os llama.  
Y no penséis en la escarpada roca,  
Ni en la espina punzante  
Que atraviesa la planta que la toca ;  
No cejéis ni un instante  
En vuestra noble y celestial carrera,  
Adelante...! Adelante...!  
Aun está muy distante  
La corona de rosas que os espera.

The comforting and healing medicine  
And the sons of Herófilo and Galeno.

Sublime rendition, mighty mission  
Of him who suffers while soothing pain ;  
Of him who weeps and moans  
While drying the tears of others ;  
Mission of charity and prosperity  
Begun by Christ on Calvary ;  
Mission that redeems, and sings in its sanctuary  
The hymns of love and hope.  
Then follow it, ye who impassibly  
Challenge death and sorrow ;  
And if you wish the greatful world  
To preserve your names in remembrance  
And raise altars to you,  
Follow your blessed path  
For glory lies at its end ;  
And continue without turning your eyes  
Upon the thorny and rugged soil.  
And if you long for the conquest  
Of the fadeless laurel of fame,  
Then raise your eyes to heaven  
Where there is One who sees and calls you.  
And think not of the steep cliffs,  
Nor of the pointed thorn  
That pierces the foot which touches it.  
Relax not for a moment  
In your noble and heavenly career :  
Onward ! Onward !  
For yet far distant  
Is the crown of roses which awaits you.

## QUINCE DE SETIEMBRE.

Después de aquella página sombría  
En que trazó la historia los detalles  
De aquel horrible día,  
Cuando la triste Méxitli veía  
Sembradas de cadáveres sus calles ;  
Después de aquella página de duelo  
Por Cuahitemoc escrita ante la historia,  
Cuando sintió lo inútil de su anhelo ;  
Después de aquella página, la gloria  
Borrando nuestro cielo en su memoria  
No volvió á aparecer en nuestro cielo.

La santa, la querida  
Madre de aquellos muertos, vencedores  
En su misma caída,  
Fué hallada entre ellos, trémula y herida  
Por el mayor dolor de los dolores . . .  
En su semblante pálido aun brillaba  
De su llanto tristísimo una gota . . .  
A su lado se alzaba  
Junto á un laurel una macana rota . . .  
Y abandonada y sola como estaba,  
Vencido ya hasta el último patriota,  
Al ver sus ojos sin mirada y fijos,  
Los españoles la creyeron muerta,  
Y del incendio entre la llama incierta  
La echaron en la tumba con sus hijos



## THE FIFTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

After that gloomy page  
Upon which history traced the details  
Of that horrible day  
When sad Mexitli saw  
Its streets sown with corpses ;  
After that page of mourning  
For Cuahutemoc, written before the conflict,  
When it felt the uselessness of its desire ;  
After that page, glory,  
Blotting our skies in its fame,  
Did not reappear in our heaven.

The holy, the beloved  
Mother of those who fell, victors  
In their own fall,  
Was found among them, trembling and wounded  
By the greatest sorrow of sorrows.  
On her pale visage still sparkled  
A tear of her deepest grief ;  
At her side arose,  
Near a laurel, a broken macana ; \*  
And deserted and alone she was,  
The last patriot already being vanquished.  
When they saw her sightless and staring eyes  
The Spaniards believed her dead,  
And between the unsteady flames of the  
Fire they threw her into the grave with her sons.

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\*A wooden weapon in use among the ancient Indians of Mexico and Peru, generally edged with sharp flint.

Y pasaron cien años y trescientos  
Sin que á ningún oído  
Llegaran los tristísimos acentos  
De su apagado y lúgubre gemido ;  
Cuando una noche un hombre que velaba  
Soñando en no sé qué grande y augusto  
Como la misma fé que le inspiraba,  
Oyó un inmenso grito que le hablaba  
Desde su alma de justo. .  
—Yo soy—le repetía,  
Descendiente de aquellos que en la lucha  
Sellaron su derrota con la muerte. . .  
; Yo soy la queja que ninguno escucha,  
Yo soy el llanto que ninguno advierte !. . .  
Mi fé me ha dicho que tu fuerza es mucha,  
Que es grande tu virtud y vengo á verte ;  
Que en el eterno y rudo sufrimiento  
Con que hace siglos sin cesar batallo,  
Que sé que tú has de darme lo que no hallo :  
Mi madre que está aquí porque la siento.—

Dijo la voz y al santo regocijo  
Que el anciano sintió en su omnipotencia,  
—Si el indio llora por su madre—dijo,  
Yo encontraré una madre para ese hijo,  
Y encontró aquella madre en su conciencia.

A esta hora, y en un día  
Como éste, en que incensamos su memoria,  
Fué cuando aquel anciano decía,  
Y desde ese momento, patria mia,  
Tú sabes bien que el astro de tu gloria  
Clavado sobre el libro de tu historia,  
No se ha puesto en tus cielos todavía.

One hundred years passed by, and three hundred,  
And the most sorrowful accents  
Of her faint and mournful lamentation  
Reached not a single ear,  
Until one night a man who was on guard,  
Dreaming of, I know not what, great and august,  
Like the same faith which inspired him,  
Heard an immense cry which spoke  
From the soul of the righteous :  
“ It is I,” it repeated,  
“ A descendant of those who, in the struggle,  
Sealed their defeat with their death ;  
It is I, the Complaint to whom no one listens,  
And the tears which no one heeds.  
My faith has told me that thy strength is mighty,  
That thy courage is great, and I come to see thee :  
That in the eternal and trying patience  
With which for centuries unceasingly I battle,  
I know that thou wilt give me what I find not :—  
My mother who is here because I feel her presence.”

Thus spoke the voice, and at the holy rejoicing  
Which the old man felt in its omnipotence,  
He said : “ If the Indian weeps for his mother  
I will find a mother for that son ; ”  
And he found that mother in his conscience.

It was at this hour, and on a day  
Like this, on which we praise his memory.  
When the old man spoke,  
And since that moment, my fatherland,  
Thou knowest well that the star of thy glory,  
Fastened on the book of thy history,  
Has not yet set in thy heavens.

A esta hora fué cuando rodó en pedazos  
La piedra que sellaba aquel sepulcro  
Donde estuviste como Cristo, muerta  
Para resucitar al tercer día ;  
A esa hora fué cuando se abrió la puerta  
De tu hogar, que en su seno te veía  
Con un supremo miedo en su alegría  
De que tu aparición no fuera cierta ;  
Y desde ese momento, y desde esa hora,  
Tranquila y sin temores en tu pecho,  
Tu sueño se cobija bajo un techo  
Donde el placer es lo único que llora . .  
Tus hijos ya no gimen  
Como antes al recuerdo de tu ausencia  
Ni cadenas hay ya que los lastimen . . .  
En sus feraces campos ya no corre  
La sangre de la lucha y la matanza,  
Y de la paz entre los goces suaves  
Bajo un cielo sin sombras ni vapores,  
Ni se avergüenzan de nacer tus flores  
Ni se avergüenzan de cantar tus aves.

Grande eres y á tu paso  
Tienes abierto un porvenir de gloria  
Con la dulce promesa de la historia  
De que para tu sol nunca habrá ocaso .  
Por él camina y sigue  
De tu lección de ayer con la experiencia ;  
Trabaja y lucha hasta acabar esa obra  
Que empezaste al volver á la existencia,  
Que aun hay algo en tus cárceles que sobra,  
Y aun hay algo que el vuelo no recobra,  
Y aun hay algo de España en tu conciencia.

At this hour it was when the stone  
Rolled into pieces which sealed that tomb  
Where thou, like Christ, wast dead,  
Only upon the third day to arise.  
At that hour it was when the door  
Of thy home opened, and that saw thee in its bosom.  
With a supreme dread in its joy  
Lest thy apparition was not real.  
And since that moment, and since that hour,  
Tranquil and without fears in thy heart,  
Thy dream is sheltered under a roof  
Where naught but pleasure weeps.  
No more thy sons will sigh,  
As formerly, at the remembrance of thy absence ;  
Nor are there chains to wound them now.  
On their fertile fields there flows no more  
The blood of slaughter and strife ;  
And from peace, among gentle joys,  
Under a shadowless and cloudless sky,  
The flowers will not be ashamed to bloom  
Nor the birds ashamed to sing.

Thou art great, and upon thy path  
A future of glory opens before thee  
With the sweet promise of history  
That thy sun will never set.  
Tread that path, and follow  
With the experience of thy lesson of the past ;  
Work and struggle until the task is finished  
Which thou hast commenced on thy return to ex-  
For yet in thy prisons something remains, [istence.  
Something which flight cannot recover,  
And something of Spain in thy conscience.

Yo te vengo á decir que es necesario  
Matar ya ese recuerdo de los reyes  
Que escondido tras de un confesonario,  
Quiere darte otras leyes que tus leyes.  
Que Dios no vive ahí donde tus hijos  
Reniegan de tu amor y de tus besos,  
Que no es él que perdona en el cadalso,  
Que no es él del altar y él de los rezos ;  
Que Dios es él que vive en tus cabañas,  
Que Dios es él que vive en tus talleres  
Y él que se alza presente y encarnado  
Allí donde sin odio á los deberes  
Se come por la noche un pan honrado.

Yo te vengo á decir que no es preciso  
Que muera á hierro él que con hierro mate,  
Que no es con sangre como el siglo quiere  
Que el pueblo aprenda las lecciones tuyas ;  
Que el siglo quiere que en lugar de templos  
Le des escuelas y le des ejemplos,  
Le des un techo y bajo dél lo instruyas.

Así es como en tu frente  
Podrás al fin ceñirte la corona  
Que el porvenir te tiene destinada ;  
El, que conoce tu alma, que adivina  
En tí á la santa madre del progreso,  
Y que hoy ante el recuerdo de aquella hora  
En que uno de sus besos fué la aurora  
Que surgió de tu noche entre lo espeso,  
Mientras el pueblo se entusiasma y llora.  
Te viene á acariciar con otro beso.

I come to tell thee that it is necessary  
To kill that remembrance of the kings  
Which, concealed behind the confessional,  
Seeks to give thee other laws than thy laws ;  
That God exists not there where thy sons  
Disown thy love and thine affections ;  
That it is not he who pardons at the scaffold ;  
That it is not he of the altar and of the prayers ;  
That God is He who dwells in thy cabins ;  
That God is He who dwells in thy workshops,  
And who rises, present and incarnate,  
There, where without hatred of duties, [bread.  
At the end of the day's work, man enjoys his honest

I come to tell thee that it is not necessary  
That he who kills by the sword should die thereby ;  
That it is not with bloodshed that this age wants  
The populace to learn thy lessons ;  
That this age desires that in place of temples  
Thou shalt give it schools and precepts, [tion.  
That thou shalt give it a roof and under it instruc-

Thus it is that on thy brow  
Thou wilt be able at last to place the crown  
Which the future has destined for thee.  
He who knows thy heart, who divines  
In thee the holy mother of progress,  
And who to-day, before the remembrance of that  
In which one of her kisses was the aurora [hour  
Which sprang from the night through the darkness,  
Whilst the people weep in rapture,  
Comes to caress thee with another kiss.

## ANTE UN CADÁVER.

¡ Y bien ! aquí estás ya . . . sobre la plancha  
Donde el gran horizonte de la ciencia  
La extensión de sus límites ensancha.

Aquí donde la rígida experiencia  
Viene á dictar las leyes superiores  
A que está sometida la existencia.

Aquí donde derrama sus fulgores  
Ese astro á cuyo luz desaparece  
La distinción de esclavos y señores.

Aquí donde la fábula enmudece  
Y la voz de los hechos se levanta  
Y la superstición se desvanece.

Aquí donde la ciencia se adelanta  
A leer la solución de ese problema  
Cuyo sólo enunciado nos espanta.

Ella que tiene la razón por lema  
Y que en tus labios escuchar ansía  
La angusta voz de la verdad suprema.

Aquí estás ya . . . tras de la lucha impía  
En que romper al cabo conseguiste  
La cárcel que al dolor te retenía.



## BEFORE A CORPSE.

And so ! already here thou art upon the table  
Where the great horizon of science  
Broadens the extension of its limits ;

Here, where rigid experience  
Comes to dictate the superior laws  
To which existence is subjected ;

Here, where that star, before whose light  
Disappears the distinction of slaves  
And masters, sheds its lustre ;

Here, where fiction is silenced  
And the voice of fact arises,  
And superstition vanishes ;

Here, where science advances  
To read the solution of the problem  
Whose mere mention overwhelms us ;

\*She whose motto is reason  
And who, upon thy lips, doth long to listen  
To the august voice of truth supreme.

Already here thou art, after the impious struggle  
In which at last thou didst succeed in breaking  
The prison that chained thee to sorrow.

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\*This pronoun refers to the word *science*, in the preceding verse. Examples of this kind are not infrequent in Spanish poetry.

La luz de tus pupilas ya no existe,  
Tu máquina vital descansa inerte  
Y á cumplir con su objeto se resiste.

¡ Miseria y nada más ! dirán al verte  
Los que creen que el imperio de la vida  
Acaba donde empieza el de la muerte.

Y suponiendo tu misión cumplida  
Se acercarán á tí, y en su mirada  
Te mandarán la eterna despedida.

Pero ¡ no !. . . tu misión no está acabada,  
Que ni es la nada el punto en que nacemos  
Ni el punto en que morimos es la nada.

Círculo es la existencia, y mal hacemos  
Cuando al querer medirla le asignamos  
La cuna y el sepulcro por extremos.

La madre es solo el molde en que tomamos  
Nuestra forma, la forma pasajera  
Con que la ingrata vida pasamos.

Pero ni es esa forma la primera  
Que nuestro sér reviste, ni tampoco  
Será su última forma cuando muera.

Tú sin aliento ya, dentro de poco  
Volverás á la tierra y á su seno  
Que es de la vida universal el foco.

Y allí, á la vida en apariencia ajeno,  
El poder de la lluvia y del verano  
Fecundará de gérmenes tu cieno.

The light of thine eyes no more exists ;  
Thy vital organism inertly reposes  
And refuses to fulfil its office.

“ Nothing but misery ! ” will those say  
Who gaze upon thee, believing that the dominion  
Ends where death begins. [of life

And supposing thy mission fulfilled  
They will approach thee, and in look  
Will give thee eternal farewell.

But no ! thy mission is not ended,  
For neither is nothingness the point at which we  
Or naught the point at which we die. [are born

Life is a circle, and when measuring it  
We do wrong in assigning to it  
The cradle and the sepulcher for extremes.

For molded after our parent  
We travel through this ungreatful world  
In our transitory shape.

Neither is this the first shape  
That clothes our being, nor  
Will it be its last when it dies.

Now thou art lifeless : but a short time  
And thou wilt return to earth and its bosom  
Which is life's universal focus.

And there, in appearance foreign to life,  
The power of the rain and heat  
Will fertilize thy clay with germs,

Y al ascender de la raíz al grano,  
Irás del vegetal á ser testigo  
En el laboratorio soberano.

Tal vez para volver cambiado en trigo  
Al triste hogar donde la triste esposa  
Sin encontrar un pan sueña contigo.

En tanto que las grietas de tu fosa  
Verán alzarse de su fondo abierto  
La larva convertida en mariposa.

Que en los ensayos de su vuelo incierto,  
Irá al lecho infeliz de tus amores  
A llevarle tus ósculos de muerto.

Y en medio de esos cambios interiores  
Tu cráneo lleno de una nueva vida,  
En vez de pensamientos dará flores.

En cuyo cáliz brillará escondida  
La lágrima, tal vez, con que tu amada  
Acompañó el adiós de tu partida.

La tumba es el final de la jornada,  
Porque en la tumba es donde queda muerta  
La llama en nuestro espíritu encerrada.

Pero en esa mansión á cuya puerta  
Se extingue nuestro aliento, hay otro aliento  
Que de nuevo á la vida nos despierta.

Allí acaba la fuerza y el talento,  
Allí acaban los goces y los males,  
Allí acaban la fé y el sentimiento.

And when ascending from the root to the grain  
Thou wilt leave the fields  
To be a witness in the supreme laboratory ;

Perhaps to return again as wheat  
To the sorrowing home where the mourning spouse  
Dreams with thee without finding bread.

Meanwhile the fissures of thy grave  
Will see the larva converted into a butterfly,  
Rising from its open depth,

Which, in its endeavors of uncertain flight,  
Will go to the unhappy couch of thy dear ones  
To bear them thy greetings of the dead.

And in the midst of those interior changes  
Thy cranium, filled with a new life,  
Instead of thoughts will yield flowers,

In the calyx of which will shine concealed,  
Perhaps, the tear with which thy loved one  
Accompanied the farewell of thy departure.

The tomb is the end of the journey,  
For in the tomb is where the light of our  
Imprisoned spirit remains dead ;

But in the abode, at whose door  
Our breath dies out, there is another breath  
That wakes us again to life.

There might and talent end ;  
There end the joys and ills ;  
There faith and sentiment end ;

Allí acaban los lazos terrenales,  
Y mezclados el sabio y el idiota  
Se hunden en la región de los iguales.

Pero allí donde el ánimo se agota  
Y perece la máquina, allí mismo  
El sér que muere es otro sér que brota.

El poderoso y fecundante abismo,  
Del antiguo organismo se apodera  
Y forma y hace de él otro organismo.

Abandona á la historia justiciera  
Un nombre sin cuidarse, indiferente,  
De que ese nombre se eternice ó muera.

El recoge la masa únicamente,  
Y cambiando las formas y el objeto  
Se encarga de que viva eternamente.

La tumba sólo guarda un esqueleto,  
Mas la vida en su bóveda mortuoria  
Prosigue alimentándose en secreto.

Que al fin de esta existencia transitoria  
A la que tanto nuestro afán se adliere,  
La materia, inmortal como la gloria,  
Cambia de formas ; pero nunca muere.

1872.

There end the earthly bonds,  
And the wise, mingled with the foolish,  
Sink into the region of equality.

But there, where the mind is exhausted  
And the organism perishes, right there [forth.  
The being which dies is another being that springs

The mighty and fecundating abyss  
Seizes the former organism  
And forms and makes thereof another organism.

One yields to the history of justice  
A name, carelessly and indifferently,  
Whether that name become eternal or die.

He gathers only the clay,  
And changing the forms and the object  
He charges himself that it live eternally.

The tomb keeps only a skeleton,  
But life, in its funeral vault,  
Proceeds to nourish itself in secret ;

For at the end of this transitory existence,  
To which our anxiety so much adheres,  
Matter, immortal as glory,  
Changes in forms, but never can die.

## CINCO DE MAYO.

### I

Tres eran, mas la Inglaterra  
Volvió á lanzarse á las olas,  
Y las naves españolas  
Tomaron rumbo á su tierra.  
Sólo Francia gritó : “ ¡ Guerra ! ”  
Soñando ¡ oh patria ! en vencerte,  
Y de la infamia y la suerte  
Sirviéndose en su provecho,  
Se alzó erigiendo en derecho  
El derecho del más fuerte.

### II

Sin ver que en lid tan sangrienta  
Tu brazo era más pequeño,  
La lid encarnó en su empeño  
La redención de su afrenta.  
Brotó en luz amarillenta  
La llama de sus cañones,  
Y el mundo vió á tus legiones  
Entrar al combate rudo,  
Llevando por soio escudo  
Su escudo de corazones.



## THE FIFTH OF MAY.

### I

There were three, but England  
Again launched herself into the waves,  
And the Spanish vessels  
Sailed again to this land.  
Only France exclaimed : "Let there be war !"  
Dreaming, O, my fatherland of conquering thee :  
And in her advantage, making use  
Of infamy and fortune,  
She rose at once to establish  
The right of the stronger.

### II

Seeing not that in such a sanguinary conflict  
Thy arm was weaker,  
The dispute embodied in its obligation  
The redemption of thy affront.  
The flames of their cannons  
Broke forth in a yellow light,  
And the world beheld thy legions  
Entering the fierce combat,  
Only carrying for a shield  
The shield of their hearts.

## III

Y entonces fué cuando al grito  
Lanzado por tu denuedo,  
Tembló la Francia de miedo  
Comprendiendo su delito,  
Cuando á tu aliento infinito  
Se oyó la palabra *sea*,  
Y cuando al ver la pelea  
Terrible y desesperada  
Se alzó en tu mano la espada  
Y en tu conciencia la idea.

## IV

Desde que ardió en el oriente  
La luz de ese sol eterno  
Cuyo rayo puro y tierno  
Viene á besarte en la frente,  
Tu bandera independiente  
Flotaba ya en las montañas,  
Mientras las huestes extrañas  
Alzaban la suya airosa,  
Que se agitaba orgullosa  
Del brillo de sus hazañas.

## V

Y llegó la hora, y el cielo  
Nublado y oscurecido  
Desapareció escondido  
Como en los pliegues de un velo.  
La muerte tendió su vuelo  
Sobre la espantada tierra,  
Y entre el francés que se aterra  
Y el mejicano iracundo,  
Se alzó estremeciendo al mundo  
Tu inmenso grito de guerra.

## III

And then it was when, at the cry  
Uttered by thy boldness,  
France trembled with fear  
Understanding her transgression ;  
And when at thy unbounded voice  
Were heard the words, "be it thus !"  
And when seeing the terrible  
And desperate conflict,  
In thy hand arose the sword  
And in thy conscience the design.

## IV

Since in the orient shone  
The light of that eternal sun  
Whose pure and delicate ray  
Approaches to kiss thy brow,  
Thy independent banner  
Floated on the mountains  
While the hostile armies  
Raised their flag in anger  
Which was waving haughtily  
With the splendor of their exploits.

## V

And the hour arrived, and the sky,  
Clouded and darkened,  
Disappeared, concealed  
As in the folds of a curtain.  
Death spread his wings  
Over the frightened land,  
And between the terrified Frenchman  
And the furious Mexican,  
Arose the mighty war-cry  
Shaking the earth.

## VI

Y allí al francés, el primero  
De los soldados del orbe,  
El que en sus glorias absorbe  
Todas las del mundo entero,  
Tres veces pálido y fiero  
Se vió á correr obligado,  
Frente al pueblo denodado  
Que para salvar tu nombre,  
Te dió un soldado en cada hombre  
¡ Y un heroe en cada soldado !

## VII

¡ Tres veces ! y cuando hundida  
Sintió su fama guerrera,  
Contemplado su bandera  
Manchada y encarnecida,  
La Francia, viendo perdida  
La ilusión de su victoria,  
A despecho de su historia  
Y á despecho de su anhelo,  
Vió asomar sobre otro cielo  
Y en otro mundo la gloria.

## VIII

Que entre la niebla indecisa  
Que sobre el campo flotaba,  
Y entre el humo que se alzaba  
Bajo el paso de la brisa,  
Su más hermosa sonrisa  
Fué para tu alma inocente,  
Su canción más elocuente  
Para entonarla á tu huella,  
Y su corona más bella  
Para ponerla en tu frente.

## VI

And there the Frenchman, the first  
Of the soldiers of the world ;  
He who in his glories absorbs  
Those of the whole world,  
Was three times forced to run,  
Pale and fierce,  
Before the intrepid populace  
Who, to save thy name,  
Gave thee a soldier in every man  
And a hero in every soldier.

## VII

Three times ! and when France  
Felt her war fame ruined,  
And gazed upon her banner,  
Stained and gory,  
She saw the illusions  
Of her victory lost,  
And in spite of her strife,  
And in spite of her eagerness,  
She saw glory dawning  
In another heaven and in another world.

## VIII

That which, in the unsteady mist  
That floated over the country,  
And in the vapor which rose  
Beneath the path of the breeze,  
Was for thy innocent heart  
Its most beautiful smile ;  
Its most eloquent song  
To sing on thy journey,  
And its most beautiful crown  
To place on thy brow.

## IX

¡ Sí, patria ! desde ese día  
Tú no eres ya para el mundo  
Lo que en su desdén profundo  
La Europa se suponía,  
Desde entonces, patria mía,  
Has entrado á una nueva era,  
La era noble y duradera  
De la gloria y del progreso,  
Que bajan hoy, como un beso  
De amor, sobre tu bandera.

## X

Sobre esa insignia bendita  
Que hoy viene á cubrir de flores  
La gente que en sus amores  
En torno suyo se agita,  
La que en la dicha infinita  
Con que en tu suelo la clava,  
Te jura animosa y brava,  
Como ante el francés un día,  
Morir por tí, patria mía,  
Primero que verte esclava.

1873.

## IX

Yes, fatherland, since that day  
To the world thou art no more  
What Europe, in her profound  
Disdain supposed.  
Since then, my native land,  
Thou hast entered a new era,  
The noble and lasting era  
Of fame and progress  
Which descends to-day, like a kiss  
Of love, upon thy standard.

## X

Over that blessed banner  
Which to-day the people,  
Who in turn are stirred in their affections,  
Come to cover with flowers,  
And who, in the boundless happiness  
With which they plant it in the soil,  
Swear to thee, gallant and brave,  
As once before the Frenchman,  
Sooner than see thee a slave,  
My native land, for thee I die.

1873.

## NOCTURNO.

Á ROSARIO.

### I

Pues bien ! yo necesito  
decirte que te adoro,  
Decirte que te quiero  
con todo el corazón ;  
Que es mucho lo que sufro,  
que es mucho lo que lloro,  
Que ya no puedo tanto  
y al grito en que te imploro  
Te imploro y te hablo en nombre  
de mi última ilusión.

### II

Yo quiero que tú sepas  
que ya hace muchos días  
Estoy enfermo y pálido  
de tanto no dormir ;  
Que ya se han muerto todas  
las esperanzas mías,  
Que están mis noches negras,  
tan negras y sombrías,  
Que ya no sé ni donde  
se alzaba el porvenir.



## NOCTURN.

TO ROSARIO.

### I

Well, then, I am compelled  
to say that I adore thee ;  
To tell thee that I love thee  
with all my heart ;  
That there is much I suffer,  
and that much I weep ;  
That more I can not bear, [thee,  
and at the cry in which I implore  
I entreat thee and speak in the name  
of my lost illusions.

### II

I want you to know  
that already many days  
Have I been ill and pallid  
from so much lost sleep ;  
That all my hopes  
have already died ;  
That my nights are dark—  
so black and gloomy  
That I know not even where  
the future is fled.

## III

De noche, cuando pongo  
mis sienes en la almohada  
Y hacia otro mundo quiero  
mi espíritu volver,  
Camino mucho, mucho,  
y al fin de la jornada  
Las formas de mis padres  
se pierden en la nada  
Y tú de nuevo vuelves  
en mi alma aparecer.

## IV

Comprendo que tus besos  
jamás han de ser míos,  
Comprendo que en tus ojos  
no me he de ver jamás ;  
Y te amo en mis locos  
y ardientes desvaríos  
Bendigo tus desdenes,  
adoro tus desvíos,  
Y en vez de amarte menos  
te quiero mucho más.

## V

A veces pienso en darte  
mi eterna despedida,  
Borrarte en mis recuerdos  
y hundirte en mi pasión :  
Mas si es en vano todo  
y el alma no te olvida,  
¿ Qué quieres tú que yo haga  
pedazo de mi vida,  
Qué quieres tú que yo haga  
con este corazón ?

## III

At night, when I rest  
    my temples on my pillow,  
And towards another world  
    I wish to turn my mind,  
I walk on, and on,  
    and at my journey's end  
The forms of my parents  
    are lost in vacancy,  
And thou again returnest  
    to appear in my heart.

## IV

I understand thy kisses  
    are never to be mine ;  
I understand that in thine eyes  
    I ne'er shall see myself ;  
And I love thee, and in my mad  
    and ardent deliriums  
I bless thy frowns ;  
    I admire thy indifference,  
And instead of loving thee less  
    I worship thee much more.

## V

At times I think of giving thee  
    my eternal farewell ;  
To blot thee from my memory  
    and drown thee in my passion ;  
But if all be in vain,  
    And my soul forget thee not,  
What wilt thou that I do,  
    part of my life,  
What wilt thou that I do  
    with this—my heart ?

## VI

Y luego que ya estaba  
concluído tu santuario,  
Tu lámpara encendida,  
tu velo en el altar ;  
El sol de la mañana  
detrás del campanario,  
Chispeando las antorchas,  
humeando el incensario,  
Y abierta allá á lo lejos  
la puerta del hogar . . .

## VII

¡ Qué hermoso hubiera sido  
vivir bajo aquel techo,  
Los dos unidos siempre  
y amándonos los dos ;  
Tú siempre enamorada,  
yo siempre satisfecho,  
Los dos una sola alma,  
los dos un solo pecho ;  
Y en medio de nosotros  
mi madre como un Dios !

## VIII

¡ Figúrate qué hermosas  
las horas de esa vida !  
¡ Qué dulce y bello el viaje  
por una tierra así !  
Y yo soñaba en eso,  
mi santa prometida,  
Y al delirar en eso  
con la alma estremecida,  
Pensaba yo en ser bueno  
por tí, no más por tí.

## VI

And then, when thy sanctuary  
was completed,  
Thy lamp was burning,  
thy veil on the altar,  
The sun of the morning  
behind the belfry,  
The torches emitting sparks,  
the incensory smoking,  
And there, open in the distance,  
the door of my home.

## VII

How beautiful it would have been  
to live beneath that roof,  
We two united always,  
and always loving each other ;  
Thou always enamored ;  
I always contented ;  
We two a soul in one ;  
we two a single heart ;  
And between thee and me,  
my mother like a god.

## VIII

Imagine thou how beautiful  
the hours of such a life !  
How sweet and beautiful the journey  
through such a land !  
And I dreamed of that,  
my holy betrothed,  
And when upon it delirating  
with my trembling heart,  
I thought to be good  
for thee, and for thee only.

## IX

¡ Bien sabe Dios que ese era  
mi más hermoso sueño,  
Mi afán y mi esperanza  
mi dicha y mi placer ;  
Bien sabe Dios que en nada  
cifraba yo mi empeño,  
Sino en amarte mucho  
bajo el hogar risueño  
Que me envolvió en sus besos  
cuando me vió nacer !

## X

Esa era mi esperanza . . .  
mas ya que á sus fulgores  
Se opone el hondo abismo  
que existe entre los dos,  
¡ Adiós por la vez última,  
amor de mis amores ;  
La luz de mis tinieblas,  
la esencia de mis flores ;  
Mi lira de poeta,  
mi juventud, adiós !

## IX

Well knows God that this was  
    my most beautiful dream ;  
My anxiety and my hope ;  
    my happiness and my joy.  
Well knows God that in nothing  
    did I abridge my diligence,  
But to love thee much  
    within the smiling home  
That wrapped me in its kisses  
    when it saw my birth.

## X

Such was my hope,—  
    but now, against its brightness,  
Is opposed the deep abyss  
    that exists between the two.  
Farewell for the last time,  
    love of my affections ;  
The light of my darkness,  
    the essence of my flowers ;  
My poet's lyre,  
    my youth, farewell !

## ADIÓS Á ———

Después de que el destino  
me ha hundido en las congojas  
Del árbol que se muere  
crujiendo de dolor,  
Tronchando una por una  
las flores y las hojas  
Que al beso de los cielos  
brotaron de mi amor.

Después de que mis ramas  
se han roto bajo el peso  
De tanta y tanta nieve  
cayendo sin cesar,  
Y que mi ardiente savia  
se ha helado con el beso  
Que el ángel del invierno  
me dió al atravesar.

Después... es necesario  
que tú también te alejes  
En pos de otras florestas  
y de otro cielo en pos ;  
Que te alces de tu nido,  
que te alces y me dejes  
Sin escuchar mis ruegos  
y sin decirme adiós.



## FAREWELL TO ———

After fate  
    has plunged me into the anguish  
Of the tree that dies,  
    groaning with pain,  
Tearing one by one  
    the flowers and the leaves  
That sprang from thy love  
    with the kiss from the skies ;

After my branches,  
    broken under the weight  
Of snow upon snow  
    Unceasingly falling,  
And my glowing life  
    has frozen at the kiss  
Which the angel of winter  
    gave me on his way ;

Then thou must likewise  
    depart from me  
In search of other bowers,  
    And in search of other skies,  
For thou shalt arise from thy nest ;  
    shalt arise and leave me,  
Not hearing my entreaties  
    or bidding me farewell.

Yo estaba solo y triste  
cuando la noche te hizo  
Plegar las blancas alas  
para acogerte á mí,  
Y entonces mi ramaje  
doliente y enfermizo  
Brotó sus flores todas,  
y todas para tí.

En ellas te hice el nido  
risueño en que dormías  
De amor y de ventura  
temblando en su vaivén,  
Y en él te hallaban siempre  
las noches y los días  
Feliz con mi cariño  
y amándote también

¡ Ah ! nunca en mis delirios  
creí que fuera eterno  
El sol de aquellas horas  
de encanto y frenesí ;  
Pero jamás tampoco  
que el soplo del invierno  
Llegara entre tus cantos,  
y hallándote tú aquí.

Es fuerza que te alejes.  
rompiéndome en astillas  
Ya siento entre mis ramas  
crujir el huracán,  
Y heladas y temblando  
mis hojas amarillas  
Se arrancan y vacilan,  
y vuelan y se van

I was alone and sad  
    when night made thee  
Fold thy white wings  
    to take refuge in me,  
And then my voice,  
    sorrowful and faint,  
Broke out in blossoms,  
    and all for thee.

In them I made thy lovely nest  
    in which thou didst sleep,  
Trembling in the restlessness  
    of love and happiness,  
And the nights and days  
    found thee therein,  
Ever happy with my love ;  
    I ever loving thee.

Alas ! never in my delirium  
    believed I that the sun  
Of those hours of enchantment and  
    could be eternal ;      [madness  
But never, either,  
    that the breath of winter  
Would mingle in thy songs  
    and find thee here.

Thy parting is an anguish  
    that fells me to the ground.  
Already I feel the storm  
    among my branches,  
And, frozen and trembling,  
    my yellow leaves  
Are snatched and shiver,  
    and fly and depart.

Adiós, paloma blanca,  
que huyendo de la nieve  
Te vas á otras regiones  
y dejas tu árbol fiel ;  
Mañana que termine  
mi vida oscura y breve  
Ya sólo tus recuerdos  
palparán sobre él.

Es fuerza que te alejes .  
del cántico y del nido  
Tú sabes bien la historia,  
paloma, que te vas .  
El nido es el recuerdo  
y el cántico el olvido,  
El árbol es el *siempre*,  
y el ave es el *jamás*.

Y ¡ adiós ! mientras que puedes  
oír bajo este cielo  
El último ¡ ay ! del himno  
cantado por los dos .  
Te vas y ya levantas  
el ímpetu y el vuelo,  
Te vas y ya me dejas,  
paloma, adiós, adiós !

1873.

Farewell, white dove,  
that, flying from the frost,  
Departest for other realms,  
leaving thy faithful tree.  
To-morrow, when my gloomy  
and brief life shall end,  
Yet thy only remembrances  
will pant over that tree.

Thy parting is a pain.  
Thou knowest well the story  
Of the song and the nest,  
my sweet departing dove :  
The nest is Remembrance  
and the song, Oblivion ;  
The tree is the Forever,  
and the bird, the Nevermore.

Then farewell ! while thou canst  
hear, under this heaven,  
The last plaint of that hymn,  
sung by both.  
Thou departest, and already  
thy wings take flight ;  
Thou departest and leavest me,  
my dove ; farewell, farewell !

1873.

## ENTONCES Y HOY.

Ese era el cuadro que, al romper la noche,  
Sus velos de crespón,  
Alumbró, atravesando las ventanas,  
La tibia luz del sol :  
Un techo que acababa de entreabrirse  
Para que entrara Dios,  
Una lámpara pálida y humeante  
Brillando en un rincón,  
Y entre las almas de los dos esposos,  
Como un lazo de amor,  
Una cuna de mimbres con un niño  
Recién nacido... ¡ yo !  
Posadas sobre la áspera cornisa  
Todas de dos en dos ;  
Las golondrinas junto al pardo nido  
Lanzaban su canción.  
En tanto que á la puerta de sus jaulas  
Temblando de dolor,  
Mezclaban la torcaza y los zentzontlis,  
Sus trinos y su voz.  
La madre selva alzando entre las rejas  
Su tallo trepador,  
Enlazaba sus ramas y sus hojas  
En grata confusión,  
Formando un cortinaje en el que había  
Por cada hoja una flor,

## THEN AND NOW.

This was the picture which, as night tore  
Its veils of crape,  
The tepid rays of the sun  
Illuminated, crossing the windows :  
A roof, just half opened,  
So that God might enter ;  
A pale and smoking lamp  
Shining in a corner,  
And between the souls of the two spouses.  
Like a bond of love,  
A cradle of osiers with a child  
Just born—'T was I !  
Resting upon the rough cornice,  
All two by two,  
The swallows, near the gray nest,  
Raised their songs ;  
Whilst at the door of their cages,  
Trembling with sorrow,  
The wild pigeon and the nightingales  
Mingled their trills and their voice.  
The honeysuckle, sending up between the  
Its climbing stock, [iron grate  
Interlaced its branches and its leaves  
In graceful confusion,  
Forming a curtain in which there was,  
For each leaf a flower ;

En cada flor una gotita de agua,  
Y en cada gota un sol,  
Reflejo del dulcísimo de entonces  
Y del doliente de hoy.  
Mi madre, la que vive todavía  
Puesto que vivo yo,  
Me arrullaba en sus brazos suspirando  
De dicha y de emoción,  
Mientras mi padre en el sencillo exceso  
De su infinito amor,  
Me daba las caricias que más tarde  
La ausencia me robó,  
Y que á la tumba en donde duerme ahora  
A pagarle aun no voy...  
Forma querida del amante ensueño  
que embriagaba á los dos,  
Yo era en aquel hogar y en aquel día  
De encanto y bendición,  
Para mi cuna blanca, un inocente,  
Para el mundo un dolor,  
Y para aquellos corazones buenos  
¡ Un tercer corazón !  
De aquellas horas bendecidas, hace  
Veintitres años hoy...  
Y de aquella mañana á esta mañana,  
De aquel sol á este sol,  
Mi hogar se ha retirado de mis ojos,  
Se ha hundido mi ilusión,  
Y la que tiene al cielo entre sus brazos,  
La madre de mi amor,  
Ni viene á despertarme en las mañanas  
Ni está donde yo estoy ;  
Y en vano trato de que mi arpa rota  
Module una canción,



In each flower, a little drop of water,  
    And in each drop, a sun :  
A reflection of the delights of the past  
    And the sorrows of the present.  
My mother, who is living yet,  
    Since I am living,  
Lulled me in her arms, sighing  
    With happiness and emotion,  
While my father, in the simple rapture  
    Of his infinite love,  
Gave me caresses, of which, later,  
    I was robbed by his absence,  
And for which I do not yet pay him  
    At the tomb wherein he now slumbers.  
I was the cherished form of the loving dream  
    Which enraptured both,  
In that home, and on that day  
    Of enchantment and blessing,  
For my honored cradle, an innocent ;  
    For the world, a sorrow ;  
And for those good souls,  
    A third heart.  
Since those blessed hours  
    Three and twenty years have passed  
And from that morning to this : [to-day ;  
    From that sun to this sun,  
My hearth has retired from my sight ;  
    My illusion has sunk ;  
And she who holds heaven in her arms,—  
    The mother of my love,—  
Comes not to wake me in the morning,  
    Nor is she in my presence ;  
And in vain I try, with my broken harp,  
    To modulate a song ;

Y en vano de que el llanto y sus sollozos  
Dejen de ahogar mi voz. . .  
Que solo y frente á todos los recuerdos  
De aquel tiempo que huyó,  
Mi alma es un santuario en cuyas ruinas  
Sin lámpara y sin Dios,  
Evoco á la esperanza, y la esperanza  
Penetra en su interior,  
Como en el fondo de un sepulcro antiguo  
Las miradas del sol

Bajo el cielo que extiende la existencia  
De la cuna al panteón,  
En cada corazón palpita un mundo,  
Y en cada amor un sol. . .  
Bajo el cielo nublado de mi vida  
Donde esa luz murió,  
¿Qué será este mundo de los sueños míos?  
¿Qué hará mi corazón?

1872.

In vain I try to prevent my grief and its  
    From drowning my voice,           [sobs  
For alone, and facing all the memories  
    Of that time which has fled,  
My soul remains a sanctuary whose ruins  
    Without light and without God. [are  
I implore hope, and hope  
    Penetrates into the interior,  
Like the rays of the sun  
    Into the depth of an ancient sepulcher.  
Under the sky that extends existence  
    From the cradle to the pantheon,  
In each heart beats a world,  
    And in each world a sun.  
Under the clouded sky of my life,  
    Where that light has died out, [dreams?  
What will become of this world of my  
    What will become of my heart?  
1872.

## AL POETA MÁRTIR

JUAN DÍAZ COVARRUBIAS.

### I

Hoy que de cada laúd  
Se eleva un canto á tu muerte,  
Con la que supiste hacerte  
Un altar del ataúd ;  
Unido á esa juventud  
Que tu historia viene á hojear,  
Mientras ella alza el cantar  
Que en su pecho haces nacer,  
Yo también quiero poner  
Mi ofrenda sobre tu altar.

### II

En la tumba donde flota  
Tu sombra augusta y querida  
Descansa muda y dormida  
La lira de tu alma, rota  
De sus cuerdas ya no brota  
Ni la patria ni el amor ;  
Pero en medio del dolor  
Que sobre tu losa gime  
Ése silencio sublime,  
Ése es tu canto mejor.

## TO THE POET MARTYR.

JUAN DÍAZ COVARRUBIAS.

### I

To-day, when at thy death  
Rises a song from every lute,  
And by which thou makest for thyself  
An altar of thy coffin ;  
United to that youth  
Which thy history has just perused,  
While it sings the praises  
Which, through thee, spring from  
I also wish to place [their breasts,  
My offering upon the altar.

### II

In the tomb where hovers  
Thy august and beloved spirit  
Lies broken, mute and asleep,  
The lyre of thy soul.  
Its chords will never more resound  
For fatherland or love,  
Except in the midst of sorrow  
Which sighs over thy marble-stone ;  
That sublime silence  
Which is thy grandest song.

## III

Ese es el que se levanta  
De la arpa del patriotismo ;  
Ese silencio es lo mismo  
Que la libertad que canta ;  
Pues en esa lucha santa  
En que te hirió el retroceso,  
Al sucumbir bajo el peso  
De la que nada respeta,  
Sobre el cadáver del poeta  
Se alzó cantando el progreso.

## IV

Un monstruo cuya memoria  
Casi en lo espantoso raya,  
El que subió en Tacubaya  
Al cadalso de la historia,  
Sacrificando tu gloria  
Creyó su triunfo más cierto,  
Sin ver en su desacierto  
Y en su crueldad olvidando,  
Que un labio abierto y cantando  
Habla menos que el de un muerto.

## V

De tu existencia temprana  
Tronchó la flor en capullo,  
Matando en ella al orgullo  
De la lira americana.  
Tu inspiración soberana  
Rodó ante su infamia vil ;  
Pero tu pluma gentil  
Antes de romper su vuelo,  
Tomó por página el cielo  
Y escribió *el once de Abril*.

## III

This the song that rises  
From the harp of patriotism ;  
This the same silence  
As liberty which sings,  
For in that holy conflict  
Where retrocession caused thee pain,  
When yielding under the weight  
Of that struggle which nothing  
Progress rose in joy [respects,  
Above the corpse of the poet.

## IV

A monster whose memory  
Almost surpasses the dreadful,  
Who clined in Tacubaya  
To the scaffold of fame.  
Sacrificing thy glory he  
Believed his triumph more certain,  
Seeing not his mistake,  
And in his cruelty forgetting  
That words and songs are more mute  
Than the tongue of the dead.

## V

From thy existence  
He early tore the budding flower,  
Destroying in it the pride  
Of the American lyre.  
Thy superior inspiration  
Revolved before his contemptible  
But thy exquisite pen, [infamy,  
Before breaking its flight,  
Took heaven for its page  
And wrote *the eleventh of April*

## VI

La patria á quien en tributo  
Tu santa vida ofreciste,  
La patria llora y se viste  
Por tu memoria, de luto.  
Y arrancando el mejor fruto  
De su glorioso vergel,  
Te erige un altar y en él  
Corona tu aliento noble  
Con la recompensa doble  
De la palma y el laurel.

## VII

Si tu afán era subir  
Y alzarte hasta el infinito,  
Ansiando dejar escrito  
Tu nombre en el porvenir ;  
Bien puedes en paz dormir  
Bajo tu sepulcro, inerte :  
Mientras que la patria al verte  
Contempla enorgullecida,  
Que si fué hermosa tu vida,  
Fué más hermosa tu muerte.

1872.



## VI

The fatherland to whom thou  
Didst offer thy holy life in tribute  
Weeps, and is clad  
In mourning in memory of thee ;  
And breaking the best fruit  
From its glorious orchard,  
Erects to thee an altar, and upon it  
Crowns thy noble endurance  
With the double reward  
Of the palm and the laurel.

## VII

If thy anxiety was to climb  
And rise to the infinite,  
Longing to leave thy name  
Written in the future,  
Well mayest thou sleep in peace,  
Inert within thy tomb,  
Whilst thy native land, on seeing thee,  
Proudly contemplates  
That if thy life was beautiful,  
More beautiful was thy death.

1872.

## MENTIRAS DE LA EXISTENCIA.

DOLORA.

¡ Que triste es vivir soñando  
Con un mundo que no existe !

Y qué triste  
Ir viviendo y caminando  
Sin ver en nuestros delirios,  
De la razón con los ojos,  
Que si hay en la vida lirios,  
Son muchos más los abrojos.

Nace el hombre, y al momento  
Se lanza tras la esperanza,

Que no alcanza  
Porque no se alcanza el viento ;  
Y corre, corre, y no mira  
Al ir en pos de la gloria,  
Que es la gloria una mentira  
Tan bella como ilusoria.

¡ No ve al correr como loco  
Tras la dicha y los amores,

Que son flores  
Que duran poco, muy poco !  
¡ No ve cuando se entusiasma  
Con la fortuna que anhela,  
Que es la fortuna un fantasma  
Que cuando se toca vuela !

## THE ILLUSIONS OF EXISTENCE.

### DOLOR.

How sad it is to live in a dream  
With a world that does not exist !

And how sad  
To go on living and walking  
Without seeing in our deliriums  
Of reason, with our eyes,  
That if there are lilies in life  
There are many more thorns.

Man is born, and at the moment  
He follows hope

Which he reaches not,  
Because one cannot overtake the wind ;  
And he runs, and runs, and sees not,  
While going in search of glory,  
That glory is an illusion  
As beautiful as unreal.

He sees not, while running as though  
After happiness and love, [insane

That they are flowers  
Which soon fade, and pass away ;  
He sees not, when becoming enraptured  
With the happiness for which he longs,  
That happiness is a phantom  
Which flies away at the touch,

Y que la vida es un sueño  
Del que, si al fin despertamos,  
                    Encontramos,  
El mayor placer pequeño ;  
Pues son fuertes los males  
De la existencia en la senda,  
Que corren allí á raudales  
Las lágrimas en ofrenda.

Los goces nacen y mueren  
Como puras azucenas,  
                    Mas las penas  
Viven siempre y siempre hieren ;  
Y cuando vuela la calma  
Con las ilusiones bellas,  
Su lugar dentro del alma  
Queda ocupado por ellas.

Porque al volar los amores  
Dejan una herida abierta  
                    Que es la puerta  
Por donde entran los dolores ;  
Sucediendo en la jornada  
De nuestra azarosa vida,  
Que es para el pesar "entrada"  
Lo que para el bien "salida."

Y todos sufren y lloran  
Sin que una queja profieran,  
                    Porque esperan  
Hallar la ilusión que adoran     !  
Y no mira el hombre triste  
Cuando tras la dicha corre,  
Que solo el dolor existe  
Sin que haya bien que lo borre.

•

And that life is a dream  
From which, if at last we awake,  
We find  
The greatest pleasures small ;  
For strong are the ills  
Of existence in our path  
Where the tears run in torrents  
As an offering.

The joys are born and die  
Like pure white lilies,  
But the sorrows  
Always live and always wound ;  
And when peace flies  
With the beautiful illusions  
Its place within the heart  
Remains occupied by them.

Because when love flies out  
It leaves an open wound  
Which is the door  
By which sorrows enter ;  
Happening in the journey  
Of our unfortunate life,  
Which is for the sorrow, "entrance ;"  
That which is for welfare, "exit."

And all suffer and weep  
Without offering a complaint,  
Because they hope  
To find the illusion which they adore.  
The sad man does not see,  
When he runs after happiness,  
That only pain exists  
Without any remedy to remove it.

No ve que es un fátuo fuego  
La pasión en que se abrasa,

Luz que pasa  
Como relámpago, luego :  
Y no ve que los deseos  
De su mente acalorada  
No son sino devaneos,  
No son más que sombra, nada.

Que es el amor tan ligero  
Cual la amistad que mancilla

Porque brilla  
Sólo á la luz del dinero ;  
Y no ve cuando se lanza  
Loco tras de su creencia,  
Que son *la fé y la esperanza*  
Mentiras de la existencia.

1868.

He sees not that the passion  
Which consumes him is an ignis fatuus,  
A light which passes  
As a flash of lightning ; and then  
He sees not that the wishes  
Inflamed by his mind  
Are but mad pursuits ;  
They are nothing more than shadows.

(He sees not) That love is as light  
As the friendship which offends,  
Because it shines  
Only at the light of money ;  
And he sees not, when he throws himself  
Madly after his belief,  
That *faith and hope*  
Are illusions of existence.

1868.

## ADIÓS Á MÉJICO.

ESCRITA PARA LA SRA. CAYRÓN Y LEÍDA POR  
ELLA EN SU FUNCIÓN DE DESPEDIDA.

Pues que del destino en pos  
Débil contra su cadena,  
Frente al deber que lo ordena  
Tengo que decirte *adiós.* ;

Antes que mi boca se abra  
Para dar paso á ese acento,  
La voz de mi sentimiento  
Quiere hablarte *una palabra.*

Que muy bien pudiera ser  
Que cuando de aquí me aleje,  
Al decirte adiós, te deje  
Para no volverte á ver.

Y así entre el mal con que lucho  
Y que en el dolor me abisma,  
Yo anhelo que por mí misma  
Sepas *que te quiero mucho.*

Que enamorada de tí  
Desde antes de conocerte,  
Yo vine solo por verte,  
Y al verte *te puse aquí.*



## FAREWELL TO MEXICO.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. CAYRON, AND READ BY HER  
AT HER FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT.

I must say to thee farewell,  
For in the face of my duty,  
Which ordains the pursuit of my art,  
Against its obligations I am weak.

Before uttering a word  
To give expression to that thought,  
The voice of my sentiment  
Would say a word to thee.

It may well be  
That when departing  
And bidding thee farewell, I leave  
To behold thee nevermore.

[struggle,  
And thus between the ill with which I  
And which in sadness plunges me,  
I long, for my own sake,  
That thou shalt know I love thee much ;

That enamored of thee  
Since before I knew thee  
I only came to see thee,  
And seeing, took thee to my heart ;

Que mi alma reconocida  
Te adora con loco empeño,  
Porque tu amor era el sueño  
Más hermoso de mi vida.

Que del libro de mi historia  
Te dejo la hoja más bella,  
Porque en esa hoja destella  
Tu gloria más que mi gloria.

Que soñaba en no dejarte  
Si no hasta el postrer momento,  
Partiendo mi pensamiento  
Entre tu amor y él del *arte*.

Y que hoy ante esa ilusión  
Que se borra y se deshace,  
Siento ¡ay de mí! que se hace  
Pedazos mi corazón . . .

Tal vez ya nunca en mi anhelo  
Podré endulzar mi tristeza  
Con ver sobre mi cabeza  
El esplendor de tu cielo.

Tal vez ya nunca á mi oído  
Resonará en la mañana,  
La voz del ave temprana  
Que canta desde su nido.

Y tal vez en los amores  
Con que te adoro y te admiro,  
Estas flores que hoy espiro  
Serán *tus últimas flores*.

That my greatful soul  
Adores thee with a mad ardor,  
For thy love was the most beautiful  
Dream of my life ;

That from the book of my history  
I leave thee the most beautiful leaf,  
For on that leaf shines  
Thy glory more than mine ;

That I dreamed not of leaving thee  
Until at the very last moment,  
Dividing my thoughts  
Between my love and that of my art ;

And that to-day, before that illusion  
Which diminishes and disappears,  
I feel, alas ! that  
My heart will break.

It may be that in my eagerness  
I will never soothe my sadness  
By seeing o'er my head  
The splendor of thy sky.

Perhaps nevermore in my ear  
Will resound in the morning  
The voice of the early bird  
That sings from its nest.

And perhaps, in that love  
With which I adore and admire thee,  
These flowers that to-day I exhale  
Will be thy last flowers.

Pero si afectos tan tiernos  
Quiere el destino que deje,  
Y que me aparte y me aleje  
Para no volver á vernos ;

Bajo la luz de este día  
De encanto inefable y puro  
Al darte mi *adiós* te juro,  
¡ Oh dulce Méjico mía !

Que si *él* con sus fuerzas trunca  
Todos los humanos lazos,  
Te arrancará de mis brazos  
Pero de mi pecho, *¡ nunca !*

1873.

But if destiny wishes  
Me to leave such tender feelings,  
And that I separate and leave,  
Never again to meet thee,

Under the beams of this day  
Of unspeakable and pure charm,  
I vow to thee, when bidding thee farewell,  
O, my sweet Mexico,

That if He, with his power shall rend  
All human ties,  
He may tear thee from mine arms,  
But never from my heart.

1873.

## ESPERANZA.

Mi alma, la pobre mártir  
De mis ensueños dulces y queridos,  
La viajera del cielo, que caminas  
Con la luz de un delirio ante los ojos,  
No encontrando á tu paso mas que abrojos  
Ni sintiendo en tu frente mas que espinas ;  
Sacude y deja el luto  
Con que la sombra del dolor te envuelve,  
Y olvidando el gemir de tus cantares  
Deja la tumba y á la vida vuelve.

Depón y arroja el duelo  
De tu tristeza funeral y yerta,  
Y ante la luz que asoma por el cielo  
En su rayo de amor y de consuelo  
Saluda al porvenir que te despierta.

Trasforma en sol la luna  
De tus noches eternas y sombrías ;  
Renueva las sonrisas que en la cuna  
Para hablar con los ángeles tenías ;  
Y abrigando otra vez bajo tu cielo,  
De tus horas de niña la confianza,  
Diles tu último adiós á los dolores,  
Y engalana de nuevo con tus flores  
Las ruinas del alta de tu esperanza.

## HOPE.

My soul, the poor martyr  
Of my sweet and cherished dreams,  
The wanderer from heaven that journeys  
With the light of a delirium before thine eyes,  
Finding upon thy path naught but briars,  
And feeling upon thy brow naught but thorns ;  
Shake off and leave the sorrow  
With which the shadow of grief envelopes thee,  
And forgetting the moans of thy canticles  
Leave the tomb and return to life.

---

Depose and cast aside the mourning  
Of thy gloomy and rigid sadness,  
And before the light that shines from heaven,  
In its ray of love and consolation,  
Greet the future which awakes thee.

---

Transform the moon of thy  
Eternal and dark night into a sun ;  
Renew the smiles that thou hadst  
In thy cradle to commune with the angels,  
And sheltering again under thy sky  
The hope of thy youth,  
Tell them the last farewell of thy sorrows,  
And adorn anew with thy flowers  
The ruins of the altar of thy hope.

Ya es hora de que altivas  
Tus alas surquen el azul como antes ;  
Ya es hora de que vivas,  
Ya es hora de que cantes ;  
Ya es hora de que enciendas en el ara  
La blanca luz de las antorchas muertas,  
Y de que abras tu templo á la que viene  
En nombre del amor ante sus puertas.

Bajo el espeso y pálido nublado  
Que enluta de tu frente la agonía,  
Aun te es dado que sueñes, y aun te es dado  
Vivir para tus sueños todavía. .  
Te lo dice su voz, la de aquel ángel  
Cuya memoria celestial y blanca  
Es el solo entre todos tus recuerdos  
Que ni quejas ni lágrimas te arranca. .  
Su voz dulce y bendita  
Que cuando tu dolor aun era niño,  
Bajaba entre tus canticos de muerte,  
Mensajera de amor á prometerte  
La redención angusta del cariño. .

Y yo la he visto, ¡ mi alma ! desgarrando  
Del manto de la bruma el negro broche  
Y encendiendo á la luz de su mirada,  
Esas dulces estrellas de la noche  
Que anuncian la alborada . .  
Yo he sentido el perfume voluptuoso  
Del crespón virginal que la envolvía,  
Y he sentido sus besos, y he sentido  
Que al acercarse á mí se estremecía



It is time that proudly  
Thy wings sweep the skies as before ;  
It is time for thee to live ;  
It is time for thee to sing ;  
It is time for thee to kindle upon the altar  
The white light of the dead torches,  
And time to open thy temple to her who comes,  
In the name of love, before its gates.

Under the dense and pallid cloud  
With which anguish veils my brow,  
Thou yet mayest dream, and yet mayest  
Live for thy dreams forever.  
The voice of that angel tells it to thee,  
Whose pure and celestial memory  
Is the only one among all the remembrances  
That presses from thee neither tears nor com-  
Its sweet and blessed voice [plaints.  
Which, when thy sorrow was yet young,  
Descended amid the songs of death,  
A messenger of love, to promise thee  
The august redemption of affection.

I have seen it, my soul, tearing  
The dark clasp from the cloak of the mist,  
And enkindling at the light of its gaze  
Those lovely stars of night  
That announce the break of day.  
I felt the voluptuous fragrance  
Of the pure crape which enveloped it ;  
I felt his kisses, and I felt  
That it trembled as it approached me.

¡ Sí, mi pobre cadáver, desenvuelve  
Los pliegues del sudario que te cubre  
Levántate, y no caves  
Tu propia tumba en un dolor eterno !. . .  
La vuelta de las aves  
Te anuncia ya que terminó el invierno ;  
Saluda al sol querido  
Que en el levante de tu amor asoma,  
Y ya que tu paloma vuelve al nido,  
Reconstrúyete el nido á tu paloma.

1872.



Yes, my poor mortal frame, unfasten  
The folds of the sheet that covers thee ;

[ Arise, and dig not  
Thine own grave in an eternal sorrow.

The return of the birds

Announce to thee the end of winter ;

Greet the beloved sun

That rises in the morning of thy love,

And now that thy dove returns to its nest,

Rebuild the nest for thy dove.

1872.



## AL RUISEÑOR MEJICANO.

Hubo una selva y un nido  
Y en ese nido un jilguero  
Que alegre y estremecido,  
Tras de un ensueño querido  
Cruzó por el mundo entero,

Que de su paso en las huellas  
Sembró sus notas mejores,  
Y que recogió con ellas  
Al ir por el cielo, estrellas,  
Y al ir por el mundo, flores.

Del nido y de la enramada  
Ninguno la historia sabe ;  
Porque la tierra admirada  
Dejó esa historia olvidada  
Por escribir la del ave.

La historia de la que un día,  
Y al remontarse en su vuelo,  
Fué para la patria mía  
La estrella de más valía  
De todas las de tu cielo.

La de aquella á quien el hombre  
Robará el nombre gaiano  
Que no hay á quien no le asombre,  
Para cambiarlo en el nombre  
De Ruiseñor mejicano.

## TO THE MEXICAN NIGHTINGALE.

There was a forest and a nest  
And in that nest a linnæet  
Who, merry and trembling,  
Crossed the whole world  
After a cherished dream,

And sowed his best notes  
In the tracks of his steps,  
And who gathered with them  
The stars while passing through the skies  
And flowers while going through the world

Of the nest and the bower  
No one knows the history ;  
For the earth, in admiration,  
Left the story forgotten  
In writing that of the bird ;

The history of the bird which, once  
Rising in its flight,  
Was, for my fatherland,  
The star most highly prized  
Of all its heaven ;

The history of that bird from which man  
Will rob the gallant name,—  
And there is none 't will not astonish,—  
To change it into that  
Of the Mexican Nightingale.

Y de la que al ver perdido  
Su nido de flores hecho,  
Halló en su suelo querido  
En vez de las de su nido  
Las flores de nuestro pecho.

Su historia . . . que el pueblo ardiente  
En su homenaje más justo  
Viene á adorar reverente  
Con el laurel esplendente  
Que hoy ciñe sobre tu busto.

Sobre esa piedra bendita  
Que grande entre las primeras,  
Es la página en que escrita  
Leerán tu gloria infinita  
Las edades venideras ;

Y que unida á la memoria  
De tus hechos soberanos,  
Se alzará como una historia  
Hablándoles de tu gloria  
A todos los mejicanos.

Porque al mirar sus destellos  
Resplandecer de este modo,  
Bien puede decirse entre ellos  
Que el nombre tuyo es de aquellos,  
Que nunca mueren del todo.

1872.

And that bird, at seeing lost  
Its nest, made of flowers,  
Found on its beloved soil,  
Instead of those of its nest,  
The flowers from our hearts.

Thy history, which the fervent people,  
In their most just obeisance,  
Come to respectfully adore  
With the glittering laurel  
Which to-day crowns thy bust,

On that blessed monument,  
Great among the first,  
Is the page on which the  
Future ages will see  
Thy infinite glory written ;

And which, united to the memory  
Of thy superior deeds,  
Will rise like a history  
Speaking of thy glory  
To all the Mexicans,

For seeing thus  
Its lustre shining  
Well may it be said among them  
That thy name belongs to those  
That nevermore can die.

1872.

## Á LA PATRIA.

COMPOSICIÓN RECITADA POR UNA NIÑA EN TACU-  
BAYA DE LOS MÁRTIRES, EL 16 DE  
SEPTIEMBRE DE 1873.

Ante el recuerdo bendito  
De aquella noche sagrada  
En que la patria alherrojada  
Rompió al fin su esclavitud ;  
Ante la dulce memoria  
De aquella hora y aquel día,  
Yo siento que en la alma mía  
Canta algo como un laúd.

Yo siento que brota en flores  
El huerto de mi ternura,  
Que tiembla entre su espesura  
La estrofa de una canción ;  
Y al sonoro y ardiente  
Murmurar de cada nota,  
Siento algo grande que brota  
Dentro de mi corazón.

¡ Bendita noche de gloria  
Que así mi espíritu agitas,  
Bendita entre las benditas  
Noche de la libertad !  
Hora de triunfo en que el pueblo  
Al sol de la independencia,  
Dejó libre la conciencia  
Rompiendo la oscuridad.



## TO THE FATHERLAND.

A COMPOSITION RECITED BY A GIRL IN TACUBAYA DE LOS MÁRTIRES, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1873.

At the blessed memory  
Of that sacred night  
In which my shackled fatherland,  
At last broke its bondage ;  
At the sweet remembrance  
Of that hour and that day,  
I hear within my heart  
Something like the song of a lute.

I feel the abundance of my emotions  
Breaking out in blossoms,  
And among their clusters  
Trembles the strophe of a song ;  
And at the sonorous and ardent  
Murmuring of each note,  
I feel something great which springs  
In the depth of my heart.

Blessed night of glory  
That thus thou stirrest my spirit ;  
Night of liberty,  
Blessed among the blest !  
Hour of triumph in which the people  
At the light of independence,  
Breaking through darkness,  
Left conscience free.

Yo te amo        y al acercarme  
Ante este altar de victoria  
Donde la patria y la historia  
Contemplan nuestro placer ;  
Yo vengo á unir al tributo  
Que en darte el pueblo se afana  
Mi canto de mejicana,  
Mi corazón de mujer.

1873.



I love thee,—and as I step  
Before the altar of victory  
Where the fatherland and its history  
Gaze on our joy,  
I come to unite to the tribute  
Which the people are eager to give  
My true Mexican song ;                    [thee,  
My true woman's heart.

1873.





POEMS  
OF  
MANUEL CARPIO.

## MÉJICO.

Espléndido es tu cielo, patria mía,  
De un purísimo azul como el zafiro.  
Allá tu ardiente sol hace su giro,  
Y el blanco globo de la luna fría.

¡ Qué grato es ver en la celeste altura  
De noche las estrellas á millares,  
Canope brillantísimo y Antáres,  
El magnífico Orion y Cinosura.

La Osa mayor, y Arturo relumbrante,  
El apacible Júpiter y Tauro,  
La bella Cruz del Sur, y allí Centauro,  
Y tú el primero ¡ oh Sirio centelleante !

¡ Qué soberbios y grandes son tus montes !  
¡ Cómo se elevan hasta el alta cielo !  
¡ Cuán fértil, cuán espléndido es tu suelo !  
¡ Qué magníficos son tus horizontes !

Tus inmensas cadenas de montañas  
Hendidas por hondísimos barrancos,  
Coronados están de hielos blancos,  
Y en la falda dan humo las cabañas.

Mil espantosos cráteres se miran  
En la cima de montes y collados,  
Unos quedaron quietos y apagados,  
Otros sus llamas con furor respiran.

## MEXICO.

How beautiful are thy heavens, my fatherland,  
Which, as the sapphire, are of purest blue.  
There thy brilliant sun doth make his circuit,  
And the white globe of the cold moon.

How delightful to behold at night  
The stars, by thousands, in the heavenly dome—  
A brilliant canopy : the Scorpion's Heart ;  
Magnificent Orion, and the Polar Star ;

Ursa Major, and the Great Bear shining bright ;  
Placid Jupiter and Taurus ;  
The beautiful Southern Cross, and there Centaur ;  
And thou, the first, O, sparkling Sirius !

How grand and lofty are thy mountains !  
How they pierce into the skies !  
How fertile and how beautiful is thy soil !  
How magnificent thy horizon !

Thine immense chains of mountains,  
Cleft by the deepest ravines,  
Are crowned with white frost,  
And from their brows rise the smoke of the cabins.

A thousand frightful craters are seen  
On the summits of mountains and hills,  
Some remaining dormant and extinguished  
While others furiously vomit forth their flames.

Terrible es ver desde una excelsa cumbre,  
Allá abajo las negras tempestades,  
Y brillar en las vastas soledades  
De grandiosos relámpagos la lumbre.

El Popocatepetl y el Orizava  
El suelo oprimen con su mole inmensa,  
Y están envueltas entre nube densa  
Sus cúspides de hielos y de lava.

Allí los ciervos de ramosas frentes  
El bosque cruzan á ligeros saltos,  
Y entre los pinos y peñascos altos  
Se derrumban las aguas á torrentes.

Tus volcanes de inmensa pesadumbre  
Asombran con sus peñas corpulentas ;  
Braman entre sus bosques las tormentas  
Y un cráter es su procelosa cumbre.

Globos de fuego arrojan de sus bocas,  
Columnas de humo y grandes llamaradas,  
Ardiente azufre, arenas inflamadas,  
Negro betun y calcinadas rocas.

Entóncees se commueve el fundamento  
De los montes azules, y en contorno  
A cien leguas se extiende de aquel horno  
El rudo y formidable movimiento.

El magnífico Dios de las naciones  
Al repartir al mundo su tesoro,  
“Tenga Méjico, dijo, plata y oro, ”  
Y en tí vertió sus opulentos dones.



From a lofty peak how terrible to behold  
The murky tempests far below,  
And in the vast solitudes  
The flash of the magnificent lightning.

Popocatepetel and Orizaba,  
Crush the ground with their enormous massiveness,  
And their cuspises of ice and lava  
Are enveloped in a dense cloud.

There the deer, with antlered forehead,  
Cross the woods with graceful bounds,  
And among the pines and elevated cliffs  
The waters dash in torrents.

How awe-inspiring are thine immense volcanoes  
With their ponderous rocks ;  
Among thy wooded mountains roar the tempest,  
And their stormy summit is a crater.

Globules of fire are hurled from their mouths ;  
Columns of smoke and grand flashes of fire ;  
Burning sulphur, glowing sands,  
Black pitch and calcined stones.

Then the foundation of the blue mountains  
Trembles, and from this furnace  
The rude and tremendous shaking  
Extends for a hundred leagues around.

The great God of all nations said,  
When distributing His treasures over the land,  
" Let Mexico have silver and gold,"  
And poured on thee His affluent gifts.

De tristes cerros la nubosa cima  
Y en sus abismos la fecunda tierra,  
Ricos metales sin medida encierra,  
Que el hombre vil más que el honor estima.

La África rica, á quien el sol abruma,  
La Europa y Asia henchidas de grandezas,  
No tienen las espléndidas riquezas  
Que la patria que fué de Moctezuma.

A Méjico el Criador en sus bondades  
Le ha dado un aire diáfano y sereno,  
Aguas hermosas, fértil el terreno,  
Verdes campiñas, ínclitas ciudades.

Mas ¡ ay ! que las ciudades que algun día  
Fuéron su escudo y su brillante gloria,  
Sólo nos han dejado su memoria  
En sus escombros y ceniza fría.

¡ Qué grato es ver los altos cocoteros,  
Ceder al peso de sus frutos ricos,  
Y flotar sus flexibles abanicos  
Al soplo de los céfiros ligeros !

Hermoso es ver, en la estacion florida,  
Altos naranjos exhalando aromas ;  
Allí descansan tímidas palomas,  
Y la sencilla tórtola se anida.

Crecen los espinosos limonares  
Bajo los tamarindos bullidores,  
Y en torno brotan delicadas flores  
Y en torno silban anchos plantanares.

The cloudy peaks of the gloomy hills  
Contain, in the depths of their fertile soil,  
Rich metals without measure,  
By sordid man more prized than honor.

Rich Africa, by the sun oppressed ;  
Europe and Asia, replete with grandeurs,  
Boast not the splendid treasures  
Of the fatherland of Moctezuma.

The Creator, in his goodness,  
Gave to Mexico an atmosphere both clear and calm .  
Lovely waters, fertile lands,  
Green fields and famous cities.

But alas ! for the cities that once  
Were its shield and its brilliant glory  
Have only left for us the remembrance  
In their ruins and cold ashes.

How beautiful to behold the tall cocoa palms  
Yielding to the weight of their rich fruit ;  
To see their flexible fans  
Waving in the breath of the light zephyrs.

How beautiful to behold, in the season of flowers,  
The tall orange trees exhaling their fragrance  
Where the timid pigeons repose  
And the artless turtle-dove nestles.

The thorny lime trees grow  
Beneath the rustling tamarinds ;  
And all around bloom delicate flowers,  
And all around sigh the great plantain trees.

Allá en Oajaca embelesado admiro  
En la campiña fértil y lozano,  
Verdes nopales de esplendente grana,  
Hermosa cual la púrpura de Tiro.

En las selvas revuelan los zorzales,  
Merlas, tucanes de plumajes gayos,  
Encarnados y verdes papagayos,  
Tordos azules, rojos cardenales.

Colibrís mil de bullicioso vuelo  
De azules plumas, verdes y doradas,  
Del viajero arrebatan las miradas,  
Como el arco magnífico del cielo.

En Méjico plantó naturaleza  
Bosques inmensos de árboles salvajes,  
Bajo cuyos densísimos follajes  
Se propaga intrincada la maleza.

Allí el tigre feroz de ojos altivos  
Embiste al toro montaraz y al ciervo,  
Y la sangre les bebe aquel protervo,  
Les bebe á caños aún estando vivos.

Allí la bóa gigantesca oprime  
En sus inmensos círculos el tronco  
Del ancho cedro, y su silbido bronco  
Se oye á lo léjos con terror sublime.

Y esa serpiente en su furor provoca  
Al mismo tigre que al desierto espanta  
Y lo liga y lo estrecha y lo quebranta,  
Y le hace hechar la sangre por la boca.

Youder in Oajaca with rapture I admire,  
In the fertile and luxuriant fields,  
The green nopal with the splendid cochineal,  
As beautiful as Tyrian purple.

In the forests the thrushes fly about ;  
Blackbirds, and gay plumaged peppereaters ;  
Scarlet and green parrots ;  
Blue thrushes, and red nightingales.

A thousand buzzing hummingbirds  
With blue feathers, green and gilt,  
Charm the gaze of the wanderer  
Like the magnificent rainbow of the heavens.

In Mexico nature planted  
Vast forests of wild trees,  
Under whose dense foliage  
The intricate underbrush thrives.

There the ferocious tiger, with haughty eyes,  
Attacks the wild bull and the stag ;  
And that insolent brute laps their blood,  
Drinking it in gulps, while yet they live.

There the gigantic boa squeezes,  
In its enormous coils, the trunk  
Of the stout cedar ; and its coarse hissing  
Is heard, with sublime dread, in the distance.

And that serpent provokes, in its rage,  
Even the tiger, which it chases to the desert,  
And winds around, crushes and grinds him  
Until the blood streams from his mouth.

Así en el mundo en merecido pago,  
El orgulloso al orgulloso doma,  
Así en un tiempo la altanera Roma  
Quebrantó la soberbia de Cartago.

En el desierto grave y silencioso,  
Entre sus melancólicas palmeras,  
Se deslizan las víboras ligeras,  
O estánse quietas en falaz reposo.

Terribles es ver aquel su atrevimiento,  
Aquellos ojos como fuego puro,  
Aquel mirar tan fijo y tan seguro,  
Que infunden el terror y el desaliento.

Terrible son sus agitados cuellos,  
Y aquella lengua rápida y vibrante,  
Y aquel cuerpo tan ágil y ondulante,  
Y aquel silbar que eriza los cabellos.

Allí revuelven los halcones vagos,  
Y las gloriosas águilas se lanzan,  
Y en su raudó volar la nube alcanzan,  
O leves tocan los risueños lagos.

Juega aquí la zarceta, y entretanto,  
El ánsar con estrépito se baña,  
Mientras el tordo en la flexible caña  
Entona triste su sencillo canto.

Mil pájaros acuáticos azotan  
Con sus alas la esplendida laguna,  
Y á la luz apacible de la luna  
Nadan tranquilos, ó en el agua flotan.

Thus, in the world, the proud  
Subdues the proud with a merited reward ;  
Thus, at one time, did haughty Rome  
Crush the pride of Carthage.

On the vast and silent desert,  
Among the melancholy palms,  
The swift vipers glide past,  
Or remain quiet in a treacherous repose.

Terrible it is to see their boldness ;  
Those eyes like blazing fire ;  
That fixed and steady look,  
Infusing terror and dismay.

Frightful to see their agitated necks,  
And that rapid darting tongue ;  
That agile and undulating form,  
And hear the hissing that lifts the hair on end

There the restless hawk circles  
And the glorious eagles dart ;  
And in their rapid flight they reach the clouds.  
Or lightly touch the smiling lakes.

Here the widgeon sports, while  
The goose bustles in his bath,  
And the thrush on the flexible reed  
Sends forth his plaintive and simple song.

A thousand aquatic birds splash  
With their wings the enchanting lagoon,  
And in the gentle light of the moon  
Tranquilly they swim or float upon the water.

La triste garza estólida se pára  
Junto á la blanca flor de la ninfea,  
Y posada en un pié no se menea,  
Cual si fuera de marmol de Carrara.

Los soberbios nenúfares ofrecen  
Flores de oro y azul, bellas y ricas :  
Las espadañas con sus verdes picas  
Al fresco viento lánguidas se mecen.

En las selvas, abrigo de las fieras,  
Con las lluvias de férvidos estíos,  
Se ven crecer los bramadores ríos  
Que anegan y fecundan sus riberas.

Undoso corre el bárbaro Mescala,  
El selvoso del Norte, el Alvarado,  
El soberbio de Lerma tan nombrado,  
Que las olas enturbia de Chapala.

Arranca el agua en su veloz corriente  
Palmas y sauces, álamos y pinos,  
Y envueltos en ruidosos remolinos  
Lanza sus troncos en la mar hirviente.

Así la vida pásase, y ligera  
En su curso á los hombres arrebatá :  
Van encantados con la orilla grata  
Y entran por fin al mar que los espera.

En las grandes sabáñas á millares  
Vuelan libres sus bárbaros caballos,  
O quietos se apacientan con los tallos  
De blandas yerbas, sin temor de azares.



The mournful heron stands stolidly  
By the side of the white flower of the water-lily,  
Posed upon one foot, motionless  
As if made of Carrara marble.

Proud water-lilies offer blue  
And golden flowers, beautiful and rich ;  
The reed-mace, with its green pikes,  
Languidly rocks in the fresh breeze.

In the forests, the home of the wild beasts,  
Behold the roaring rivers rising  
With the rains of ardent summer  
Which inundate and fertilize their shores.

The wild Mescala takes its wavy course,  
The wood fringed Alvarado of Del Norte,  
And the proud and famous Lerma  
That darkens the waters of Chapala.

Then palms and willows, poplars and pines,  
Torn up in the torrent's mad career  
And wrapped in the noisy whirlpool  
Their trunks are cast in the boiling sea.

Thus life passes, and suddenly  
In its course it snatches man :  
Enchanted he walks the delightful shore  
To enter at last the ocean that awaits him.

Upon the great prairies thousands  
Of wild horses roam in freedom,  
Or quietly and undisturbed  
Graze on the blades of the tender grass.

Al oír del salvaje el alarido,  
Al retumbar el trueno en los desiertos,  
Aquellos brutos, ágiles é inciertos  
Corren haciendo un espantoso ruido.

Suelta la crin al viento vagaroso,  
Noble la frente, y levantado el cuello,  
Grande su pecho, ardiente su resuello,  
Saltan la rambla, el valladar y el foso.

Mas ya escucho bramar tus huracanes  
Que cabañas sin cuento echan abajo,  
Y que arrancan los árboles de cuajo,  
Como si fueran tiernos arrayanes.

Nubes de polvo y de menuda arena  
Girando se levantan hasta el cielo,  
Y á lo léjos se extiende oscuro velo,  
Y el ancho bosque con el viento suena.

Se lanzan las olas y los mares rugen,  
Y en las playas se azotan formidables,  
Mientras los gruesos y tirantes cables  
De los navíos, con espanto crugen.

Pero cansada de volar mi mente,  
Cede al peso de tanta maravilla,  
Y aquí en el polvo sin vigor se humilla,  
Y se anonada de rubor mi frente.

Más fácil fuera de tus bosques grandes  
Contar las hojas que arrebatá al viento,  
Enfrenar de la mar el movimiento,  
O levantar la masa de los Andes :

On hearing the howl of the beasts  
And the thunder pealing in the solitudes,  
These shy and agile creatures  
Break into a noisy and frightful stampede.

With manes flying in the swift breeze ;  
With noble brow, the head uplifted ;  
With broad chest and fiery breathing,  
They leap over sands, fences and ditches.

But hark ! the roaring of the hurricane  
Demolishing cabins without number,  
And tearing up the trees by their roots  
As if they were young myrtles.

Clouds of dust and fine sand  
Rise in circles to the skies,  
While in the distance a dark veil spreads  
And the vast forests resound with the tempest ;

The waves rise and the oceans roar  
Lashing the shores with terrible fury,  
While the taut and stout  
Cables of the ship with terror creak.

But my mind, tired of its flight,  
Yields to the weight of so many wonders,  
And overwhelmed, here in the dust,  
I bend my brow in humble adoration.

Easier it were to count the leaves  
Of thy great forests, snatched by the winds ;  
To restrain the movements of the sea,  
Or to raise the mass of the Andes,

Que pintar tus arroyos y tus flores,  
Tus verdes campos y apacibles grutas,  
Y tus perfumes y sabrosas frutas,  
Y tus aves de espléndidos colores ;

Y tus colinas y praderas gratas,  
Tus soledades, lagos y bajíos,  
Tus grandes montes y soberbios ríos,  
Tus abismos é hirvientes cataratas.

Mas ¡ ay ! que á tal grandeza y tanta gloria  
Se mezcla involuntario el desconsuelo  
De que nos sobreviva acá en el suelo  
Un vil cipres, indigno de la historia.

Es mi voto postrero patria mía,  
Pedirle al cielo que dichosa seas ;  
Pedirle al cielo que otra vez te veas  
Como en un tiempo cuando Dios quería.

Él te devuelva tu riqueza y galas,  
Y te enjugue tus lágrimas hermosas,  
Y te corone de laurel y rosas,  
Y te cubra benigno con sus alas.

Trigo abundoso brote en tus llanuras,  
Broten las yerbas en tus verdes prados,  
El llano y monte cubran los ganados,  
Y al márgen pasten de las aguas puras.

Á tu seno retorne la alegría,  
Se unan tus hijos con amante lazo,  
Suelte las armas tu causado brazo,  
Como en un tiempo cuando Dios quería.

Than to depict thy brooks and thy flowers ;  
Thy verdant fields and quiet nooks ;  
Thy perfumes and delicious fruits ;  
Thy birds of brilliant hues ;

Thy lovely hills and meads ;  
Thy solitudes, lakes and shoals ;  
Thy great mountains and proud rivers ;  
Thy chasms and boiling cataracts.

But alas ! that with so much greatness and glory  
Affliction should involuntarily mingle ;  
That here on earth sad memories should linger  
To outlive us, unworthy of thy history.

It is my last wish, dear fatherland,  
To ask heaven to make thee happy ;  
To ask heaven to place thee again  
As in the time when God created thee.

May He return to thee thy wealth and pomp,  
And dry thy beautiful tears,  
And crown thee with laurels and roses,  
And shelter thee benignly under his wings.

May abundant grain grow on thy plains  
And herbs sprout upon thy green meadows ;  
May cattle rove thy plains and mountains  
And pasture on the banks of thy limpid waters.

May joy return to thy bosom ;  
May thy sons unite in loving ties,  
And thy weary hand lay aside the arms of war,  
As in the time when God created thee.

De la prosperidad, en fin, la copa,  
Benigno el cielo sobre tí derrame,  
Mientras el mar enfurecido brame  
Entre tus playas y la altiva Europa.



May heaven thus benignly pour  
Upon thee the cup of prosperity,  
While the tempestuous ocean roars  
Between thy shores and haughty Europe.



## MÉJICO EN 1847.

¿Quién me diera las alas de paloma  
Para cruzar los montes y los ríos,  
Los mares nebulosos y bravíos,  
Y llegar hasta el lago de Sodoma?

Quiero sentarme al pié de una columna  
De la famosa y trágica Palmira,  
Y allí entre escombros que el viajero admira  
Quiero llorar al rayo de la luna.

Quiero pisar las playas del mar Rojo  
Y la arena del bárbaro desierto,  
Y andar vagando con destino incierto,  
Y allá ocultar mi llanto y mi sonrojo.

Yo ví en las manos de la patria mia  
Verdes laureles, palmas triunfadoras,  
Y brillante con glorias seductoras  
Yo la ví rebosar en alegría.

Yo ví á las grandes é ínclitas naciones  
En un tiempo feliz llamarla amiga ;  
Y ella, despuesta el asta y la loriga,  
A la sombra dormir de sus pendones.

Mas la discordia incendia con su tea  
Desde el palacio hasta la humilde choza ;  
Bárbara guerra todo lo destroza,  
Todo se abrasa y en contorno humea.



## MEXICO IN 1847.

Oh ! give me the wings of a dove  
To cross the mountains and the rivers ;  
The misty and angry seas,  
And to arrive at the lake of Sodom !

Oh ! to rest at the foot of a column  
Of famous and tragic Palmyra,  
And there amidst the ruins, by wanderers ad-  
Let me weep in the moonlight. [mired,

I would tread the shores of the Red sea,  
And the sands of the wild desert,  
Roving about with uncertain destiny,  
There to conceal my grief and sorrow.

I saw, in the hands of my native land,  
Green laurels and triumphant palms :  
And radiant with captivating splendors  
I saw it overflow with joy.

I saw great and illustrious nations  
Calling it friend, in a happy time ;  
And, deposing the spear and armor,  
It slumbered in the shade of its pennons.

But discord kindles with its torch  
From the palace to the humble cottage,  
While cruel war its destruction brings,  
And all is burnt and rises in smoke.

Armadas con sacrílegas espadas  
Sin piedad se degüellan los hermanos,  
Y alzan al cielo pálidas las manos,  
Manos en sangre fraternal bañadas.

¿Cuál es el campo que la guerra impía  
Una vez y otra vez no ha ensangrentado?  
¿Y cuál de las montañas no ha temblado  
Al trueno de pesada artillería?

¿Qué ciudades, qué pueblos y desiertos,  
No han visto los más bárbaros estragos?  
¿Dónde están los arroyos y los lagos  
Que no tiñó la sangre de los muertos?

En medio á tanto mal, el incensario  
Llenó de humo los templos ofendidos;  
Y cánticos, y lloros y gemidos  
Sonaron en el lúgubre santuario.

En vano todo; el indignado cielo  
A Méjico en su angustia desempara,  
Y el terrible Jehová vuelve la cara  
A los pueblos sencillos de otro suelo.

En tanto se levanta pavorosa  
Allá en el aquilon negra tormenta,  
Y en la abatida Méjico revienta  
Y rayos mil y mil lanza estruendosa.

Yo ví del Norte carros polvorosos,  
Y ví grandes caballos y cañones,  
Y ví los formidables batallones  
Tomar trincheras y saltar los fosos.

Armed with sacrilegious swords,  
Brothers, without mercy, behead each other,  
And raise to heaven their pallid hands,  
Bathed in fraternal blood.

Where is the ground on which, at some time,  
Impious war has not left its gory mark ?  
And what mountains have not shaken  
At the thunder of heavy artillery ?

What cities, what villages or deserts,  
Have not seen the most cruel ravages ?  
Where are the brooks and the lakes  
Untinged by the blood of the slain ?

In the midst of so much misery the incensory  
Filled the angered temples with incense ;  
And chants, and weeping and wailing,  
Resounded in the mournful sanctuary.

All in vain ; the indignant heavens  
Forsake Mexico in her anguish,  
And terrible Jehovah turns his face  
To the simple people of another land,

While terribly the dark tempest  
Rises yonder in the north  
And breaks loose over dejected Mexico,  
Hurling thousands of crashing thunderbolts.

From the north I saw dusty wagons,  
And strong horses and cannons ;  
And I saw formidable battallions  
Taking trenches and jumping ditches.

En las calles de Méjico desiertas  
Ví correr los soldados extranjeros,  
Ví relumbrar sus fúlgidos aceros,  
Y ví las gentes pálidas y yertas.

Y ví tambien verter la sangre roja,  
Y oí silbar las balas y granadas,  
Y ví temblar las gentes humilladas,  
Y ví tambien su llanto y congoja.

Llorad, hijas de Méjico, dolientes  
En las tristes orillas de los ríos,  
Y bajo de los árboles sombríos  
Al estruendo gemid de los torrentes.

Todo en la vida á llanto nos provoca ;  
Gemid, pues, en los campos y ciudades,  
Cual gime en las profundas soledades  
El ave solitaria de la roca.

Quitad del cuello el oro y los diamantes  
Y de luto tristísimo vestíos ;  
¿ Porqué ostentar ni galas ni atavíos  
En tiempos congojosos y humillantes ?

Es hora de llorar, huya la risa  
De vuestros labios rojos é inocentes,  
Éstampad en el polvo vuestras frentes,  
En ese polvo que el normando pisa.

Yo tambien lloraré tantos pesares,  
Y al enojado cielo haré plegarias,  
En medio de las noches solitarias,  
En las remotas playas de los mares.

On the deserted streets of Mexico  
I saw the foreign soldiers running ;  
I saw their shining sabres glittering,  
And the people pallid and awe-stricken.

I also saw the red blood shed,  
And heard the whizzing of bullets and hand-  
I saw the humbled people trembling, [grenades -  
And also their lamentations and anguish.

Weep, ye daughters of Mexico, mourning  
Upon the sad shores of the rivers ;  
And 'beneath the shady trees,  
And beside the roaring torrents wail ye.

All in life excites us to sorrow ;  
Then mourn o'er fields and cities,  
Like the lonely bird mourning  
Upon the rock in the deep solitude.

From your throats tear the gold and diamonds,  
And clothe in deepest mourning !  
Why display finery and pomp  
In sad and humiliating times ?

It is time to weep ; let the smile vanish  
From your red and innocent lips ;  
Press your brows in the dust  
Upon that earth which the northman treads.

I too will weep o'er so much sorrow,  
And in the midst of the lonely nights  
I will raise my prayers to the frowning heavens  
On the shores of the remotest oceans.

Esas mismas naciones que algun día  
Con rosas coronaron tu cabeza,  
Hoy te burlan ¡ oh patria ! con vileza,  
Y todas te escarnecen á porfía.

“¿Cómo es, dicen soberbias, que humillada  
Sin trono está la reina de Occidente?  
¿Quién la diadema le arrancó á su frente?  
¿En dónde está su formidable espada?

“Sus hijos sin pudor y afeminados  
Se espantan del cañon al estallido,  
Y de las balas al fugaz silbido  
Huyen sus capitanes y soldados.

“¿En dónde está su orgullo y ardimiento?  
¿Sus laureles en dónde y sus hazañas?  
Son como viles y quebradas cañas  
Que abate el soplo de un ligero viento.”

Otros burlan tambien nuestros errores,  
Abran su historia y cállense sus labios :  
No volvamos agravios por agravios :  
Que nos dejen llorar nuestros dolores.

Feliz ¡ ay ! muy feliz el mejicano  
Que al golpe de mortífera metralla  
Ha espirado en el campo de batalla,  
Antes de ver el ceño del tirano.

Mejor me fuera en tierras muy remotas  
Vivir entre escorpiones y serpientes,  
Que mirar humilladas nuestras frentes  
A fuerza de reverses y derrotas.

Those same nations which one day  
Crowned thy head with roses,  
To-day, O, fatherland, they mock thee !  
And all deride thee with tenacious infamy.

[Queen  
“How is it,” they haughtily say, “that the  
Of the West is humbled and without a throne ?  
Who tore the diadem from her brow ?  
Where is her formidable sword ?

“Her sons, effeminate and without shame,  
Take fright at the blast of the cannon,  
And her captains and soldiers fly  
From the swift whizzing of the bullets.

“Where is her pride and her valor ?  
Where is her glory and her exploits ?  
They are like broken and worthless reeds,  
Blown down by the breath of a breeze.”

Others also ridicule our errors ;  
Let them open their history and be silent :  
May we not return insult for injury,  
And may they leave us to mourn our sorrows.

Happy, ah ! most happy the Mexican  
Who has expired in the battle-field,  
By the deadly grape-shot,  
Before seeing the tyrant's oppressive aspect.

Better it were for me to live  
In distant lands, among scorpions and serpents,  
Than to see our pride humbled  
By force of reverses and defeats.

Mas, pise yo la patagonia playa,  
O ya escuche del Niágara el estruendo,  
Ya los helados Alpes esté viendo  
O contemple el magnífico Himalaya ;

Allá en la soledad ¡ oh patria mia !  
Siempre estarás presente en mi memoria.  
¿ Cómo olvidar tu congojosa historia ?  
¿ Cómo olvidar tu llanto y tu agonía ?

Antes del sauce nacerá la rosa,  
Y crecerán las palmas en los mares,  
Que me llegue á olvidar de mis hogares,  
Que te pueda olvidar, Méjico hermosa.

¡ Roma, patria de Cúrios y Catones !  
Compadezco tu suerte lamentable :  
Leyes te dieron con sangriento sable  
Del Norte los terribles batallones.

Los viles é insolentes pretōrianos  
Desgarraron tus leyes con la espada,  
La toga veneranda fué pisada  
Mil veces por brutales veteranos.

¡ Patria infeliz ! sin Cúrios ni Catones,  
Ha sido tu destino lamentable :  
Leyes te dieron con sangriento sable  
Del Norte los terribles batallones.

Tú tambien has sufrido mil tiranos  
Que pisaron las leyes y la toga,  
Y que apretaron con sangrienta sogas  
Tu cuello tierno y tus causadas manos.



But were I to tread on Patagonia's shores,  
Or now listening to Niagara's roaring,  
Or now gazing on the frozen Alps,  
Or contemplating the grand Himalayas ;

There, O, my fatherland ! in the solitude  
Forever in my memory thou wouldst dwell.  
How forget thy sorrowful history ?  
How forget thy misery and thine anguish ?

Sooner the rose will bloom on the willow  
And palms spring from the ocean,  
Than that I should forget my home,  
And forget thee, beautiful Mexico.

Rome, land of the Curiae and Catonians,  
I pity thy lamentable fate :  
The awful battallions from the north  
Gave thee laws with the sanguinary sabre.

The wicked and insolent pretorians  
Tore thy laws with the sword,  
And brutal veterans trampled under foot  
Thy dignity a thousand times.

Unhappy fatherland ! with neither Curiae nor  
Thy fate has been lamentable : [Catonians  
The dreadful battallions from the north  
Gave thee also laws with a sanguinary sabre.

Thou, too, hast suffered a thousand tyrants  
Who trampled upon thy laws and thy dignity,  
And who tightened the bloody cord  
Upon thy tender neck and weary hands.

Mas basta ya. Quiero alas de paloma  
Para cruzar los montes y los ríos.  
Los mares nebulosos y bravíos,  
Y llegar hasta el lago de Sodoma.

Quiero pisar las playas del mar Rojo  
Y la arena del bárbaro desierto,  
Y andar vagando con destino incierto  
Y allá ocultar mi llanto y mi sonrojo.



But enough. O for the wings of a dove  
To cross the mountains and rivers,  
The misty and angry seas,  
And arrive at the lake of Sodom ;

And to tread the shores of the Red sea  
And the sands of the wild desert,  
Aimlessly to rove about,  
And there to conceal my anguish and my grief.



## EL POPOCATEPETL.

ODA.

Cuando á subir algun mortal se atreve  
A la cumbre nevada y solitaria  
Del Popocatepetl, el alma apénas  
Basta á gozar sublimidad tan varia.  
Se huellan faldas plácidas y amenas,  
Se entra en sus bosques tristes y sombreros,  
Todos formados de silvestres pinos,  
De abetos resinosos y de encinas.  
En tan callada soledad los ojos  
Ven arboledas y peñascos duros,  
Heno blanquizeo y ásperos abrojos.  
Y óyese en tanto, con terror secreto,  
De secas hojas uniforme ruido  
Cuando en el suelo, tristemente caen,  
Y de los troncos áspero crugido.

En los confines de esta inmensa faja  
Tan selvosa y magnífica, se mira  
Sólo la zarza y amarillo musgo,  
Y algun pájaro triste, que en la calma  
Entona solitario, ó bien suspira,  
Lánguido canto que entristece el alma.

¿Cómo bárbaro el pié puede adelante,  
Atrevido pasar? ¿Cómo no tiembla  
Al tocar de los hielos, solitarios

## MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

### ODE.

When some mortal dares to climb  
The lone and snowy peak  
Of Popocatepetl, his soul hardly  
Suffices to enjoy such varied sublimity.  
He treads peaceful and elegant slopes,  
And enters its gloomy and shady woods,  
Composed of wild pines,  
Of resinous fir and oaks.  
In such silent loneliness he gazes  
On solid groves and cliffs ;  
Whitish moss and rough thorns,  
While he hears, with secret fear,  
The dry leaves' uniform sound  
As sadly they fall to the ground,  
And the harsh creaking of the trunks.

In the confines of this vast, woody  
And magnificent border, he sees  
Only the bramble and yellow moss,  
And some sad bird which, in the lonely  
Solitude, sings or sighs  
A mournful tune that saddens the heart.

How can he audaciously dare  
To trespass further? Does he not tremble  
With awe when touching those hard eternal

Las masas eternas de diamante?  
Allí en la soledad más espantosa  
Intrépido el viajero se adelanta  
Sin hallar en su marcha perezosa  
Ni una ave, ni un insecto, ni una planta.  
Míranse allí peñascos destrozados,  
Llenos de ampollas, negros y fundidos,  
Y montones de arena y de ceniza,  
Embargados en tanto los sentidos  
Entre ruinas tan vastas y tremendas,  
Se ocupa el alma en pensamientos graves,  
Y el pié vacila en pavorosas sendas :  
En el desierto horrible de la Arabia  
No reina tal silencio, pues que apenas  
Lo interrumpen los pasos del viajero  
Y algun retumbo que, de cuando en cuando,  
Suená á lo léjos como el Ponto fiero.  
Entre pavor y admiracion sublime  
Se llega sin saberlo á las orillas  
De un abismo espantoso . . él es, el cráter :  
Aquí tiemblan las débiles rodillas,  
Se erizan los cabellos, y el osado  
A su pesar exangüe retrocede,  
O en vértigo mortal queda postrado.  
Mas ya pasada la impresion primera  
Apénas bastan los absortos ojos  
A contemplar escena tan grandiosa.  
¡ Qué abismo tan inmenso ! ¡ Qué espontosa  
Profundidad preséntase á la vista !  
Leve el humo de azufre se levanta  
Del insondable cráter, cuyo seno  
Retumba á ratos con el hondo trueno,  
Y tiembla la montaña majestuosa,  
Con árboles y hielos y peñascos.

Rocks of the solitary regions of snow?  
There, in the most dreadful solitude,  
The wanderer boldly advances  
Without finding, in his weary march,  
Either bird, or insect, or plant.  
He there sees rocks in heaps,  
Full of bubbles, black and molten,  
And heaps of sand and ashes ;  
And while the senses are enthralled  
Among the huge and awful ruins  
The soul is occupied with solemn thoughts,  
And the step falters on the fearful paths.  
On the awful desert of Arabia  
Reigns not such stillness : hardly  
Broken by the wanderer's steps,  
And some echo which, from time to time,  
Sounds from afar like the angry sea.  
Between dread and sublime admiration  
He arrives unexpectedly at the edge  
Of a fearful abyss--behold ! it is the crater.  
Here his weak limbs tremble ;  
His hair stands on end, and the bold  
Wanderer, in spite of himself, retreats aghast,  
Or in mortal dizziness remains prostrate.  
But now, the first impression passed,  
The wondering eyes hardly suffice  
To contemplate a scene so grand.  
What an immense gulf ! What frightful  
Depth is presented to view !  
Lightly the smoke of sulphur rises  
From the fathomless crater, whose bosom  
Resounds at intervals with deep thunder,  
And the majestic mountain shakes  
Together with trees, and ice, and rocks.

Si hoy los sentidos de terror se pasman,  
¿Qué habrá sido en un tiempo, cuando airado  
Hirió el Señor el orgulloso monte,  
Y en fuego inmenso lo dejó abrasado?  
Entonces fué cuando el volcan hirviendo  
Se conmovieron sus eternas basas,  
Bramó su seno en formidable estruendo,  
Volaron los peñascos por el aire,  
Y arenas y betun y azufre y brasas,  
Y temblando las costas de ambos mares,  
De ambos mares las aguas se agitaron.  
Desde la inmensa boca de aquel horno  
Se lanzaron hirviendo los torrentes  
De lavas derretidas y candentes,  
Que todo lo arrasaron en contorno.  
En tan tremenda y congojosa noche  
Que la ruina del mundo presagiaba,  
Temblaron los vasallos y los reyes  
Sobre una tierra que tambien temblaba.

Al fin el tiempo y las copiosas lluvias  
Casi llegaron á apagar su lumbre,  
Y hoy desde su alta y prodigiosa cumbre  
Ven los ojos pasados y perplejos,  
Dentro de los lejanos horizontes,  
Grandes llanuras, azulados montes,  
Lagos, caminos, pueblos á lo léjos.  
Detras de los celajes de Occidente,  
Teñidos de oro y púrpura lumbrosa,  
Cual gigante se ve precipitarse  
Del sol inmenso el disco reluciente  
Mas allá de los cerros, y gloriosa  
Levantarse la luna en el Oriente.



If to-day the senses are paralyzed with fear,  
What may it have been in a time when,  
In anger, the Lord smote the proud mountain  
And left it consumed in an immense fire?  
Then it was when the perpetual foundations  
Of the boiling volcano trembled ;  
Its bosom roared with a terrible noise ;  
The rocks, and sands, and pitch, and sulphur,  
And embers were hurled through the air ;  
And the coasts of both oceans trembled,  
And the waters thereof were agitated.  
From the huge mouth of that furnace  
The molten and burning lava  
Was hurled in boiling torrents  
Obliterating all in its course.  
In that night of terror and anguish,  
Which presaged the destruction of the world,  
Kings and vassals trembled  
Upon the likewise trembling earth.

At last time and abundant rains  
Almost quenched its fire ;  
And now from its high and prodigious summit  
The strained and bewildered eyes  
Behold, within the limits of the far off horizon,  
Great plains, blue tinted mountains,  
Lakes, roads, villages in the distance.  
Behind the fleecy western clouds,  
Tinted with gold and brilliant scarlet,  
Like a giant, the shining disc of the  
Immense sun is seen to sink  
Beyond the hills, and the moon  
Gloriously rises in the east.

Salve, inmenso coloso, coronado  
De grandes nubes y de enormes hielos.  
Por delante de tí ; cómo han pasado  
Siglos y siglos más, en cuyo polvo  
Iban envueltos pueblos y monarcas  
Sin poderse parar en su carrera  
Un solo instante, alguna vez siquiera !  
En tanto, inmóvil en tu enorme basa,  
Los dejabas pasar firme y sereno ;  
Hoy pasamos nosotros, y adelante  
Pasarán otros pueblos, que en el seno  
Se hundirán del sepulcro devorante,  
Y tú te quedarás quieto y seguro  
Como ese sol magnífico y brillante.  
Si no es que el brazo del Señor tremendo  
Lance un cometa aterrador y triste,  
Que á tí volando desde el hondo espacio,  
Choque en tu masa con horrible estruendo,  
Y te arranque de un golpe de tu tierra,  
Y te arroje en el mar, donde ignorado,  
Quedarás para siempre sepultado.

Hail to thee, immense colossus, crowned  
With enormous clouds, and huge blocks of ice.  
Before thee, how centuries and centuries  
Have passed, in whose dust  
Peoples and monarchs were swept away,  
Unable to stand a single moment  
In its course—not even once !  
Meanwhile, immovable in thy great depth,  
They remained secure and tranquil.  
To-day we pass, and after us  
Will pass other peoples that will sink  
Into the bosom of the yawning sepulcher :  
And thou wilt remain quiet and firm,  
Like this magnificent and brilliant sun,  
Unless the powerful arm of the Lord  
Hurls a destroying and fatal comet  
Which, flying at thee from the vast distance,  
Will dash against thy mass with a fearful roar  
And tear thee suddenly from the earth,  
And cast thee into the sea where, ignored,  
Thou wilt remain forever buried.

## AL RIO DE COSAMALOÁPAM.

HOY OCUPA PARTE DE LA POBLACION Y CASA DONDE  
NACIÓ EL SR. D. MANUEL CARPIO.

SONETO.

Arrebatado y caudaloso río  
Que riegas de mi pueblo las praderas,  
¿Quién pudiera llorar en tus riberas  
De la redonda luna al rayo frío?

De noche en mi agitado desvarío  
Me parece estar viendo tus palmeras,  
Tus naranjos en flor y enredaderas,  
Y tus lirios cubiertos de rocío.

¿Quién le diera tan sólo una mirada  
A la dulce y modesta casa mía,  
Donde nací, como ave en la enramada?

Pero tus olas ruedan en el día  
Sobre las ruinas ¡ay! de esa morada,  
Donde feliz en mi niñez vivía.

## TO THE RIVER OF COSAMALOAPAM.

IT NOW OCCUPIES A PART OF THE VILLAGE AND THE HOUSE  
WHERE MANUEL CARPIO WAS BORN.

### SONNET.

Mighty and enchanting river  
Which irrigates the meadows of my village,  
Who could weep upon thy shores  
In the cold rays of the round moon?

At night in my agitated delirium  
I seem to view thy groves of palms,  
Thy flowering clustered orange trees,  
And thy dew covered lilies.

Who would ever deign to glance  
Upon that lovely, modest home of mine,  
Where I was born, like the bird of the bower?

But thy waters flow at present  
Over the ruins, alas ! of that home  
Where I passed my happy childhood.



POEMS  
OF  
FERNANDO CALDERON

## EL SOLDADO DE LA LIBERTAD.

Sobre un caballo brioso  
Camina un jóven guerrero  
Cubierto de duro acero,  
Lleno de bélico ardor :

Lleva la espada en el cinto,  
Lleva en la cuja la lanza,  
Brilla en su faz la esperanza,  
En sus ojos el valor.

De su diestra el guante quita,  
Y el robusto cuello halaga,  
Y la crin, que al viento vaga,  
De su compañero fiel.

Al sentirse acariciado  
Por la mano del valiente,  
Ufano alzando la frente  
Relincha el noble corcel.

Su negro pecho y sus brazos  
De blanca espuma se llenan :  
Sus herraduras resuenan  
Sobre el duro pedernal ;

Y al compas de sus pisadas,  
Y al ronco son del acero,  
Alza la voz el guerrero  
Con un acento inmortal :



## THE SOLDIER OF LIBERTY.

On a spirited steed  
A young warrior rides,  
Covered with solid steel  
And filled with bellicose ardor.

He carries his sword in the belt,  
And at his side the spear :  
On his face shines the light of hope  
And in his eyes the flash of valor.

From his right hand he draws the  
And caresses the stout neck, [glove  
And the mane that waves in the wind,  
Of his faithful companion.

The noble charger proudly lifts  
His head with a neigh  
On feeling the caressing hand  
Of the fearless rider.

His black breast and limbs  
With white foam are covered ;  
His hoofs clatter  
Upon the hard flint ;

And at the measure of his steps  
And the sharp sound of the steel,  
The warrior raises his voice  
With these immortal words :

“ Vuela, vuela, corcel mio  
Denodado ;  
No abatan tu noble brio  
Enemigos escuadrones,  
Que el fuego de los cañones  
Siempre altivo has despreciado :  
Y mil veces  
Has oído  
Su estallido  
Aterrador,  
Como un canto  
De victoria,  
De tu gloria  
Precursor.

*Entre hierros, con oprobio  
Gocen otros de la paz ;  
Yo no, que busco en la guerra  
La muerte ó la libertad.*

Yo dejé el paterno asilo  
Delicioso :  
Dejé mi existir tranquilo  
Para ceñirme la espada,  
Y del seno de mi amada  
Supe arrancarme animoso :  
Ví al dejarla  
Su tormento,  
¡ Que momento  
De dolor !  
Ví su llanto  
Y pena impía ;  
Fué á la mia  
Superior.

*Entre hierros, con oprobio  
Gocen otros de la paz ;  
Yo no, que busco en la guerra  
La muerte ó la libertad.*

“ Fly, fly, my intrepid  
Charger ;  
The hostile squadrons will  
Not beat thy noble spirit  
That has always proudly despised  
The cannon's blast,  
And a thousand times  
Thou hast heard  
Its terrifying  
Report,  
Like a song  
Of victory ;  
A precursor  
Of thy glory.

*In irons, with opprobrium,  
Others enjoy peace ;  
Not I who seek in war  
Liberty or death.*

“ I left my delightful  
Paternal abode ;  
I left my tranquil existence  
To gird on the sword,  
And with courage tore myself  
From the bosom of my beloved.  
On our parting  
I saw her anguish—  
What a moment  
Of sorrow !  
I saw her tears  
And merciless grief—  
It was greater  
Than mine.

*In irons, with opprobrium,  
Others enjoy peace ;  
Not I who seek in war  
Liberty or death.*

El artero cortesano,  
La grandeza  
Busque adulando al tirano,  
Y doblando la rodilla ;  
Mi troton y humilde silla  
No daré por su riqueza :  
Y bien pueden  
Sus salones  
Con canciones  
Resonar ;  
Corcel mio,  
Yo prefiero  
Tu altanero  
Relinchar.

*Entre hierros, con oprobio  
Gocen otros de la paz :  
Yo no, que busco en la guerra  
La muerte ó la libertad.*

Vuela, bruto generoso,  
Que ha llegado  
El momento venturoso  
De mostrar tu noble brio,  
Y hollar del tirano impío  
El pendon abominado :  
En su alcázar  
Relumbrante  
Arrogante  
Pisarás,  
Y en su pecho  
Con bravura  
Tu herradura  
Estamparás.

*Entre hierros, con oprobio  
Gocen otros de la paz :  
Yo no, que busco en la guerra  
La muerte ó la libertad."*

“ The cunning courtier  
    May seek  
For greatness in flattering the tyrant  
And bending his knee.  
My horse and humble saddle  
I would not give for all his wealth.  
    And well may  
    His halls  
    Resound  
    With songs ;  
    But the proud  
    Neighing  
    Of my charger  
    I prefer.

*In irons, with opprobrium,  
Others enjoy peace ;  
Not I who seek in war  
Liberty or death.*

Fly, my noble steed  
    That hast found  
The happy moment  
To show thy noble spirit,  
And to trample the detestable  
Pennon of the wicked tyrant.  
    Thou wilt trample  
    Down with haughtiness  
    His brilliant  
    Castle :  
    With *bravura*  
    Thy hoof  
    On his breast  
    Thou wilt plant.

*In irons, with opprobrium,  
Others enjoy peace ;  
Not I who seek in war  
Liberty or death.”*

Así el guerrero cantaba,  
Cuando resuena en su oído  
Un lejano sordo ruido,  
Como de guerra el fragor :  
“A la lid,” el fuerte grita,  
En los estribos se afianza,  
Y empuña la dura lanza,  
Lleno de insólito ardor :

En sus ojos, en su frente,  
La luz brilla de la gloria,  
Un presagio de victoria,  
Un rayo de libertad :

Del monte en las quiebras hon-  
Resuena su voz terrible, [das  
Como el huracan horrible  
Que anuncia la tempestad.

Rápido vuela el caballo,  
Ya del combate impaciente,  
Mucho más que el rayo ardiente  
Es su carrera veloz :

Entre una nube de polvo  
Desparece el guerrero :  
Se ve aún brillar su acero,  
Se oye á lo léjos su voz :

“¡Gloria, gloria! Yo no quiero  
Una vergonzosa paz ;  
Busco en medio de la guerra  
La muerte ó la libertad !”

Thus the warrior sang  
When in his ear resounds  
A distant deafening noise  
Like the din of war.

“To the conflict,” cries the hero,  
Bracing himself in his stirrups,  
And, filled with unusual ardor,  
His solid lance he grasps.

In his eyes and on his brow  
The light of glory shines,  
A presage of victory,  
A flash of liberty.

From the mountain, in the deep  
Resounds his terrible voice [chasms,  
Like the dreadful hurricane  
That announces the tempest.

Rapidly the courser flies,  
Already impatient for the battle,  
His swift course outspeeding  
The burning flash.

In a cloud of dust  
The warrior disappears :  
Still one sees his glittering armor  
And from afar is heard his voice :

“Glory, glory ! I do not seek  
A humiliating peace ;  
In the midst of war I seek  
Liberty or death !”

## EL SUEÑO DEL TIRANO.

De firmar proscripciones  
Y decretar suplicios, el tirano  
Cansado se retira,  
Y en espléndido lecho hallar pretende  
El reposo y la paz ; desventurado !  
El sueño, el blando sueño,  
Le niega su balsámica dulzura :  
Tenaz remordimiento y amargura  
Sin cesar le rodean :  
En todas partes estampada mira  
De sus atroces crímenes la historia :  
Su implacable memoria  
Fiel en atormentarle, le recuerda  
Las esposas, los hijos inocentes  
Que por su saña abandonados gimen  
En viudez y orfandad : gritos horrendos  
Cual espada de fuego le penetran ;  
Con pasos agitados  
Recorre su magnífico aposento,  
Sin hallar el consuelo : en su alma impura  
La amistad, el amor, son nombres vanos  
Que jamas comprendió : los ojos torna ;  
Su cetro infausto y su corona mira ;  
Un grito lanza de mortal congoja ;  
Con trabajo respira,  
Y á su lecho frenético se arroja.



## THE TYRANT'S DREAM.

Weary with signing proscriptions  
And decreeing capital punishment  
The tyrant retires,  
And on his magnificent couch the wretch tries to  
Repose and peace. [find  
Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Denies him its balmy sweetness :  
Tenacious remorse and bitterness  
Surround him incessantly ;  
On every side he sees stamped  
The atrocious crimes of his life :  
His implacable memory,  
Persistent in tormenting him, reminds him  
Of the wives and innocent sons  
Who, through his anger, moan, abandoned  
In widowhood and orphanage : horrible outcries  
Pierce him like swords of fire ;  
With agitated steps  
He paces his magnificent apartment  
Without finding consolation ; in his wicked heart  
Friendship and love are empty names  
By him never understood. He turns his eyes :  
He sees his unfortunate scepter and crown ;  
He utters a cry of mortal anguish ;  
He labors for breath,  
And in frenzy throws himself upon his couch.

Ya por fin, un sopor espantoso,  
Sus sentidos embarga un momento ;  
Pero el sueño redobla el tormento  
Con visiones de sangre y horror :

A un desierto se mira llevado,  
Donde el rayo del sol nunca brilla ;  
Una luz sepulcral, amarilla,  
Allí esparce su triste fulgor.

Tapizado de huesos el suelo,  
Va sobre ellos poniendo la planta,  
Y al fijarla los huesos quebranta,  
Con un sordo siniestro crujir :

A su diestra y siniestra divisa,  
Esqueletos sin fin hacinados,  
Y los cráneos, del viento agitados,  
Le parece que escucha gemir.

Lago inmenso de sangre descubre  
A sus plantas furioso bramando,  
Y cabezas hirsutas nadando,  
Que se asoman y vuelven á hundir :

Y se avanzan, se juntan, se apiñan,  
Y sus cóncavos ojos abriendo,  
Brilla en ellos relámpago horrendo,  
De infernal espantoso lucir.

Del tirano en el rostro se fijan  
Sus atroces funestas miradas,  
En sus frentes de sangre bañadas,  
Del infierno refleja el horror :

Y sus dientes rechinan entónces,  
Y sus cárdenos labios abriendo,  
Este grito lanzaron tremendo :  
“ ¡ Maldicion ! ¡ maldicion ! ¡ maldicion ! ”

But now, at last, a dreadful stupor  
Seizes, for a moment, his senses ;  
But the dream redoubles the torture  
With visions of blood and horror.

He sees himself carried to the desert  
Where the rays of the sun never shine :  
A sepulchral, yellow light,  
Scatters there its dismal shades.

He walks over the ground  
Carpeted with bones,  
And with a muffled, sinister sound  
He hears them crack at every step.

At his right and left he discerns  
Skeletons, in hoards, without end ;  
And he seems to hear the skulls  
Moaning, agitated by the wind.

He discovered an immense lake of blood  
Furiously roaring at his feet,  
And hirsute heads that swim  
And dive and reappear.

They advance and join and crowd,  
And opening their hollow eyes  
There shines in them a frightful flash  
Of infernal, horrible light.

Their atrocious and dismal gaze  
They fix upon the tyrant's face ;  
Their blood bathed brows  
Reflect the horrors of hell.

Then, gnashing their teeth,  
They open their livid lips  
And utter this tremendous cry :  
“ *Curse !* CURSE !! CURSE !!! ”

Las cavernas de un monte vecino,  
El acento fatal secundaron :

Largo tiempo los ecos sonaron  
Repitiendo la horrisona voz :

Y el crugir de las olas y el viento,  
Y el estruendo del rayo espantoso,  
Parecia al tirano medroso  
Que clamaban tambien : ¡ Maldicion !

Cambia luego la escena : entre tinieblas  
De fuego circundado,

Gigantesco fantasma se presenta :  
Con dedo descarnado

Muestra al tirano una espantosa sima :  
En su profundo seno

Reventar oye retumbando el trueno,  
Y mira un fuego hervir como la boca  
De encendido volcan, y por las llamas  
Los demonios sacando la cabeza,  
Prorumpen en horrendas carcajadas,  
Y al réprobo saludan.

Tiemblan sus miembros : hórridas serpientes  
Ciñen su corazon, y ni un suspiro  
Puede exhalar, ni respirar siquiera . . .

¡ Sacude el sueño : vagarosos ojos  
En torno suyo pavoroso gira,  
Y sangre, sangre, donde quiera mira !

Del lecho se lanza  
Con grito doliente :  
Se inunda su frente  
De frio sudor :

The caverns of the neighboring mountain  
Seconded the fatal words ;  
The echoes sounded long after,  
Repeating that horrible voice ;  
And the roar of the waves and the wind,  
And the noise of the dreadful lightning,  
Seemed to the coward tyrant  
Likewise to exclaim : " Curse ! "

Then the scene changed : from the darkness,  
Surrounded by fire,  
A gigantic phantom appears :  
With a bony finger  
It points to the tyrant a dreadful abyss ;  
In its deep bosom  
He hears the pealing thunder roaring,  
And he sees a fire which boils like the mouth  
Of a burning volcano, and through the flames  
The denous lift their heads ;  
They burst out in a frightful laugh  
And greet the reprobate ;  
His limbs tremble ; horrible serpents  
Girdle his heart, and not even a sigh  
Can he exhale, nor can he even breathe.

He rouses from the dream : restless, awful eyes  
Revolve about him,  
And blood, blood, wherever he looks !

He springs from his couch  
With a cry of anguish ;  
His brow is bathed  
With a cold perspiration ;

Parece que escucha  
La voz del destino,  
Y el trueno divino  
De justo furor :

Sus ojos cansados  
Anhelan el llanto ;  
Mas nunca su encanto  
Probó la maldad :

Al cielo levanta  
La diestra homicida,  
Con voz dolorida  
Clamando ¡ piedad !

Mas no, que ya dada  
Está su sentencia ;  
En vano clemencia  
Demanda su voz ;  
¡ Ya tiene con fuego  
Marcada la frente  
Del vil delincuente  
La mano de Dios.

He seems to hear  
The voice of Fate  
And the thunder divine  
Of righteous wrath.

His weary eyes  
Crave for tears ;  
Yet iniquity their charm  
Never tasted.

To heaven he raises  
His murderous right hand,  
Exclaiming " Mercy ! "  
In a dreadful voice.

But no ! for sentence already  
Is passed upon him ;  
In vain his voice  
For clemency prays.

Already the brow  
Of the wretched delinquent  
Is branded with fire  
By the hand of God.

1837.

## ¡ UNA MEMORIA !

Sali apenas de la infancia,  
Sencillo, puro, inocente,  
Con el candor en la frente,  
La paz en el corazon :

Cuando te ví, Amira hermosa,  
Y en apasionado acento  
Me atreví á mandar al viento  
Mi primer canto de amor.

De amor puro, eterno, ardiente ;  
De aquel amor que darrama  
En el corazon su llama,  
Cual volcan abrasador :

Este amor era el delirio  
Que mi existencia llenaba,  
Este el númen que inspiraba  
Mi primer canto de amor.

Para mí la vida entónces  
¡ Cuánta dulzura tenia !  
¡ Cuán grata me parecia  
De la tierra la mansion !.

¡ Miraban todo mis ojos  
Con tan bellos coloridos !  
Todo, todo á mis sentidos  
Estaba diciendo amor.



## A MEMORY.

I had hardly left my childhood,  
Simple, pure, and innocent,  
With candor on my brow  
And peace within my heart,

When I saw thee, beautiful Amira,  
And in fond words  
I boldly confided to the breeze  
My first song of love ;

Of pure, eternal, ardent love ;  
Of that love which pours  
Its flame into the heart  
Like a burning volcano.

This love was the delirium  
That filled my existence :  
This the divinity that inspired  
My first song of love.

For my life then  
What sweetness it contained !  
How pleasant seemed to me  
My sojourn upon this earth !

To mine eyes all glittered  
In such wonderful coloring !  
And to my senses, all, all,  
Would repeat, " love ! "

Cuando tras el cortinaje  
Magnífico de oro y grana,  
En la cándida mañana  
Brillaba el fúlgido sol,

Yo alegre yo saludaba,  
Que á alumbrar tu faz venia,  
Yo á tí, Amira, dirigia  
Mi primer canto de amor.

¿ No te acuerdas cuántas veces  
De las aves el arrullo,  
Del arroyuelo el murmullo  
Escuchábamos los dos ?

El aura blanda mecía  
Tu cabellera rizada,  
Aquella aura embalsamada  
Por tus palabras de amor.

¡ Cada gota de rocío,  
Cada flor y cada fuente,  
Hablaban cuán dulcemente,  
A mi tierno corazon !

Amor las aves cantaban,  
Amor las fuentes decian,  
Y los ecos repetian  
Por todas partes, ¡ amor !

¡ Prisma brillante, pronto te rompiste !  
¡ Ilusiones de amor, habeis pasado,  
Y al pobre corazon sólo ha quedado,  
Una memoria dolorosa y triste !

When behind the magnificent  
Curtain of gold and crimson,  
In the clear morning  
Gleamed the resplendent sun,  
Coming to shine upon thee  
With a greeting joy,  
I to thee, Amira, addressed  
My first song of love.

Canst thou not remember how often  
We both would listen  
To the notes of the birds,  
And the murmuring of the brooks?  
The gentle breeze would stir  
Thy mantle of curls ;  
That gentle breeze, perfumed  
With thy words of love.

Each drop of dew,  
Each flower and each fountain,  
Spoke so sweetly  
To my young heart !  
The birds sang of love ;  
The springs said "love,"  
And the echoes repeated  
On every side, "love !"

Brilliant prism, soon thou wast shattered !  
Illusions of love, ye have passed,  
And to the poor heart only has remained  
A memory, mournful and sad.

¡ Todavía tienen para mí las flores,  
Y del bosque el magnífico ramaje,  
Las aves y las fuentes, un lenguaje,  
Lenguaje de recuerdos y dolores !

Saludo todavía al sol brillante  
Cuando aparece en el rosado oriente ;  
Mas le saludo con la voz doliente,  
Y en lágrimas bañado mi semblante.

¿ Qué fué tu amor ? . . ! un sueño fugitivo !  
¡ Tus sollozos, tus lágrimas mentira !  
Y yo te amaba, y . . ¿ lo creerás, Amira ?  
Falsa, aun te amo, y de recuerdos vivo !

Y aspiro algunas veces á la gloria,  
Porque aunque á ver no vuelva tu semblante,  
Digas mi nombre y mandes á tu amante  
¡ Un suspiro no mas, una memoria !

For me the flowers  
And the magnificent foliage of the forest,  
The birds and the fountains, have yet a language—  
A language of memories and sorrows !

I yet greet the brilliant sun  
When it appears in the crimsoned orient,  
But I greet it with a sorrowing voice  
And my face bathed in tears.

What was thy love? A fleeting dream !  
Thy sobs, thy tears, a falsehood !  
I loved thee, and—wilt thou believe it, Amira,  
False one?—I love thee yet, and from memories  
[I live !

And I aspire sometimes to the glory  
That, although I may not again see thine image,  
Thou wilt speak my name and send it to thy lover,  
If but a sigh—a memory !

## EL PORVENIR.

Tú me amas, y yo te adoro ;  
Pero ha de llegar el día  
En que tú ó yo para siempre  
Debemos dejar la vida :  
Los espíritus cobardes,  
Las almas bajas y tibias,  
Desechan esta memoria,  
Y al pensarlo se horrorizan :  
Creen que acaba en el sepulcro  
El amor y sus delicias.  
¡ Insensatos ! ¡ no conocen  
Su esencia pura y divina !  
El alma jamas perece,  
Pues del cuerpo desprendida  
Pasa á una region suprema  
De venturas y de dichas :  
Y este dulce sentimiento  
Del amor, esta semilla  
Que en nuestras almas sembrara  
Del Gran Sér la mano misma,  
La debe seguir, no hay duda :  
El alma en amor respira,  
Es su esencia, es su alimento,  
Y sin él no existiría.  
No temas, Amira hermosa,  
De horrible muerte las iras ;

## THE HEREAFTER.

Thou lovest me and I adore thee,  
But the day must come  
When thou or I forever  
This world must leave.  
The cowardly minds ;  
The inferior and indifferent hearts,  
Reject this thought,  
And at its suggestion are filled with dread.  
They believe that in the tomb  
Love and its delights are ended.  
Fools ! they know not  
Its pure and divine essence.  
The soul never dies,  
For, on its parting from the flesh,  
It passes to a lofty region  
Of felicity and delights ;  
And that this sweet sentiment  
Of love ; this seed  
Which the Almighty, with his own hands,  
Would sow in our hearts,  
Must follow him, there is no doubt.  
Love is the breath of the soul ;  
Its essence and its life,  
And without it life could not exist.  
Fear not, beautiful Amīra,  
The dreadful ire of death :

Las almas que el cielo junta  
¿Quién pudiera desunirlas?  
No, nuestro amor será eterno :  
A otra más brillante vida  
Renacerán á adorarse  
Tus cenizas y las mías.

1825.





The souls, by heaven united,  
Who would separate them?  
No, our love will be eternal;  
To another grander life  
Thy ashes and my own  
Will rise again each other to adore.

1825.



## Á HIDALGO.

En sepulcral silencio se encontraba  
El pueblo mejicano sumergido :  
¡ Fatal silencio ! sólo interrumpido  
Por la dura cadena que arrastraba :

Como crimen atroz se castigaba  
Del triste esclavo el mísero gemido,  
O de los opresores al oído,  
Cual música de triunfo resonaba.

Grita Hidalgo, por fin, con voz divina :  
“ Méjico libre para siempre sea ! ”  
Y al tirano español guerra fulmina :

Once años dura la mortal pelea,  
El trono se desploma, y en su ruina,  
De libertad el estandarte ondea !

## TO HIDALGO.

Plunged into the silence of the grave,  
Were found the Mexican people :  
Fatal silence ! interrupted only  
By the chains they dragged.

The last groan of the unhappy slave  
Was punished as if it had been an atrocious  
Or it resounded in the ears of the [crime,  
Oppressors as if it were triumphal music.

Hidalgo cried at last with voice divine :  
“ Freedom to Mexico, and forever ! ”  
And hurled war at the Spanish tyrant.

Eleven years the mortal conflict lasted ;  
The throne crumbled, and in its ruins  
Floats the standard of liberty.



# MEXICO AND SPAIN.

JUAN DE DIOS PEZA.

## MÉJICO Y ESPAÑA.

Allá, detras del mar, la playa amena  
De la tierra del Cid y los Guzmanes ;  
La cruz plantada en la morisca almena  
Y rotos á su pié los yataganes.

Allá, campos cruzados por gomeles,  
Murallas que los godos defendian,  
Palacios con ojivas y caireles  
Donde las ninfas del harem dormian.

Allá, las cinceladas armaduras  
Los cascos relucientes con cimeras ;  
Los castillos poblados de aventuras :  
Las torres coronadas de banderas.

Allá, los altos picos del Moncayo ;  
El Guadalete con la sangre tinto ;  
Los manes de Rodrigo y de Pelayo ;  
Las tumbas de Fernando y Carlos Quinto.

Allá, todo eso que esplendor se llama  
La tradicion, la fábula, la historia,  
Los hechos coronados por la fama  
Y los héroes unidos por la gloria.

Aquí, la noche llena de luceros ;  
El campo lleno de silvestres flores ;  
El volcan con sus hondos ventisqueros  
Y el lago con sus juncos tembladores.

## MEXICO AND SPAIN.

Yonder, beyond the sea, is the lovely shore  
Of the land of the Cid and the Guzmanes ;  
The cross, planted in the Moorish turret,  
And the yataghans, broken at its foot.

Yonder, the fields, by gomeles crossed ;  
Walls, defended by the Goths ;                    [ tains,  
Palaces and gothic windows, and fringed cur-  
Where reposed the nymphs of the harem.

Yonder, the chiseled armors ;  
The helmets, glittering with crests :  
Forts, in emergencies occupied ;  
The turrets crowned with banners.

Yonder, the lofty peaks of Moncayo :  
The Guadalete, dyed with blood ;  
The spirits of Rodrigo and Pelayo ;  
The tombs of Fernando and Charles the Fifth.

Yonder, all that is called glory.  
Tradition, legend, history :  
Deeds crowned by fame,  
And heroes, united by glory.

Here, the night, replete with stars ;  
The fields, covered with wild flowers ;  
The volcano, with its deep snow drifts,  
And the lake with its trembling rushes.

Aquí, la vírjen tierra americana  
Bajo su azul y tierno cortinaje ;  
El rey desnudo, la vestal indiana,  
El bosque inculto, la adunar salvaje.

Aquí, errabundo el ignorado atleta  
De audacia ejemplo y de valor tesoro,  
En las entrañas del peñon la veta  
Y el barro confundido con el oro.

Aquí, el templo de tosca grandería,  
El ídolo hecho un Dios omnipotente  
Y del pueblo la sorda gritería  
Al verlo bautizar con sangre hirviente.

Aquí, el carcax, el arco y la rodela  
De tosca piel con plumas adornada ;  
La aguda flecha que en los aires vuela  
Y la macana en pedernal labrada.

Aquí, sólo un baluarte : la montaña ;  
Allá : torres y naves y cañones ;  
Tal fué Tenoxtitlan ; tal era España.  
¿Cuál vencerá en la lid de ambas naciones ?

Admiro Iberia altiva tu nobleza,  
Tu carácter indómito y bravío,  
Pero á la par admiro la grandeza  
Y el heróico valor del pueblo mío.

¿Qué hallaste en estos reinos ignorados ?  
Un pueblo que del oro no se engrie ;  
Una tumba que asombra tus soldados,  
Y un Guatimoc que en el tormento rie.



Here, the virgin American soil  
Beneath its blue and delicate sky ;  
The nude king ; the indian maiden ;  
The incult woods, and the savage horde.

Here, the roaming unknown athlete,  
An example of intrepidity and of bravery ;  
In the entrails of the rock, the vein  
And the clay, mixed with the gold.

Here, the temple of rough grandeur ;  
The idol, converted into an omnipotent God,  
And the deafening shouts of the populace  
When they see it baptized with boiling blood.

Here, the quiver, the bow and the shield  
Of rough skin, ornamented with feathers ;  
The sharp arrow that flies in the air ;  
And the macana, worked in flint.

Here, only one bulwark—the mountain ;  
Yonder, towers, and ships and cannons.  
Such was Tenoxtitlan ; Such was Spain ; [tions ?  
Which shall conquer in the conflict of both na-

I admire thy nobility, proud Iberia,  
Thy indomitable and fearless character ;  
But equally do I admire the greatness  
And the heroic valor of my people.

What didst thou find in these unknown king-  
A people who boast not of their riches ; [doms ?  
A tomb that surprises thy soldiers,  
And a Guatimoc, who smiles while tortured.

Culparte qué en nuestro siglo fuera men-  
Venciste y nadie intentará culparte ; [gua ;  
Entre tus dones heredé tu lengua  
Y nunca la usaré para insultarte.

Si á la justicia destronó el capricho ;  
Si está con sangre escrita cada hazaña,  
¡ Ah ! yo diré lo qué Quintano ha dicho :  
" Crímenes son del tiempo, no de España ! "

¡ Nuestra sangre es igual ! que nadie opon-  
A nuestra union calumnia ni rencores ; [ga  
La plegaria inmortal de Covadonga  
Siglos mas tarde resonó en Dolores !

La misma es nuestra raza altiva y fiera,  
Igual nuestro carácter franco y rudo ;  
Aquí, el águila libre por bandera ;  
Allá, el leon por símbolo y escudo.

No de venganza con mentido alarde  
Nuestras glorias hundamos en la niebla ;  
Hijos de Zaragoza y de Velarde,  
¡ Juntos cantemos á Bailén y á Puebla !

Juntos el mejicano y el ibero  
Tener debieran, en mejores días :  
¡ Para cantar su patriotismo á Homero !  
¡ Para llorar sus duelos á Isaías !

Hoy la gloria con bellos arreboles  
Ilumina enlazadas nuestras manos :  
¡ Honor eterno á Méjico : españoles !  
¡ Honor eterno á España : mejicanos !

[credit ;  
To find thee guilty in our time would be a dis-  
Thou didst conquer, and none will try to condemn  
Among thy gifts I inherited thy tongue, [thee.  
And never will I use it to offend thee.

If caprice has dethroned justice ,  
If each heroic feat is written with blood ;  
Ah ! I will say what Quintana said :  
“ They are crimes of the times and not of Spain.”

Our blood is equal ! let no one oppose  
Calumny or rancors to our union.  
The immortal prayer of Covadonga  
Resounded centuries later in Dolores.

Our proud and brave race is the same ;  
Equal our frank and plain character.  
Here, the free eagle for a banner ;  
Yonder, the lion for a symbol and shield.

Let us not sink our glories in darkness  
With the false ostentation of revenge ;  
Sons of Zaragoza and Velarde,  
Together let us sing to Bailen and Puebla !

Together the Mexican and Iberian  
Should have, in better days,  
A Homer to sing their patriotism,  
An Isaiah to weep their sorrows.

Glory, to-day, with golden hues,  
Illuminates our clasped hands :  
Spaniards : eternal honor to Mexico !  
Mexicans : honor eternal to Spain !



SOUTH AMERICAN POEMS.

## CANTO Á LA CORDILLERA DE LOS ANDES.

En qué tiempo, en cuál día, ó en que hora  
No es grandioso, soberbio é imponente,  
Altísima montaña,  
Tu aspecto majestuoso !  
Grande, si el primer rayo de la aurora  
Se refleja en las nieves de tu frente :  
Grande, si desde en medio del espacio  
El sol l s ilumina ;  
Y magnífico, en fin, si en el ocaso  
Tras de la onda salada y cristalina  
Su disco refulgente se ha escondido,  
Dejando en tu alta cumbre  
Algun rayo de luz que nos alumbre ;  
Aunque no veamos ya de dó ha partido.  
¿ Qué mortal atrevido es el que ha osado  
A tus escelsas cimas elevarse ?  
¿ Quién es él que ha estampado  
En las eternas nieves que las cubren  
El rastro de su planta ?  
El condor que en su vuelo  
Mas allá de las nubes se levanta,  
Y que á escalar el cielo  
Parece destinado,  
Jamás fijó la garra ensangrentada  
En sus crestas altísimas en donde  
A la tierra Argentina el sol se esconde.  
Qué sublime y grandiosa es la presencia  
En las ardientes noches del verano ;

## SONG TO THE CORDILLERAS OF THE ANDES.

Lofty mountains ! at what time, on what  
Or at what hour do I not find                    [day,  
Thy majestic aspect  
Grand, sublime and imposing ?  
Glorious, when the first ray of dawn  
Is reflected in the snows of thy brow :  
Grand, when from the midst of space  
They are illuminated by the sun ;  
And magnificent, when at last, in the west,  
His brilliant disk has disappeared  
Beyond the briny and crystal waters,  
Leaving upon the towering peak  
Some ray of light to illuminate us,  
Although we see no more whence it parted.  
Who is the bold mortal who has dared  
To climb thy lofty peaks ?  
Who is he that on the summit's  
Eternal snows, which cover it,  
Has stamped the print of his foot ?  
The condor who, in his flight,  
Rises beyond the clouds,  
And who seems destined  
To scale the skies,  
Has never rested his gory talons  
On its highest crests, where hides  
The sun from the land of Argentine.  
How sublime and grand is that presence  
In the ardent nights of summer,

Cuando la luz incierta de la luna  
Alumbra una por una  
Las hondas quiebras de tu frente altiva !  
Al contemplar mi mente  
La siempre caprichosa alternativa  
De eminencias sin límite patente,  
Y de profundidades sin medida,  
Absorta y conmovida  
Cree estar viendo los pliegues del ropaje  
De un fantasma nocturno cuyo planta  
En la tierra está fija,  
Y su cabeza al cielo se levanta.  
¿Qué serían los Alpes, el Caucaso,  
El Pirineo, el Atlas y Apeninos,  
Si se hallaran vecinos  
Al agreste empinado Chimborazo?  
Solo tú, Dolhaguer, de las alturas  
Que el mortal ha podido  
Sujetar á mensuras  
Mas alto te levantas ;  
Pero ¿quién ha medido  
El gran Loncomini, ni el Illacmami?  
Y quién del Tupungato inaccesible  
La enorme elevacion ha calculado?  
Cordilleras inmensas donde el hielo  
A los fuegos del sol es insensible  
Forman el pedestal donde su asiento  
Tiene esta mole, cuya helada cima  
Parece que sostiene el firmamento.  
Huye sañudo ó iracundo el viento  
Y las selvas y torres estremece,  
Y su espantosa furia tanto crece  
Que arranca los peñascos de su asiento.  
Las nubes sobre nubes amontona ;



When the moon's uncertain light  
Illumines, one by one,  
The steep crags of thy lofty brow !  
When my mind contemplates  
The always capricious alternative  
Of eminences without manifest limit,  
And of measureless depths,  
While thus absorbed and agitated,  
It seems to view the folds of the robe  
Of a nocturnal phantom whose foot  
Is resting on the earth  
While his head rises to heaven.  
What would become of the Alps, the Caucasus,  
The Pyrenees, the Atlas, and the Apennines,  
If they were to find themselves neighbors  
With the wild and lofty Chimborazo?  
Only thou, Dolhaguer, risest higher  
Than the heights which  
Mortal has been able  
To subject to measurement ;  
But who has measured  
The great Loncomini, or Illimani ?  
And who has calculated the enormous  
Elevation of inaccessible Tupungato ?  
Immense Cordilleras, where the ice  
Is insensible to the heat of the sun,  
Form the pedestal where this colossus  
Has its seat, whose icy peak  
Seems to support the firmament.  
Madly the wind in its fury sweeps,  
Shaking forests and peaks,  
Increasing in its frightful fury  
And tearing rocks from their foundation :  
Clouds upon clouds it heaps,

Y de la tempestad el ronco estruendo  
De valle en valle su furor pragona.  
Rasgan mil rayos de la nube el seno,  
Y el horrendo estampido  
Del pavoroso trueno,  
De la oscura guarida hace que huya  
El león desvaporido.  
Mas cuando en las montañas  
De un orden inferior, y en las llanuras,  
Todo anuncia el estrago y esterminio  
De las selvas, peñascos y criaturas,  
La tempestad no estiende su dominio  
A la cumbre elevada incommovible  
Del siempre eucanecido Tupungato,  
Do fluye el éter puro y apacible.  
En la edad primitiva de la tierra,  
Cuando el fuego voraz que en lo mas hondo  
De sus senos recónditos se encierra  
Mas á la superficie se acercaba ;  
Y cuando en cada una  
De tus cumbres altísimas se vía,  
Que en torbellinos de humo ardiente lava  
El cráter inflamado despedia  
De cien volcanes, cuyas erupciones  
Nuevos montes y valles, nuevos lagos  
Dejaron por señal de sus estragos :  
Cuando las convulsiones  
Que agitaron la tierra de continuo  
A los mares abrieron el camino  
Que despues Magallanes descubriera ;  
Entónces : ¿ qué mortal hubiera visto  
Impávido y sereno  
Su cabeza amagada por el trueno,  
Y el pié no hallar asiento

And the hoarse roaring of the tempest  
From vale to vale proclaims its fury.  
Multitudes of thunderbolts tear the bosom of  
And the dreadful thunder's [the cloud,  
Horrifying crash  
Makes the breathless lion  
To flee from his dark abode.  
But when, in the lesser mountains,  
And on the plains,  
Everything proclaims the ruin and destruction  
Of the forests, rocks and living creatures,  
The tempest's domain does not extend  
To the lofty, undisturbed peak  
Of the hoary Tupungato,  
Where flows the tranquil, heavenly air.  
In the primitive age of the world,  
When the voracious fire, confined  
In the deepest recess of its hidden bosom,  
Was nearing the surface ;  
And when upon each one  
Of thy lofty peaks could be seen  
The fiery craters from a hundred volcanoes,  
Discharging burning lava  
Amidst masses of smoke ; and whose eruptions  
Left new mountains, and valleys, and lakes.  
As a mark of their havoc,  
When the convulsions  
Which agitated the earth incessantly,  
Opened the passage of the oceans  
For Magellan later to discover ;  
What mortal then would have seen,  
Undaunted and calm,  
His head threatened with the thunder,  
His foot not finding rest below

Que seguro le fuera  
Cuando la tierra estaba en movimiento?  
Si fué en aquella era  
En la que la salvaje Patagonia  
Una raza habitaba de gigantes,  
De mas gran corazon que lo es ahora  
El hombre envilecido,  
Oiria en el rugido  
Que la esplosion violenta producía,  
El orbe conmoviendo en sus cimientos,  
La voz del Grande Espíritu ordenando  
A los astros distintos movimientos,  
Hacer la division de noche y dia  
Y varias sazones arreglando,  
En el fuego, veria, que arrojaban  
Las cóncavas entrañas  
De las crespas y altísimas montañas  
Otras tantas antorchas con que quiso  
Iluminar su trono,  
El Ente eterno que los mundos hizo.  
Si á la tierra bajara  
La libertad querida, hija del cielo,  
¿Dó su trono fijara  
En el mísero suelo,  
Sino donde el aliente emponzoñado  
Del despotismo mancillar no pudo  
El aire primitivo?  
¿Y cuál lugar en fin no ha profanado  
En su inquieto furor la tiranía?  
La corva quilla de guerrera nave  
Corta la onda agitada del Oceano,  
Y el despotismo fiero que no cabe  
En el recinto que ocupar solia,  
Estiende su poder al pais lejano ;

That were secure,  
While the earth trembled?  
If it was in that era  
When savage Patagonia  
Was peopled by a race of giants,  
Larger hearted than is now  
Degraded man,  
He would hear in the roar  
Which the violent explosion produced,  
While shaking the orb in its foundations,  
The voice of the Great Spirit ordering  
The distinct movements of the stars,  
Making the divisions of night and day,  
And arranging the different seasons.  
In the fire which  
The hollow bowels  
Of the lofty and irregular mountains threw up,  
He would see many more torches with which  
The Eternal Being who created the worlds  
Wished to illuminate his throne.  
If cherished liberty, the daughter of heaven,  
Were to descend to earth,  
Where, on this unhappy soil,  
Would she fix her throne  
Save where the poisoned breath  
Of despotism could not pollute  
The primitive air?  
And what spot, at last, has tyranny  
Not profaned in her restless rage?  
The war ship's arched keel  
Cuts the ocean's agitated waves,  
And terrible despotism, finding no room  
In the precinct that once it occupied,  
Extends its power to distant lands ;

Nuevas víctimas halla  
En que ejercer sus bárbaros furores,  
Y el hombre infeliz, del despotismo ;  
Cuando ni la ballena  
En lo mas hondo del salado abismo  
De su influjo fatal se mira esenta,  
Y fuera de su alcance no se cuenta !  
El pino, de los bosques ornamento,  
En el recinto oculto y solitario  
La erguida copa ostenta  
Mecida blandamente por el viento ;  
Pero el brazo nefario  
La cortante segur al tronco aplica,  
Y en el fugaz periodo de un instante,  
El mismo que hasta el cielo  
Elevarse orgulloso parecia,  
Sin vida cae tendido sobre el suelo.  
De allí á la húmida playa  
El esfuerzo del hombre hace que vaya :  
En bajel se transforma y ¡ quién creyera  
Que este árbol tan gallardo, tan lozano,  
Que en la remota selva ha nacido  
Exento no estuviera  
Del poder formidable de un tirano !  
Él ordenó que nave se volviera,  
Y nave se volvió, do ahora truena  
El cañon matador cuando él lo ordena.  
Empero ¿ por ventura,  
La mísera morada  
Seria la mansion augusta y pura  
En que la libertad moró algun dia ?  
No : que á la tiranía  
El hombre como el bruto  
Le pagan de dolor triste tributo :

It finds new victims  
On which to exercise its cruel rage—  
And the unhappy victim of tyranny—  
When not even the whale,  
In the profoundest depths of the briny gulf,  
Sees himself exempt from its fatal influence,  
And beyond its reach he cannot go !  
The pine, the adornment of the woods,  
In the occult and lonely precinct  
Displays its upright apex,  
Gently rocked by the breeze ;  
But the nefarious arm  
Firmly applies the hatchet to the stem,  
And in the fleeting period of an instant  
The same tree that appeared  
To rise proudly to the skies,  
Falls lifeless, stretched upon the ground.  
From there, by the aid of man,  
It is borne to the surf bathed shores [lieve  
And transformed into a boat. Who would be-  
That this tree, so graceful, so luxuriant :  
Born in the distant forest,  
Would not be exempt  
From the tyrant's vast domain !  
He ordered it transformed into a ship,  
And a ship it became, where now thunders  
The deadly cannon at his command.  
But would, perchance,  
This wretched abode  
Be the august and pure home  
Where Liberty one day dwelt ?  
No : for to tyranny  
Man, as well as beast,  
Pays the sad tribute of sorrow.

Los míseros humanos  
Bajo el yugo do quier de los tiranos  
Arrastraron su mísera existencia.  
Do quiera que hombres hubo  
Alzó la tiranía  
Su estandarte sangriento en mano impía.  
Tan solo en la eminencia  
Do nieves sobre nieves amontona  
La sabia providencia  
Cual en los polos frios,  
Do ni el viento, ni el sol las desmorona,  
No pueden los tiranos,  
Como en los hondos valles y los llanos  
El suelo mancillar con piés impíos.  
¡ Oh dulce patria mía ! quién creyera  
Cuando al salir del sueño de la infancia  
Admiradas te vieron las naciones  
Alzarte como el águila altanera :  
Y que en tu vuelo audaz, con arrogancia,  
Humillabas los leones  
De Castilla, que tanto respetaron,  
Y ante los cuales á su vez temblaron ;  
Quién creyera, repito, que algun día  
Doblases la cerviz al yugo duro,  
A que te había de uncir la tiranía  
Bajo la planta de un tirano oscuro !  
Pero todo en tu seno lo ha manchado  
Íse funesto aborto del abismo ;  
Por miles las cabezas ha cortado,  
Con la sonrisa aleve del cinismo ;  
Y en todo lo que abarca  
Tu suelo desde La Plata á Catamarca,  
Y del pié de los Andes á Corrientes,



Everywhere under the tyrant's yoke  
The wretched people  
Dragged out their mirerable existence.  
Wherever man dwelt  
There Tyranny raised  
Her gory banner with impious hands.  
But only on the summit  
Where wise Providence  
Heaps snow upon snow,  
As at the frigid poles,  
Where neither wind nor sun dissolves it,  
Can the tyrants soil the ground  
With impious feet  
As in the deep valleys and plains.  
Oh ! my sweet fatherland ! who would believe  
That when emerging from the sleep of infancy  
The nations behe'd thee with admiration  
Lifting thyself like the proud eagle ;  
And that in thy bold flight thou  
Wouldst subdue with haughtiness  
The lions of Castile, which they so much  
Respected, and before which they trembled.  
Who would believe it, I repeat, that some day  
Thou wouldst bend thy brow to the heavy yoke  
To which tyranny was to yoke thee  
Beneath the foot of an obscure despot !  
But that ominous monster of the abyss  
Has soiled everything within thy bosom ;  
He has decapitated them by thousands  
With the treacherous smile of cynicism ;  
And upon all that thy soil embraces,  
From La Plata to Catamarca,  
And from the foot of the Andes to Corrientes,

Con sangre señalaron su camino  
 Sus bárbaros tenientes.  
 Solo la nieve eterna de la cumbre  
 De ese cordón que ciñe al Occidente  
 Tus inmensas llanuras,  
 No sostuvo jamas la pesadumbre  
 De sus plantas impuras.  
 Mas tus picos nevados  
 No así se resistieron  
 En otro tiempo, altísima montaña,  
 Para no ser hollados  
 De aquellos que valientes combatieron  
 Por libertarse del poder de España.  
 Legiones de mi patria enarbolando  
 El bicolor do el sol su faz ostenta,  
 Ví yo escalar tu cima ;  
 Y el yugo de Fernando  
 Que tres centurias de existencia cuenta  
 Roto le ví caer en Chile y Lima.  
 Libertad en tus cumbres se proclama :  
 Y desde el cabo helado do la tierra  
 Con el sañudo mar siempre está en guerra,  
 A la desierta arena de Atacama,  
 De monte en monte se repite el grito ;  
 Y el eco dice “ Libertad ” en Quito.  
 ¡ Mas oh dulce ilusion ! ¿ Porqué concluiste ?  
 Independencia y gloria consiguieron ;  
 Pero la libertad que á tantos dieron  
 No alcanzaron jamas, ¡ oh verdad triste !  
 Yo saludo las cumbres en que ostentas  
 Nieves que una edad cuentan con el mundo,  
 Montaña inaccesible.  
 Y al contemplar las faces que presentas,

His barbarous deputies  
 Marked their paths with blood.  
 Only the summit's eternal snow,  
 Of that chain which, towards the west circles  
 Thine immense plains,  
 Has never sustained the weight  
 Of their unclean steps.  
 But, glorious mountain,  
 At some former period  
 Thy snowy peaks not thus  
 Resisted the tread  
 Of those who valiantly fought  
 To free themselves from Spain's dominion.  
 There, where the sun to us turns his face,  
 I saw legions scaling thy summit  
 And hoisting my country's bi-colored flag ;  
 I likewise saw the yoke of Ferdinand  
 That for three centuries has existed,  
 Fall asunder in Chili and Lima.  
 Liberty upon the summits is proclaimed,  
 And from the icy cape, where the earth  
 Is ever at war with the angry sea,  
 To the desert sands of Atacama, [tain,  
 The cry is repeated from mountain to moun-  
 And the echo proclaims: " Liberty !" in Quito.  
 But oh ! sweet illusion why didst thou end?  
 Glory and independence they obtained ;  
 But oh ! sad truth ! the liberty [reached.  
 They gave to so many, themselves never  
 I greet the peaks upon which thou, inaccessi-  
 Mountain, showest snows [ble  
 As old as the world. [sentest  
 And when contemplating the views thou pre-

Desde el valle profundo ;  
Que mísero gusano imperceptible,  
Me diera el Ser eterno por morada :  
Al beber de los ríos y torrentes  
Que se desprenden de tu helada cima,  
Y que rugiendo van por la quebrada  
En que Dios encerrara sus corrientes :  
El soplo del Eterno que me anima  
Bendice su hacedor, y agradecido  
Se postra en su presencia enmudecido.  
Yo veo en esa mole gigantesca  
La obra de un ente eterno,  
Y de la eternidad me da la norma.  
Llegará tal vez tiempo en que parezca  
Y la voz de gobierno  
Con que los soles y los mundos forma.  
Quizas en los arcanos de su mente  
Está ya decretado,  
Que en polvo se disuelva de repente ;  
Pero mi entendimiento  
Débil y limitado  
A comprender no alcanza  
El supremo poder, que movimiento  
Al universo ha dado,  
Fijando el equilibrio y la pujanza  
De los cuerpos que pueblan el vacío,  
Do ejerce su poder y señorío.  
Mas su saber y su grandeza admiro  
Cuando al insecto imperceptible miro ;  
Y siento que su mano,  
Que todo lo que sacara de la nada,  
Ha podido arrojar sobre ancho llano  
Una montaña enorme y elevada ;

From the deep valley, —  
Though to me the Eternal Being gave  
The abode of the mean and diminutive worm, —  
When I drink from the rivers and torrents  
That spring from thy snowy peak,  
And which flow thundering thro' the ravines  
In which God would confine their currents,  
Then the breath of the Eternal, that gives me  
Blesses its Maker, and in gratitude [life,  
Humbles itself in his presence in silence.  
I see, in this gigantic mass,  
The work of an eternal being,  
Giving one the standard of eternity.  
Perhaps the time may come when  
The governing motive which forms  
The suns and the worlds may perish ;  
Perhaps, in the arcana of His mind,  
It is already decreed  
That suddenly it shall dissolve into dust.  
But my weak and  
Limited understanding  
Can not arrive at a comprehension  
Of the superior power that has  
Given impulse to the universe,  
Disposing the equilibrium and force  
Of the bodies that inhabit the space  
Where it exercises its sovereign power.  
But His wisdom and greatness I admire  
When looking at the diminutive insect ;  
And I feel that His hand,  
Capable of producing everything from naught,  
Was able to cast upon the broad plain  
A high and enormous mountain,

Y á polvo reducirla en un momento  
Arrancando en cuajo su cimiento.  
Cuando las tempestades  
Las razas exterminen de los hombres,  
Éstinguiendo los nombres  
De naciones, imperios y ciudades :  
Cuando el fuego del cielo  
Por la mano de Dios lanzada sea,  
Y descendiendo al suelo  
Écho pavesas por do quier se vea ;  
Y que los altos montes y collados  
Como la cera fluyen liquidados :  
Cuando el fiero Aquilon embravecido  
Sublevando las aguas del oceano  
Las saque del abismo donde han yacido,  
El escarpado cerro y ancho llano  
Bajo sus ondas cubran encrespadas :  
Cuando ninguna voz, viviente, unida  
Al mugir de las olas agitadas,  
Deje sentir de vida  
Un eco solo que repita el monte :  
Entónces esas puntas siempre heladas,  
Respetará la furia de los mares ;  
Y en el vasto horizonte  
El punto enseñarán donde algun día  
La libertad tuviera sus altares.  
Y así como los mástiles indican,  
El lugar do la nave ha zozobrado ;  
Y que mudos publican  
El fracaso que allí los ha fijado :  
O cual cruz solitario en el desierto  
Anuncia al caminante,  
Que en aquel punto ha muerto

And to reduce it to dust in an instant,  
Eradicating its foundation.  
When the tempests will  
Exterminate the races of men,  
Extinguishing the names  
Of nations, empires and cities ;  
When the fire from heaven,  
Hurled by the hand of God,  
Descends to the earth,  
Turning all to cinders wherever one sees ;  
And when the high mountains and hills  
Flow dissolved like wax ;  
When the fierce northern hurricane, in its  
Tosses the waters of the ocean, [fury,  
Drawing them from the depth where they lay,  
Covering the steep hill and broad plain  
Under their boisterous waves ;  
When no living voice, mingled  
With the roaring of the agitated waters,  
Leaves a sign of life in a single echo  
Which the mountains might repeat,  
Then the fury of the oceans  
Will respect those snow-capped peaks,  
And in the vast horizon  
They will mark the spot where some day  
Liberty will have her altars,  
And thus, as the masts which indicate  
Where the ship has foundered,  
And mutely reveal  
The disaster that has fixed them there ;  
Or as the lonely cross in the desert  
Announces to the wanderer  
That in that spot has died,

Y sepultado está su semejante :  
Así esas crestas que orgullosa elevas,  
Del naufragio del mundo y los mortales  
Vendrán á ser las únicas señales,  
Que puedan consultar las razas nuevas ;  
Hasta que un gesto del eterno obrero  
La grandeza les vuelva y ser primero.

JUAN GODOY.





And is buried, his equal,  
So those crests which thou proudly bearest  
Will become the only mark  
Of the wreck of the world and its mortals  
Which the new races can consult,  
Until a sign from the Eternal Maker [ence.  
Return to them their greatness and first exist-

JUAN GODOY.



## A LA ESPERANZA.

Mágico nombre que el mortal adora,  
Sueño feliz de encanto y de ilusion,  
Tú cuya luz al porvenir colora,  
Tú, cuyo aroma embriaga al corazon :

Supremo bien, que el cielo bondadoso  
Otorgar quiso al infeliz mortal,  
Cual en desierto estéril arenoso,  
Hizo nacer un puro manantial :

Eres de Dios la paternal sonrisa,  
Eres el don de su divino amor,  
Mas suave que el murmullo de la brisa,  
Mas dulce que el aroma de la flor.

Eres un ángel que acompaña al hombre  
Desde la cuna al fúnebre ataúd,  
A la inocencia hechizas con tu nombre,  
Alientas con tu voz á la virtud.

Tú sola das un bálsamo divino  
Al lacerado y yermo corazon,  
Y de la vida en el erial camino  
Tuyas las flores que se encuentran son.

Hasta en la losa de la tumba fria  
Vierte tu luz divina claridad,  
Y al penetrar en su mansion sombría  
El hombre espera inmensa eternidad.

## TO HOPE.

    Magic name, by mortals adored ;  
Happy dream of enchantment and illusion ;  
Thou, whose light brightens the future ;  
Thou, whose aroma intoxicates the heart :

    Supreme blessing which bountiful heaven  
Did grant to the unhappy mortal,  
And which, in the barren and sandy desert,  
Caused the crystal spring to take its source.

    Thou art God's paternal smile ;  
Thou art the gift of his divine love ;  
Gentler than the murmuring breeze ;  
Sweeter than the blossom's fragrance.

    Thou art an angel that accompanies man  
From his cradle to the funeral hearse ;  
Thou charimest innocence with thy name,  
And encouragest virtue with thy power.

    Thou only givest a divine balsam  
To the lacerated and forlorn heart,  
And on life's uncultivated road  
Thine are the blossoms that we find.

    Even upon the stone of the cold tomb  
Thy light spreads a divine luster,  
And on entering its gloomy abode  
Man hopes for infinite eternity.

Por tí el guerrero de su hogar querido  
Corre al combate con heróico ardor,  
Y del cañon el hórrido estampido  
Escucha sin espanto ni temor.

Tuya es la voz que le promete gloria,  
Tuyo el afan que se despierta en él,  
Mostrándole una página en la historia  
Y una corona eternal de laurel.

Al marinero que en el frágil leño  
Surca el imperio del terrible mar,  
Tú le prometes de tesoros dueño  
A la patria querida retornar.

¡ Ay ! tu tambien delirio lisonjero  
Siempre serás del triste trovador.  
Tú de su vida el áspero sendero,  
Perfumarás con encantada flor.

Tuya es la voz que escucha enardecido,  
Que le revela un alto porvenir,  
Y de las leyes del eterno olvido  
Intenta audaz un nombre redimir.

En vano envuelta en el inmundo cieno  
La envidia exhala su infernal vapor,  
En vano vierte insana su veneno,  
En vano lanza el grito detractor.

Que cuando se alza en el brillante cielo  
Mirando al sol el águila real,  
No ve al reptil que en el oscuro suelo  
Clavarle intenta su aguijon fatal.

For thee the warrior, from his beloved home,  
Runs to the combat with heroic ardor,  
And the cannon's horrifying report  
He hears without dread or fear.

Thine is the voice that promises him glory ;  
Thine the eagerness that awakens in him  
Showing him a page in history  
And an eternal crown of laurel.

To the mariner in his fragile bark,  
Who ploughs the empire of the terrible sea,  
Thou promisest that, the master of riches,  
To his beloved home he will return.

Ah ! thou likewise shalt always be  
The mournful troubador's delightful delirium,  
And the rough road of his life  
Thou wilt perfume with enchanted flowers.

Thine is the voice, to which he ardently listens,  
That reveals to him a superior hereafter.  
And from the laws of eternal oblivion  
He boldly attempts to redeem a name.

In vain doth Envy, wrapped in the unclean  
Exhale its infernal breath ; [mire,  
In vain it insanely scatters its venom ;  
In vain it utters its slanderous cry,

For the imperial eagle that soars upward into  
The brilliant sky, with his gaze on the sun,  
Sees not the reptile on the somber ground,  
Intent on piercing him with its deadly fang.

Y tú, tierno amante  
Que triste suspiras  
De ausencia las iras,  
De olvida el rigor,

¿Qué balsamo suave  
Mitiga tu pena,  
Y encanta y serena  
Tu acerbo dolor?

Tú sola, Esperanza !  
Tu influjo divino  
Del crudo destino  
Se sabe burlar.

No temen tus flores  
La fuerza del hielo,  
Y en árido suelo  
Las haces brotar.

Ven, pues, ¡ oh Diva ! tu favor imploro,  
Muéstrame ya tu seductora faz  
Ahí, no te pido ni el laurel, ni el oro,  
Solo ambiciono sosegada paz.

Déjame ver en venidero día  
Una choza pajiza entre verdor,  
Mientras trinando en la enramada umbría  
Las aves canten su inocente amor.

Allá me ofrece la apacible calma  
Exenta de temor y de inquietud,  
Descanso dulce que apetece el alma,  
Supremo bien, que anhela la virtud.

And thou, tender lover,  
Who sadly bemoanest  
The anguish of absence,  
And the keenness of oblivion ,

What gentle balsam  
Soothes thy pain,  
And charms and quiets  
Thine austere sorrow ?

Hope, it is thou alone !  
Thy divine influence  
Can laugh  
At rude fate.

Thy flowers fear not  
The rigors of the frost,  
And from barren soil  
Thou makest them spring.

Come then, O, Diva ! I implore thy favor :  
Show me now thy seductive face.  
Ah ! I ask of thee neither honors nor gold :  
All I covet is restful peace.

Let me behold, in a day to come,  
A thatched cabin in the midst of verdure,  
While in the shady branches  
The birds warble their innocent love.

There peaceful tranquility,  
Exempt from fear and anxiety,  
Affords me sweet repose : supreme benefits  
Craved by the soul, and by virtue longed for.

De las ciudades el ambiente impuro  
No osará, no, mi asilo penetrar.  
Ni de un palacio el ostentoso muro  
La luz del sol me llegará á robar.

No veré allí ni mármoles ni broncees,  
Que presten su dureza al corazón,  
Y libre siendo por mi bien entónces,  
Me inspirarán sus dueños compasion.

No allí la envidia arrastrará su planta,  
Ni la calumnia elevará su voz,  
Ni la perfidia, que al herir encanta,  
Ni la codicia, allí estará, atroz.

Ni allí abrazada de la fiebre impía  
Beberá el alma en turbio cenagal,  
Ni en el silencio de la noche umbría  
Oiré el rumor de inmundo bacanal.

Ni veré frentes pálidas, marchitas,  
Surcadas ¡ ay ! en tierna juventud,  
Cual si de Dios por el furor malditas  
Ansias enoja la paz del ataúd.

Mas en la tarde, al márgen del arroyo,  
Veré cansado al labrador pasar,  
Del pueblo honor, de su familia apoyo,  
Que alegre torna á su tranquilo hogar :

Y del ganado escucharé el balido,  
Y allá distante el compasado son  
Con que se anuncia al ánimo abatido  
La hora feliz de calma y oracion.



The city's impure atmosphere  
Will not dare to penetrate my abode,  
Nor will the ostentatious wall of a palace  
Rob me of the sunlight.

There will I see neither marble nor bronze,  
Which perchance lend their hardness to the heart ;  
And then being free from my possession,  
Their masters will inspire me with compassion.

There Envy will not wend her way,  
Nor Calumny raise her voice,  
Nor Perfidy, who revels in wounding ;  
Nor will atrocious Covetousness be there ;

Nor will the soul, burning with impious fever,  
Drink from the turbid swamp,  
Nor in the silence of shady night  
Will I hear the noise of low bacchanalia ;

Nor will I see pallid brows, faded  
And wrinkled in tender youth,  
Like perfidious desires that offend  
The peace of the tomb through the wrath of God.

But in the evening, at the margin of the brook,  
I will see the tired laborer pass— [ly—  
The honor of his village, the support of his fami-  
Returning joyfully to his peaceful home.

And I will hear the bellowing of the cattle,  
And yonder in the distance the measured sound  
Which announces to the dejected spirit  
The happy hour of peace and prayer.

Sauces dolientes, palmas solitarias,  
Templos serán, no ingratos al Señor,  
Donde dirija al cielo mis plegarias,  
Cual puro aroma de inocente flor.

Será la grama mi alfombrado suelo,  
Tendré do quier magnífico dosel,  
Harán las hojas su vistoso velo  
Y flores mil resaltarán en él.

Y mientras duerma en el modesto lecho  
No sentiré latir el corazón,  
Ni conturbarse mi agitado pecho  
Con sueños ¡ay! de gloria ni ambición.

Al despertar con las pintadas aves  
Saldré á los campos, saludando al sol,  
Y entre perfumes cándidos, suaves,  
Me embriagaré de luz y de arrebol.

Para mi mesa ofrecerá la oveja  
Su blanca leche, y frutas el verjel,  
Agua la fuente, y la industriosa abeja  
Panales mil, de perfumada miel.

Ay! este cuadro, en que descansa el alma  
Pinta, esperanza, en mágico cristal,  
Y en dulce sueño de inocencia y calma  
Deja que olvide el ruido mundanal.

Deja que alegre tus promesas crea,  
Deja que venza al desaliento atroz,  
Aunque mentida mi ventura sea,  
Aunque desmienta el porvenir tu voz.

Weeping willows, solitary palms,  
Will be temples, not displeasing to the Lord,  
Where I shall direct my prayers to heaven  
Like the pure fragrance of the simple flower.

The wheat-grass will be my carpeted floor,  
And all around I shall have a magnificent canopy:  
The leaves, studded by a thousand flowers,  
Will form its beautiful curtains.

And while I sleep upon my modest couch  
I will not feel the beating of my heart,  
Nor my agitated breast perturbed  
With dreams of glory and ambition.

On waking with the gay colored birds  
I will go to the fields, greeting the sun,  
And amid pleasant and mild perfumes  
I will intoxicate myself with light and colors.

My table will be spread with the sheep's  
Pure milk and the orchard's fruits,  
The fountain's water, and a thousand combs  
Of the industrious bee's honey.

Ah ! Hope paints this picture  
In which the soul rests in magical transparency.  
And in sweet dreams of innocence and peace,  
Leaving it to forget the worldly bustle.

Let me believe thy glowing promises :  
Let me conquer infinite faintness,  
Although my happiness may be unreal,  
And although thy voice belie the future.

Y pasen del mundo  
Placeres risueños,  
De gloria los sueños,  
De amor la ilusión.

Y pasen las voces  
De frío ateísmo,  
Que arroja el abismo  
De estéril razón.

Y pasen pugnando  
Las viejas naciones,  
Queriendo eslabones  
Eternos romper.

Y oprima el tumulto  
Legítimo dueño,  
Y tiemble del ceño  
De intruso poder.

Y pasen del hombre  
Locuras, dolores,  
Blasfemias, furores,  
Proyectos sin fin.

Veré solamente,  
Mecida en tus alas,  
Mi choza, las galas  
Del bello jardín.

Y en vano del mundo  
La pompa engañosa  
Mi paz venturosa  
Querrá perturbar.

And though pleasant joys  
Disappear from the world,  
The dreams of glory  
And love's illusion ;

And the voices  
Of cold atheism be hushed,  
Cast up from the depths  
Of sterile reason ;

And the old nations  
That would break asunder  
Eternal links  
In contention, pass away ;

And the legitimate  
Master overpower the mob ;  
And though it tremble at the  
Of the intruded power ; [frown

And tho' madness and sorrows  
Depart from man,  
Blasphemies, ambitious,  
And endless desigus,

I shall only see,  
Rocked on thy wings,  
My cabin, and the beauties  
Of my lovely garden.

And in vain my happy peace  
Would wish to perturb  
The world's  
Deceitful pomp.

Seré á su atractivo,  
Que al necio alucina,  
Del monte la encina,  
La roca del mar.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.



To its fascination, that deludes  
The fool, I shall be  
The oak of the mountain,  
The rock of the sea.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEIA.



EL VEINTE Y CINCO DE MAYO DE 1838.  
EN BUENOS-AIRES.

“ Ya raya la aurora del día de mayo :  
Salgamos, salgamos á esperar el rayo  
Que lance primero su fúlgido sol.

“ Mirad, todavía no asoma la frente,  
Pero ya le anuncia cercano al oriente  
De púrpura y oro brillante arrebol.

“ Mirad esas filas, el rayo, el acero,  
Los patrios pendones, la voz del guerrero  
Al salir el astro saludo le harán :

“ De párvulos tiernos inocente coro  
Alzará á los cielos el canto sonoro,  
Y todas las madres de amor llorarán.

“ Por los horizontes del río de Plata  
El pueblo en silencio la vista dilata  
Buscando en las aguas naciente fulgor ;

“ Y el aire de vivas poblaráse luego  
Cuando en el baluarte con lenguas de fuego  
Anuncie el momento cañon tronador.

“ Cándida y celeste la patria bandera  
Sobre las almenas será la primera  
Que el brillo reciba del gran luminar.



THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MAY, 1838, IN  
BUENOS AYRES.

“ Already breaks the dawn of the (twenty-fifth)  
Out, out, to await the first ray [day of May :  
Shed by its resplendent sun.

“ Behold ! not yet he shows his face,  
But already the purple, golden  
And brilliant lights announce him near the orient.

“ Behold those ranks, those files, those swords,  
The patriot's pennons ; and the warrior's voice  
Will greet the orb as it rises.

“ A chorus of young and innocent children  
Will raise to heaven their tuneful song,  
While all their mothers will weep with love.

“ Over the horizons of the river La Plata,  
In silence the people extend their gaze  
Seeking in the waters the growing brilliancy.

“ And then the air will become alive  
When in the bastion the thundering cannons  
Announce the moment with tongues of fire.

“ The native flag, pure and celestial,  
Over the turret, will be the first  
To receive the gleam of the great luminary.

“Y ved en las bellas cándida y celeste  
Como la bandera la nítida veste  
En gracioso talle gracioso ondear.

“Yo he sido guerrero : también ha postrado  
Mi brazo enemigos : me le ha destrozado  
La ardiente metralla del bronce español.

“No sigo estandartes inútil ahora,  
Pero tengo patria : Ya luce la aurora,  
Y seré dichoso si miro este sol.”

Así entre extranjeros que absortos vian,  
Y á ver esta pompa de léjos venian  
Hablaban un soldado, y era jóven yo.

¡ Qué mayo el de entónces ! ¡ Qué glorias aquellas !  
¡ Pasaron ! ¡ Pasaron ! Ni memoria de ellas  
Consiente el tirano que el mando robó.

¡ Ay ! sella tu labio, antiguo guerrero,  
Y no hables ahora si ansioso extranjero  
La gloria de mayo pregunta cuál es !

¡ Sí, sella tus labios, reprime tus iras,  
¡ Ah ! no te desprecien los hombres que miras,  
Espera los días que vendrán despues !

¡ En vano se abrieron de oriente las puertas !  
¡ Cómo en negra noche, mudas y desiertas  
Las calles y plazas y templos están !

Solo por escarnio de un pueblo de bravos,  
Bandas africanas de viles esclavos  
Por calles y plazas discurriendo van.

“ And behold on the fair maidens the bright, pure  
And heavenly robes, like the flag,  
Gently undulating upon the graceful form.

“ I have been a warrior: my arm has also  
Prostrated enemies, and has destroyed  
The burning grape of Spanish metal.

“ Now no more I uselessly follow the flag :  
But I have a fatherland. Now shines the dawn,  
And I will be happy gazing upon that sun.

Thus among strangers, absorbedly wandering,  
And come from afar to see this parade,  
Spoke a soldier, and I was young.

That day of May has passed ! What glories those !  
They are gone, they are gone ! the tyrant not even  
Allows their memory. It is robbed by his command.

Alas ! seal up thy lips, old warrior,  
And speak not now if an anxious stranger  
Ask which is the glory of May.

Yes, seal thy lips ; repress the indignation ;  
Ah ! let not the men thou seest despise thee,  
But wait for the days to come !

In vain the orient opened its gates !  
Mute and deserted, as in a dark night,  
Are the streets, and squares, and churches !

And as if to mock a nation of braves,  
Only bands of Africans—of abject slaves,  
Go rambling through the streets and squares.

Su bárbara grito, su danza salvaje  
Es en este día meditado ultraje  
Del nuevo caribe que el sur abortó.

Sin parte en tu gloria, nación argentina,  
Tu gloria, tu nombre, tu honor abomina :  
En su enojo el cielo tal hijo te dió.

Feroz y medroso, desde el hondo encierro  
Do temblando mora, la mano de hierro  
Tiende sobre el pueblo mostrando el puñal.

Vergüenza, despecho y envidia le oprimen ;  
Los hombres de mayo son hombres de crimen  
Para este ministro del genio del mal.

Sin él Patria, Leyes, Libertad gritaron,  
Sin él valerosos la espada empuñaron,  
Rompiéron cadenas y yugo sin él.

Por eso persigue con hórrida saña  
A los vencedores de su amada España,  
Y en el grande día la vengá cruel.

El Plata, los Andes, Tucuman hermoso,  
Y Salta y el Maipo, y el Pera fragosa,  
¿ Le vieron acaso pugnar y vencer ?

Vilcapujio, Ayuma, Moquegua, Torata,  
Donde la victoria nos fué tan ingrata,  
¿ Le vieron acaso con gloria caer ?

A fuer de cobarde y aleve asesino  
Espíaba al momento que al pueblo argentino  
Postrado dejara discordia civil.

Their wild shout ; their savage dance ;  
Is now a meditated outrage  
Of the New Carib, cast up by the south.

Without a share in thy glory, Argentine nation,  
He detests thy fame, thy name and thy honor :  
Such the son that heaven sent thee in its wrath.

Savage and coward, from the deep prison  
Where he dwells in fear, and stretches his iron hand  
Over the people, exhibiting his poniard.

Shame, despair and envy crush him.  
The men of May are men of crime  
For this agent of the genius of evil.

[and Laws !"  
Without him they shouted : "Country, Liberty  
Without him they bravely grasped the sword ;  
And without him they broke chains and yokes.

Therefore he persecutes with fearful rage  
The conquerors of his beloved Spain,  
And on the great day the cruel revenge.

La Plata, the Andes, and grand Tucuman,  
And Salta, and the Maipo, and craggy Peru,  
Did they, perchance, see him fight and conquer ?

Vilcapujio, Ayuma, Moquegua, Torata,  
Where victory was so ungreatful to us,  
Did they, perchance, see him with glory fall ?

Upon the word of a coward and treacherous assas-  
He watched for the moment when civil discord [sin  
Would leave the Argentine people exhausted.

Y al verle vencido por su propia fuerza  
Le asalta, le oprime, le burla y se esfuerza  
En que arrastre esclavo cadena servil.

¡ Oh Dios ! No supimos vivir como hermanos,  
De la dulce patria nuestras mismas manos  
Las tiernas entrañas osaron romper :

Y por castigarnos al cielo le plugo  
Hacer que marchemos uncidos al yugo  
Que oscuro salvaje nos quiso imponer !

¿ Y tú, Buenos-Aires, ántes vencedora,  
Humillada sufres que sirvan ahora  
Todos sus trofeos de alfombra á su pié ?

¿ Será que ese monstruo robártelos pueda  
Y de tí se diga que solo te queda  
El mísero orgullo de un tiempo que fué ?

¿ Qué azote, qué ultraje resta todavía,  
Qué nuevo infortunio, cara patria mia,  
De que tú no seas la víctima ya ?

¡ Ah ! si tu tirano supiese siquiera  
Reprimir el vuelo de audacia extranjera  
Y vengar insultos que no vengará !

De Albion la potente sin duro castigo,  
Del Brasil, de Iberia bajel enemigo  
La espalda del Plata jamas abrumó.

¡ Y hora extraña flota le doma, le oprime,  
Tricolor bandera flamea sublime,  
Y la azul y blanca vencida cayó !

And on seeing them conquered by his own power  
He assailed and crushed them with mocking defiance,  
Exerting his might to make them drag the servile  
[chain of slavery.

O, God ! we know not how to live as brothers ;  
Our own hands dared to tear  
The tender entrails of our sweet native land ;

And to punish us it pleased heaven  
To make us march, tied to the yoke  
Imposed on us by a wicked savage !

And thou, Buenos Ayres, who before wast the  
Art thou compelled to meekly bear the sight [victor,  
Of his trophies serving as a carpet for his feet ?

Can it be that this monster robbed thee of them,  
And can it be said that to thee remains only  
The miserable pride of a time that was ?

What calamity, what outrage remains there yet,  
What new misfortune, my dear native land,  
Of which thou art not already a victim ?

Ah ! if thy tyrant but knew  
How to arrest the progress of foreign audacity,  
And to avenge insults which he would not avenge,

The hostile ships of Albion's power,  
And of Brazil, and of Iberia's might, would never  
Have overlayed La Plata's silvery surface.

And now a foreign fleet rules and oppresses it :  
The tri-colored flag sublimely flutters,  
And the blue and white falls conquered !

¿Qué importa al perjuro tu honor ó tu afrenta?  
Los heroicos hechos que tu historia cuenta,  
Tus días felices, tu antiguo esplendor,

Deslumbran su vista, confunden su nada,  
Y el bárbaro intenta dejar apagada  
La luz que á los libres en mayo alumbró.

Tú, que alzando el grito despertaste un mundo  
Postrado tres siglos en sueño profundo  
Y diste á los reyes tremenda lección.

¿De un déspota imbecil, esclava suspiras?  
¡Eh! contra tu fuerza ¿qué valen sus iras?  
¿No has visto á tus plantas rendido un León?

¡Hijos de mi patria, levantad la frente  
Y con fuerte brazo la fiera inclemente  
Que lanzó el desierto, de un golpe aterrado!

Lavad nuestra mancha, valientes porteños,  
Y mostrad al mundo que no tiene dueños  
El pueblo que en mayo gritó Libertad.

JUAN CRUZ VARELA.



What cares the perjurer for thy honors or abuse?  
The heroic deeds which thy history records,  
Thy happy days, thy former splendor,

Dazzle his senses, bewilder his littleness;  
And the tyrant designs to leave smothered  
That gleam which in May enlightened the free.

Thou who, raising the cry, didst awaken a world,  
Prostrated three centuries in profound sleep,  
And didst give the kings a tremendous lesson;

Dost thou sigh as the slave of an imbecile despot?  
Aye! against thy bravery what avails his ire?  
Hast thou not seen at thy feet a vanquished Lion?

Sons of my fatherland, lift your brows,  
And with an iron arm smite ye, with one fell blow,  
The cruel brute cast up by the desert!

Efface our stain, ye brave porteños,\*  
And show to the world that the people  
Who cried, "Liberty!" in May, no masters have.

JUAN CRUZ VARELA.

\* Dwellers in the vicinity of a sea port.

## LOS TRÓPICOS.

FRAGMENTOS DE UN POEMA MANUSCRITO :  
“ EL PEREGRINO.”

Y en medio de las sombras  
Enmudece la voz del peregrino,  
Y el rumor de las ondas solamente  
Y el viento resbalando por el lino,  
Sobre el Fénix se oía,  
Que como el genio de la noche huía  
En las alas del viento tristemente ;  
Alumbrando sus huellas  
Sobre el azul y blanco las estrellas.

.....

Qué bello es al que sabe sentir con la natura  
Pasar al mediodía del circo tropical,  
Y comparar el cielo de la caliente zona  
Con el que tibia pinta la luz meridional.

Los trópicos ! radiante palacio del crucero,  
Foco de luz que vierte torrentes por do quier !  
Entre vosotros toda la creacion rebosa  
De gracia y opulencia, vigor y robustez.

Cuando miró imperfecta la creacion tercera  
Y le arrojó el diluvio la mano de Dios,  
Naturaleza llena de timidez y frio  
Huyendo de los polos al trópico subió.

## THE TROPICS.

FRAGMENTS OF A MANUSCRIPT POEM  
ENTITLED "THE PILGRIM."

And in the midst of the shadows  
The pilgrim's voice is silent,  
And only the murmur of the waves  
And the breeze, gliding through the sail,  
Could be heard upon the Phoenix,  
As if the genius of night were mournfully  
Fleeing on the wings of the breeze ;  
The stars lighting its tracks  
Over heaven and space.

.....

How grand to him who is in sympathy with nature,  
To pass to the south of the tropical circle,  
And to compare the sky of the sunny zone  
With that but tepidly lighted by the southern sun.

The tropics ! brilliant palace of the Southern Cross :  
Focus of light that sheds its torrents everywhere !  
Within thee the whole creation overflows  
With elegance and opulence, vigor and strength.

When Nature saw the third creation imperfect,  
And the hand of God sent the deluge,  
She climbed, fleeing timidly and chilled,  
From the poles to the tropics.

Y cuando dijo : " basta ! " volviéndola sus o-  
Y decretando al mundo su nuevo porvenir, [jos,  
El aire de su boca los trópicos sintieron  
Y reflejarse el rayo de su mirada allí.

Entónces como premio del hospedaje santo  
Naturaleza en ellos su trono levantó,  
Dorado con las luces de la primer mirada,  
Bañado con el ámbar del hálito de Dios.

Y derramó las rosas ; las cristalinas fuentes,  
Los bosques de azucenas, de mirtos y arrayan :  
Las aves que la arrullan en melodía eterna,  
Y por su linde ríos mas anchos que la mar.

Las sierras y los montes en colosales formas,  
Se visten con las nubes, de la cintura al pié :  
Las tempestades ruedan y cuando al sol ocultan  
Se mira de los montes la esmeraltada sien.

Su seno engalanado de primavera eterna,  
No habita ese bandido del Andes morador,  
Que de las duras placas de sempiterna nieve  
Se escapa entre las nubes á desafiar al sol.

Habitan confundidos la tигра y el jilguero,  
Tocanos, guacamallos, el león y la torcaz,  
Y todos, cuando tiende su oscuridad la noche  
Se duermen bajo el dátil, en lechos de azahar.

La tierra, de sus poros vegetación exhala  
Formando pabellones para burlar al sol,  
Ya que su luz desdeña, pues tiene el diamante  
Del oro y topacio magnífico esplendor.

And when He said : " Enough ! " turning to her  
And decreeing to the world its new future,  
The tropics felt the breath of His word,  
And there the light of His eye reflected.

Then, as a reward for her holy reception,  
Nature erected there her throne,  
Gilded with the light of the first gaze  
And bathed with the amber of the breath of God.

And she scattered roses ; crystalline springs ;  
The forests of white lilies, of myrtles and blossoms ;  
The birds that court her in endless melody,  
And her limits were rivers wider than the ocean.

The ridges and mountains, in colossal shape,  
Are clad in clouds from head to foot ;  
The tempests revolve, and when they darken the sun  
One sees the emerald peak of the mountains.

Her bosom, adorned in an eternal spring,  
Is not inhabited by the bandit dweller of the Andes \*  
Who escapes from the hard crests of perpetual snow  
Among the clouds to challenge the sun.

There, mingled together, dwell the tiger and the linnet,  
Peppereaters, macaws, the lion and the wild pigeon ;  
And when night spreads her darkness [orange blossoms.  
They all slumber beneath the date palm, on beds of

The earth yields vegetation from her pores,  
Forming curtains to mock the sun,—  
As she disdains his light,—for the diamond has  
The magnificent splendor of the gold and topaz.

\*The South American condor.

Naturaleza virgen, hermosa, radiante,  
No emana sino vida y amor y brillantez :  
Donde cayó una gota del llanto de la aurora,  
Sin ver pintadas flores no muere el astro rey ;

Así como la niña de quince primaveras  
De gracias rebosando, de virginal amor,  
No bien recibe el soplo de enamorado aliento  
Cuando á su rostro brotan las rosas del rubor.

Los trópicos ! El aire, la brisa de la tarde  
Resbala como tibio suspiro de mujer,  
Y en voluptuosos giros besándonos la frente  
Se nos desmaya el alma con dulce languidez.

Mas ¡ ay ! otra indecible, sublime maravilla  
Los trópicos encierran, magnífica : la luz.  
La luz ardiente, roja ; cual sangre de quince años,  
En ondas se derrama por el espacio azul.

Adónde está el acento que describir pudiera  
El alba, el mediodía, la tarde tropical ;  
Un rayo solamente del sol en el ocaso,  
O del millon de estrellas un astro nada mas ?

Allí la luz que baña los cielos y los montes  
Se toca, se resiste, se siente difundir ;  
Es una catarata de fuego despeñada  
En olas perceptibles que bajan del cenit.

El ojo se resiente de su punzante brillo  
Que cual si reflectase de placas de metal,  
Traspasa como flecha de imperceptible punta  
La cristalina esfera de la pupila audaz.

From pure, beautiful and radiant nature  
Emanates but life and love and splendor ;  
Gay colored flowers greet the fading astral king  
Where fell a drop from aurora's tears.

So the maiden of fifteen summers,  
Shining in graces and virginal love,  
No sooner receives its breath  
Than the roses of modesty bloom on her brow.

The tropics ! The air and the evening breeze  
Waft, like a woman's warm breath,  
And, kissing our brows in voluptuous turns,  
The soul in sweet languor is rocked.

But ah ! another inexpressible and sublime wonder  
The tropics comprise : the magnificent sun  
And the red glowing light it scatters in waves  
Through azure space like the blood in youth's veins.

Where are the words that could describe  
The dawn, the noon and tropical night,  
Or even one ray of the setting sun,  
Or one planet among the millions of stars.

There the light that bathes the sky and the mountains  
Can be touched and resisted, and felt to diffuse ;  
It is a cataract of fire precipitated  
In perceptible waves that descend from the zenith.

The eye resents its stinging dazzle  
Which, as if reflected from metal plaques,  
Penetraes the chrystalline orb of the daring pupil  
Like an arrow with imperceptible point,

Semeja los destellos, espléndidos radiantes  
Que en torbellino brota la frente de Jehová  
Parado en las alturas del Ecuador mirando,  
Los ejes de la tierra por sí á doblarse van.

Y con la misma llama que abrasa vivifica  
La tierra que recibe los rayos de su sien,  
E hidrópica de vida revienta por los poros  
Vegetación manando para alfombrar su pié.

Y cuando el horizonte le toma entre sus brazos,  
Partidas las montañas fluctuando entre vapor,  
Las luces son entónces vivientes inflamados  
Que en grupos se amontonan á despedir al sol.

Eurojecidas sierpes entre doradas mieses  
Caracoleando giran en derredor á él,  
Y azules mariposas en bosques de rosales  
Coronan esparcidas su rubicunda sien :

Y mas arriba, cisnes de nítido plumaje  
Nadando sobre lagos con lindes de coral,  
Saludan el postrero suspiro de la tarde  
Que vaga como pardo perfume de la altar.

Y muere silenciosa mirando las estrellas  
Que muestran indecisas escuálido color ;  
Así como las hijas en torno de la madre  
Cuando recibe su alma la mano de Dios.

Si en peregrina vida por los etéreos llanos  
Las fantasías bellas de los poetas van,  
Son ellas las que brillan en rutilantes mares  
Allá en los horizontes del cielo tropical.



Resembling the shining and brilliant darts  
That spring in multitudes from Jehovah's brow,  
While standing on the heights of the equator to see  
If the earth's axis would bend ;

And with the same flame that heats vivific  
The earth that receives the rays from His temples,  
Abundant vegetation, hydropic with life,  
Bursts through its pores to carpet His feet.

And when the horizon embraces the light  
And the mountains are divided, floating among the mists,  
Then the lights are living flames  
Crowded in groups to dismiss the sun.

Scarlet serpents, among the golden sheaves,  
Around him caracole and revolve,  
And blue butterflies in fields of roses  
Gayly crown his rubicund temples.

And further up, swans of elegant hues,  
Swimming on coral bordered lakes,  
Greet the last breath of the evening  
Which floats like incense from the altar.

That light, in changing, subdued colors,  
Silently dies, gazing at the stars,  
Like the daughters around their mother  
When the hand of God receives her soul.

If the poet's beautiful thoughts  
Peregrinate through the ethereal plains,  
It is they that shine in brilliant seas  
Yonder in the horizons of the tropical sky.

Allí las afecciones se avivan en el alma ;  
Allí se poetiza la voz del corazón :  
Allí es poeta el hombre ; allí los pensamientos ;  
Discurren solamente por la región de Dios.

Un poco mas... y el mustio color de las estrellas ;  
Al paso de la noche se aviva en el cenit,  
Hasta quedar el cielo bordado de diamantes  
Que por engaste llevan auréolas de rubí.

Brillantes, despejadas, inspiradoras, bellas,  
Parecen las ideas del infinito ser,  
Que vagan en el éter en glóbulas de lumbre  
No bien que de su labio se escapan una vez :

Y en medio de ellas rubia, cercana, trasparente,  
Con iris y auréolas magníficas de luz,  
La luna se presenta como la virgen madre  
Que pasa bendiciendo los hijos de Jesús.

JOSÉ MARMOL.

There the affections revive in the soul ;  
There the voice of the heart is poetized ;  
There man is a poet : there the thoughts  
Ramble only through the abode of God.

A little later and the dim color of the stars  
Brightens in the zenith as night approaches,  
Until the sky is spangled with diamonds  
Having for a setting aureoles of ruby.

Brilliant, clear, inspiring and grand,  
Appear the designs of the Infinite Being ;  
And no sooner have they left his lips  
Than they roam in the ether in globules of light,

And in their midst, crimsoned and near, transparent  
With prisms and magnificent aureoles of light,  
The moon appears like the Virgin Mother  
Blessing the children of Jesus on her way.

JOSÉ MARMOL.

## LA GLORIA.

A DON FELIX DE AZARA.

¡ Adelante ! . . ¡ adelante ! . . nada importa  
Que rasgando la bóveda del cielo,  
Cual flamígera nube, ardiente velo  
Amague al universo devorar :  
¡ Adelante ! . . ¡ adelante ! . . nada importa  
Que zumbe el huracan, y en fiero embate  
El rayo tremebundo se desate  
Que en sus hondos abismos ruja el mar !

No importa que en furioso torbellino  
Se despende la inmensa catarata,  
Y cubra con su sábana de plata  
El bosque y la llanura hasta el confin.  
No importa que la tierra tiemble ó ceda  
Bajo la planta del audaz viajero,  
Y no encuentre ni huella ni sendero  
Que le conduzca de su marcha al fin.

El adelante seguirá, ¡ adelante !  
Cruzando siempre con mayores brios,  
Selvas, desiertos, páramos y rios,  
Que absortos dejan alma y corazon.  
El sol á plomo lanzará sus rayos. . .  
Pero es en vano que el viajero asalten,  
Que el aire incendien y en la yerba salten  
Sus mil lenguas de fuego en rebelion.

## GLORY.

TO DON FELIX DE AZARA.

Onward, onward ! it matters not  
If a burning veil, rending the heavenly arch  
Like a fiery cloud,  
Threaten to consume the universe ;  
Onward, onward ! it matters not  
If the hurricane roar and the dreadful  
Thunderbolts break loose in a fierce attack,  
And the ocean roar in its profound depths ;

It matters not if the immense  
Cataract spend itself in a raging torrent,  
And cover with its sheet of silver  
The woods and the plains as far as the confines reach ;  
It matters not if the earth tremble or yield  
Under the foot of the daring wanderer,  
And he find neither foot-prints or path  
To lead him from his march to the end ;

Progress will follow onward !  
Crossing always with greater courage  
Forests, deserts, wilderness and rivers,  
That leave the soul and the heart amazed.  
The sun will dart his vertical rays,  
But in vain they assail the wanderer ;                    [tongues  
In vain they influence the air, and his thousand  
Of fire in vain rebound from the earth in rebellion.

El impasible cruzará los brazos,  
 Y aunque un instante le acongoje el fuego,  
 Firme y altiva su mirada luego  
 En el vasto horizonte clavará.  
 Y entre ardorosa nube de ceniza  
 El terreno pisando, que aun humea,  
 Será el incendio su gloriosa tea,  
 Y él tras las llamas adelante irá.

¡ Siempre adelante ! . . . Fétidas lagunas,  
 Negros vapores que la muerte exhalan,  
 Vámpires que con sangre se regalan,  
 Insectos que se aferran á la piel, [do,  
 Sierpes que anuncian su presencia con hirien-  
 Tigres hambrientos que la selva aduna,  
 Y que al trémulo rayo de la luna  
 Rebramando se acercan en tropel.

Bárbara tribu que se oculta aleve  
 Y allí al cristiano vengativa acecha  
 Con la veloz, envenenada flecha,  
 Que silba, hiere, pasa y no se ve ;  
 Nada amedrenta ni detiene al fuerte  
 Varon heróico en su fatal camino,  
 Puede darle en él tumba su destino. . .  
 ¡ Mas no obligarle á desviar el pié !

Un impulso secreto, un misterioso  
 Instinto que invencible le domina,  
 Le arrebat, le impele, le encamina  
 Do cumpla su mision, triste ó feliz.  
 Y cae y se levanta, y cae de nuevo  
 Y otra vez mas altivo se levanta ;  
 Y sigue sin temor, firme la planta,  
 Sereno el pecho, erguida la cerviz.

The impassive man will cross his arms  
And, although for a moment the heat may oppress him,  
Firmly and proudly he will fasten  
His eyes on the vast horizon,  
And treading the ground between fiery  
Clouds of ashes that yet smoke,  
The conflagration will be his glorious torch,  
And he, behind the flames, will onward march.

Ever onward ! Foul mires,  
Black, death-exhaling gases,  
Vampires that feast on blood,  
Insects that cling to the skin,  
Serpents that announce their presence by wounding,  
Famished tigers which the forest gathers  
And which, roaring, approach in confusion  
In the quivering light of the moon.

The barbarous tribe that treacherously conceals,  
And there revengefully waylays the christian  
With the swift, poisoned arrow  
That whizzes, strikes and passes unseen.  
Nothing frightens or detains the strong  
Heroic man upon his fatal road.  
His destiny may plunge him into his tomb,  
But cannot force him to divert his step.

A secret impulse, a mysterious  
Instinct that invincibly dominates him,  
Attracts him, impels him, guides him  
To where he is to fulfill his mission, sad or happy.  
And he falls and rises, and falls again ;  
And again, more proudly, he rises  
And advances with a firm step and without fear,  
Serene in heart and erect his brow.

Acaso en premio de su afán arribe  
De su ansiada esperanza al grato puerto,  
Y á la posteridad legue cubierto  
Su nombre de aureola divinal.  
Y acaso ese demonio que persigue  
Al genio y la virtud con furia insana,  
Dé á su noble ambición tumba temprana  
Y á su memoria olvido perennal.

Ésa es la gloria ! . . . Los que van tras ella  
Su juventud arrojan en sus aras,  
Dichas, placeres, ilusiones caras,  
Cuanto atesora el alma y corazón.  
Así tan solo se fecunda y brota  
Y se entreabre su espinoso lirio ;  
Porqué la gloria es . . . nada . . . ó el martirio :  
¡ Es del ángel proscrito la expiación !

Mientras palpita el hombre, ella le pide  
Toda la savia de la vida suya,  
Y hace que ardiente sin cesar refluya  
En la fragua del tiempo el porvenir.  
Porvenir que no llega, sino cuando  
El alma rompe su mortal cadena,  
Y se remonta á la religión serena  
Entre nubes de rosa y de zafir.

Viene entónces la gloria, casta virgen,  
Que huye del hombre cuanto mas la implora,  
Y en su sepulcro se le entrega y llora,  
Porque viviendo le negó su amor :  
La tierra besa que sus restos cubre  
Y el puro llanto que á raudales vierte  
En luz y aromas y laurel convierte  
Lo que ántes era polvo corruptor.



Perhaps by chance, as a reward for his anxiety,  
He anchors in the delightful haven of his longed for  
To his posterity bequeathing [hope,  
His name, covered with a divinal aureole.  
Or perhaps that demon which persecutes  
Genius and virtue with insane fury,  
Will give his noble ambition an early grave,  
And to his memory, perennial oblivion.

That is glory ! Those who pursue it  
Throw their youth, happiness, joys  
And cherished illusions upon her altars :  
All that is treasured by the heart and soul.  
Thus only her thorny iris fructifies,  
Grows and blossoms ;  
For glory is either nothing or martyrdom :  
It is the expiation of the proscribed angel.

While man breathes she demands of him  
All the vitality of his existence,  
And she causes time to come and reflow,  
Burning and unceasingly, into the forge of Tempus ;  
The future which comes rot, excepting when  
The soul breaks its mortal chain  
And soars into the region of tranquility  
Among clouds of rose and sapphire.

Then Glory, the chaste virgin, comes,  
Fleeing from man however much he may implore ;  
And to his grave he is consigned, and mourned,  
Because, when living, she refused him her love.  
The earth which covers his remains,  
Kisses that which before was common dust,  
And pure grief, pouring down in torrents,  
Converts it into light, fragrance and fame.

Tu fuiste, oh Azara ! también escogido,  
También en tu losa gimiendo aun está  
La gloria que un día te vió decidido,  
Arrostrar las iras del gran Paraná.

Tu nombre aun repiten, al salvar las rocas,  
Con salto gigante, Guazú y Aguaray,  
Y al oírlo es fama, que en sus anchas bocas  
Tiembra y se detiene su inmenso raudal.

La brisa que viene de la ignota Pampa  
Trae una armonía dulce para tí,  
Y hasta el indio bravo que en sus valles campa  
La oye alborozado con gozo infantil.

Gime el Aconquija y en su blanca espalda  
No borran las nieves tus huellas, feliz  
Paraguay no tiene para tu guirnalda  
Suficientes flores en su gran jardín.

Uruguay, la tierra do vertió á millares  
Sus mas ricos dones pródigo el Señor,  
Ostenta en su bella corona de azahares  
Tu nombre, diamante que á España robó.

Y cuando vil ehusma traspasa la sierra  
Por donde impetuoso corre el Yaguarron ;  
Cuenta que se rasga y asoma en la tierra  
Brillante la línea que Azara trazó.

Las vírgenes selvas del chaco salvaje  
Y los densos bosques del Yi y Tucuman,  
Dicen que al nombrarte doblan su ramaje  
Y aromada lluvia de sus hojas eae.

Thou wast, O, Azara ! also the chosen,  
And also in thy tombstone yet lies that glory  
Which once beheld thee resolutely  
Provoking the ires of the great Paraná.

The Guazú and Aguaray still repeat thy name  
As they leap over precipices with a giant bound,  
And which to hear is already glory, for in their  
Broad deltas their mighty torrents tremble and linger.

The breeze which comes from the igneous Pampa  
Bears a sweet melody for thee,  
And even the wild Indians camping in its valleys  
Hear it exhilarated with childish joy.

The Aconquija sighs, and on his white shoulder  
May the snows not efface thy tracks,  
For the great garden of happy Paraguay  
Holds not sufficient flowers for thy wreath.

Uruguay, the land where the Lord prodigally  
Shed in multitudes his richest gifts,  
Displays in her beautiful crown of orange blossoms  
Thy name—the diamond which she robbed from Spain.

And when a contemptible mob crosses the sierras  
Through which the Yaguarron impetuously flows,  
Know that the boundary which Azara traced  
Will brilliantly appear and flourish on the earth.

The virgin forests of the wild Chaco  
And the dense woods of the Yi and Tucuman  
They say, at mention of thee, Azara, bend their  
And fragrant rain falls from their leaves. [branches.

Tiene el Plata un vago colosal murmullo  
Con que á veces cuenta su dolor a! mar,  
Y yo que poeta comprendo su arrullo  
Sé que tu memoria nunca olvidará.

Llora por tí, Azara, porque tú no fuiste  
Ni venal, ni torpe, ni déspota cruel ;  
Llora por tí, Azara, porque mereciste  
La rica diadema que puso en tu sien.

Digna y envidiable, fúlgida aureola,  
Que alcanzó tu esfuerzo, virtud y saber !  
Déjame admirarla . . . tu gloria española  
Tambien de mi patria, de América es !

ALEJANDRO MAGARIÑOS CERVANTES.

La Plata has a vague and mighty murmur  
With which at times it tells its sorrow to the sea ;  
And I who, as a poet, understand its murmuring  
Know that it will never forget thy memory.

It weeps for thee, Azara, because thou wast neither  
Venal, infamous, nor a cruel despot ;  
It weeps for thee, Azara, because thou didst deserve  
The rich diadem which it placed upon thy brow :

A worthy, enviable and resplendent aureole,  
Attained by thy effort and valor and wisdom.  
Let me admire it—thy Spanish glory [America.  
Which belongs to my fatherland—to the glory of

ALEJANDRO MAGARIÑOS CERVANTES.

## A LA JUVENTUD.

“ Abre tus puertas, mundo ! . . . ensancha, vida,  
Para mí tu camino !  
Broten raudales de placer divino,  
De amor, de libertad ! grandes pasiones  
Dadme, dadme sin fin . . . mi alma encendida  
Se agita en sed de vivas emociones.  
Quiero agotar ; oh vida ! tus tesoros,  
Devorar quiero, mundo, tus placeres,  
Gloria, virtud, festines y mujeres ;  
Cantos, risas, y amores . . .  
Todo debe formar mi alta ventura,  
Todo lo encierras en tu rico seno,  
Como guardan las flores  
En su caliz feliz la esencia pura.

“ És tan bella la vida ! . . y vigorosa  
Palpita, hierva en mi agitado pecho :  
Y cual hielo deshecho  
Al rayo vencedor del astro ardiente,  
De mi inspirada mente  
Se disipan las áridas lecciones  
De la adusta experiencia,  
De la helada vejez vanas visiones  
Para espantar la crédula inocencia.

“ Horrible te pintaban, mundo amado,  
Y un eden puro de delicias eres :  
Tu ambiente perfumado  
En languidez sublime me aletarga . . .

## TO YOUTH.

“Open thy gates, O, world ! Life, widen  
For me thy path !  
Let torrents of joys divine,  
Of love and liberty gush forth ! Give me  
Great ambitions without end. My kindled soul  
Is excited with the thirst of keen emotions.  
I would exhaust, O, life ! thy treasures,  
And would consume, O, world ! thy joys.  
Glory, virtue, feasts and women,  
Songs, mirth and affections ;  
All must form my coveted happiness.  
All this thou dost enclose in thy rich bosom  
Like the happy flowers that hold  
Their essence pure within their calyx.

“Life is so beautiful ! and vigorously  
It palpitates and boils within my agitated breast.  
And like the ice, dissolving  
At the conquering ray of the burning orb of day.  
The dry lessons  
Of gloomy experience,  
And the useless prophesies of hoary age  
That frighten credulous innocence,  
Are scattered from my inspired mind.

“They painted thee horrible, beloved world,  
Yet thou art a pure eden of delights :  
Thy fragrant surroundings  
Put me in a lethargy of sublime languor.

¡ Dáme, dáme placeres,  
Que el alma es grande, la existencia larga !  
Gozar quiero, gozar . . tantas hermosas  
De frente pura, de mirar sereno,  
Mi ardiente culto aceptarán gozosas ;  
Coronado de rosas  
Y adormecido en palpitante seno,  
Gozando cantaré su amor divino,  
Que es amor de la vida el dulce encanto  
Y amor será mi plácido destino :  
¡ Mi destino feliz ! quién ¡ ay ! merece  
Culto tan santo, adoracion tan pura  
Como vosotras, que debeis al cielo,  
Con el alma de un ángel su hermosura ?  
¡ Mujeres adorables ! no se mece  
Tan bella flor en esmaltado suelo  
Al soplo de la brisa,  
Ni de aromas tan suaves,  
Como es hermosa y dulce la sonrisa  
De vuestra pura boca,  
Que al beso ardiente del amor provoca.

“ En vuestro seno, cándido, inocente  
No cabe, no, la falsedad traidora,  
Pura el alma teneis, pura la frente,  
Como la luz primera de la aurora.  
¡ Vírgenes celestiales !  
De vuestro amor las dulces emociones  
Me inundarán de aromas y armonía,  
Y vosotras seréis los manantiales  
De mi eterna alegría :  
Y si penetro de la gloria al templo,  
Si pulsando la lira al orbe admiro ;  
O dando heróico ejemplo,



Oh ! for joys, and more anon !  
For the soul is great and life is lone !  
To enjoy, to enjoy ! What beautiful  
Maidens, with pure and gentle brow,  
Will joyfully accept my ardent adoration ;  
Crowned with roses  
And slumbering on the palpitating bosom,  
Enraptured I will sing to its heavenly love,  
For the sweet charm is the love of existence,  
And love will be my placid destiny—  
My happy destiny ! Who, ah ! who deserves  
Such holy worship, such pure adoration,  
As ye that owe to heaven  
Your angelic soul and beauty combined ?  
Adorable woman ! No such beautiful flower  
Stirs on the embellished soil  
In the breath of the breeze,  
Or of such delicate fragrance,  
As to resemble the beautiful and sweet smile  
Of your innocent lips  
That excite the ardent kiss of love.

“ In thy pure and innocent bosom  
Insidious deceit finds, indeed, no room.  
Thy soul is pure, and placid thy brow,  
Like the first light of dawn.  
Celestial virgins !  
The sweet emotions of thy love  
Will overwhelm me with fragrance and harmony,  
And thou shalt be the spring  
Of my eternal rejoicing.  
And when I penetrate from glory to the temple,  
Admiring this world at the sound of my lyre ;  
Or giving heroic examples,

De amor de patria y libertad ardido  
A las lides me lanzo,  
Y el laurel á los héroes concedido  
Por mi valor y mi entusiasmo alcanzo :  
La guirnalda preciosa,  
Por vuestras manos de marfil tejida,  
Refrescará mi enardecida frente :  
Y en vuestros brazos bellos  
La laureada cabeza descansando,  
Me adormiré escuchando  
Del popular aplauso el alto grito,  
Y en ensueños de gloria  
Veré mi nombre en letras de oro escrito  
Entre los grandes héroes de la historia.

¡ Gloria ! don celestial ! númen divino !  
Eterna fuente de grandiosos hechos !  
¿ Dó estan los tibios pechos  
Que no palpiten á tu nombre augusto ?  
¿ Dó las almas cobardes  
Que no se inmolen en tu altar sublime ?  
Sed de tí me devora,  
Y de alcanzarte la ambicion me oprime  
No mas ¡ ay ! con tu sombra me desveles ;  
Toma mi vida, y dáme tus laureles.

“ La vida, sí, la vida ! .. hermosa ofrenda  
Si en las aras divinas se consagra  
De la alma libertad, y tu aureola  
La ciñe en torno de celestes rayos.  
Oh ! la muerte no es muerte !  
Si eterna vida me concedes, gloria,  
La muerte es la victoria !  
¡ Verdugos ! preparad vuestros cuchillos,

Glowing with love of country and liberty,  
I launch into the battles ;  
And the laurel, to heroes granted,  
I win through my valor and enthusiasm.  
Then the precious wreath,  
Woven by thine ivory hands,  
Will cool my burning brow ;  
And resting my laureled head  
In thy beautiful arms  
I will slumber listening  
To the loud cry of popular applause,  
And in dreams of glory  
Will see my name written in letters of gold  
Among the great heroes of history.

“Glory ! heavenly gift ! celestial deity !  
Eternal fountain of great deeds !  
Where are the indifferent hearts  
That quicken not at thy august name ?  
Where the coward souls  
That would not sacrifice themselves on thine ex-  
The thirst for thee consumes me, [halted altar ?  
And to win thee ambition crushes me.  
No more let the shadow disturb my sleep ;  
Take my life and give me thy crown.

“Life ? yes, life ! Beautiful offering  
When the soul's freedom is consecrated  
On the heavenly altars, and thy aureole  
Crowns it in turn with celestial rays.  
Ah ! death is not death !  
If thou, O, Glory, wilt grant me eternal life,  
Then death will be my victory !  
Executioners, prepare your knives !

Vuestros cadalsos levantad, tiranos !  
Aquí os espera mi entusiasmo ardiente,  
La palma del martiro entre las manos  
Y el eterno laurel sobre mi frente !

“ De mi tumba gloriosa  
El tierno amor y la amistad sincera  
Con llanto y flores regarán la losa . . .  
El amor ! la amistad ! bienes divinos  
Que á mis bellos destinos  
Serán perfumes de celeste rosa.

“ Abre tus puertas, mundo, que ya ansío  
Tus goces devorar y aun tus dolores . . .  
Todo es sublime en tí, nada sombrío ;  
Placeres, amistad, cantos, laureles,  
En tí mezclado con virtudes veo :  
Puros tus goces, tus amores fieles,  
Grande tu gloria y tus encantos creo.”

Dice la juventud, y ardiente avanza  
Por el estéril campo de la vida,  
De mil flores ceñida,  
Llena de fé, radiante de esperanza . . .  
¿ Qué haces del hombre ; oh mundo !  
Que lleno de ilusiones  
A tí llegó con férvido entusiasmo  
Pidiéndote virtudes y emociones ? . .

Su duro agudo el desengaño esgrime,  
La fé vacila, el entusiasmo calma,  
Nace la duda que emponzoña el alma  
Y entre tinieblas la esperanza gime.  
Esto le das ; oh mundo ! y cuando todas,

Erect your scaffolds, ye tyrants !  
Here my ardent enthusiasm awaits thee ;  
In my hands the palm of martyrdom,  
And on my brow the fadeless laurel.

“ Tender love and friendship sincere  
Will strew the tombstone of my grave  
With flowers and lamentations.  
Love, friendship ! heavenly treasures  
That will be fragrance of celestial roses  
For my beautiful destinies.

“ Open thy gates, O, world ! for already I long  
To taste thy joys, and even thy sorrows.  
In thee all is sublime ; nothing gloomy.  
Pleasures, friendship, songs and crowns,  
I see in thee, mixed with virtues.  
I believe thy joys innocent, thy affections true,  
And great thy glory and thy charms.”

Thus says Youth, and eagerly he advances  
Upon the barren field of life,  
Wreathed with a thousand flowers,  
Full of faith and radiant with hope.  
What dost thou with man, O, world,  
Who, full of illusions,  
Comes to thee with fervid enthusiasm  
Praying to thee for virtue and emotions ?

Disappointment unsheathes its pointed dart :  
Faith wavers ; enthusiasm is calmed ;  
Doubts arise which poison the soul,  
And hope in utter darkness means.  
This thou givest to him, O, world ! and when

Sus creencias y virtudes  
En tus abismos el dolor derrumba,  
Triste y árido hastío  
Le roe el alma con su diente frío,  
Y le arrojas cadáver en la tumba.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.



Repentance casts all his beliefs and all his virtues  
Into thy gulf of destruction,  
An abject and arid loathing  
Gnaws his soul with its deadly tooth,  
And he is cast by thee, a corpse, into the grave.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.



## EL CEMENTERIO DE ALEGRETE.

EN LA NOCHE.

Los que en las dichas de la vida ufanos,  
Correis jugando su azorosa senda,  
Ceñidos de fortuna con la venda,  
Que os muestra eternos sus favores vanos ;

Los que de risas y venturas llenos,  
Orlada en flores la altanera frente,  
Cruzaís por esta rápida corriente  
Que en barca de dolor surcan los buenos ;

Los que libais en la nectárea copa  
De los placeres sus delicias suaves  
Como los trinos de doradas aves,  
Como los besos de una linda boca :

Volved la espalda á la suntuosa sala,  
De orgullo y oro y corrupcion vestida,  
Venid á este salon á que os convida  
La muerte ornada de su eterna gala.

Venid á este salon, á cuya puerta  
Malgrado tocaréis en algun dia ;  
Aquí de los vapores de la orgía  
Vuestra alma libre, se verá despierta.



## THE CEMETERY OF ALEGRETE.

AT NIGHT.

Ye who, proud in life's riches,  
Hasten gayly over its unlucky path,  
Blindfolded with the bandage of destiny,  
Showing you her vain favors, as if eternal ;

Ye who, replete with happiness and fortune,  
Your haughty forehead bordered with flowers,  
Cross this rapid stream  
Thro' which the just plough on the bark of sorrow ;

Ye who taste from the nectareal cup  
The gentle delights of pleasures,  
Like trills of gay plumed birds,  
Like kisses from lovely lips :

Take leave from the sumptuous hall,  
Clothed in pride, and gold, and corruption,  
And come to the hall where death invites you  
Ornamented with his eternal grandeur.

Come to this hall at the door of which,  
In disappointment, ye will knock some day.  
Here thy soul, free from the breath  
Of frantic revels, will behold itself enlightened.

Y es bueno conocer una posada  
A que hemos de llegar precisamente,  
Ya se marche en carroza refulgente,  
Y arrastrando entre zarzas la pisada ;

Y es útil levantar esas cortinas  
Que la heredad envuelven mas preciosa,  
Y del que planta solamente rosas,  
Y del que coge solamente espinas !

Y es justo contemplar lo que nos queda  
De todos los regalos que da el mundo,  
A los que estamos en dolor profundo,  
Y á los que ensalza la voluble rueda !

¡ Oh ! no tardeis los favoritos de ella !  
Lujo hay tambien en el palacio helado ;  
Cada astro le es un artesón plateado,  
Cada horizonte una columna bella.

Allí está el leño redentor del hombre,  
Trono de un Dios y de su sangre lleno ;  
Y de esas tumbas en el yerto seno,  
Hay riqueza y poder, beldad y nombre.

Todo es sublime como el Dios de todo,  
Y de su lampo la verdad le alumbra,  
La eternidad en pompa se columbra  
Sobre humana soberbia que ya es lodo.

Lodo y no mas, dichosos de la tierra,  
Seremos y seréis ! ¿ Es un consuelo  
Que nos permite compasivo el cielo  
A los que el templo de fortuna cierra ?

And it is well to know a home  
Where we are inevitably to arrive,  
Whether riding in a brilliant coach  
Or dragging along the steps through difficulties ;

And it is profitable to lift those curtains  
Which envelope the most precious inheritance  
Of him who plants only roses,  
And of him who gathers only thorns ;

And it is just to contemplate what is left to us  
Of all the gifts which the world bestows,  
And ourselves, who live in deepest sorrow,  
And those whom the voluble wheel extols.

Oh ! be not late, ye favored ones,  
For grandeur also dwells in the icy abode :  
Each heavenly body is to it a plated vault ;  
Each horizon a magnificent pillar.

There lies the clay, the redeemer of man,  
A throne of God, and of his own blood ;  
And in the motionless bosom of those tombs  
Rest wealth, and power, beauty and fame.

All is exalted, like the Almighty God,  
And from his splendor Truth lights her torch,  
While far away eternity can be discerned, in its  
Above human pride, now gone to dust. [splendor,

You and we, the happy ones of this world,  
Will be dust and nothing more. Is it a consolation  
That merciful heaven allows to us  
Who are included in the temple of fate ?

Sí, que en dolor el alma desgarrada  
Al reino de la muerte nos llegamos,  
Y en su espejo infalible divisamos,  
Que gloria, pena, dicha, todo es nada !

Sí que en este lugar se os ve temblando  
Palidecer entre congoja y miedo,  
Y del manto del tiempo el viejo ruedo  
Con mano desesperada asegurando,

Quisierais detenerle en su carrera  
Que os arrastra tranquila y majestuosa,  
Y al batir de su pié, se abre la fosa  
Que inevitable al término os espera !

Y si de régia pompa precedido  
Llega á esa puerta el ataúd fastuoso ;  
Es que el mundo que os fué tan engañoso,  
Os arroja de sí con gran ruido.

Y si se alza altanero en el momento  
Para albergar vuestro despojo helado :  
De la humana prudencia es un legado,  
Que á la soberbia manda el escarmiento.

Y si preces sin fin se oyen en coro  
A la fúlgida luz de mil hachones :  
Es remedar sin fé las oraciones,  
Para pedir á vuestras arcas oro.

¿ Lo dudais ? Preguntad al prócer fiero  
Que entre mármol y bronce allí reposa,  
Al Crespo que recubre aquella losa,  
Al bravo que aquí duerme con su acero.

Yes, for we arrive at Death's domain,  
The soul with sorrows torn,  
And in its infallible mirror we discern  
That glory, sorrow and happiness, all are ciphers !

And if in this place ye tremble  
And shudder between anguish and fear,  
Grasping with a desperate hand  
The ancient border of the mantle of Time,

Ye would detain him in his course  
As he tranquilly and majestically draws you over.  
At the tap of his foot the grave that inevitably  
Awaits you at the end unlocks.

And when, preceded by stately pomp,  
The fastuous hearse arrives at this gate,  
Then the world, which was to you so deceitful,  
Casts you from her with grand eclat.

And when for the moment she haughtily rises  
To shelter your cold remains,  
It is a legacy of merciful prudence  
That chastisement orders pomp.

And if you ceaselessly pray you hear in chorus,  
In the resplendent light of a thousand torches :  
"To ask riches for your coffers  
Is to imitate prayers without faith."

Do ye doubt? Ask the feared grandee  
Who reposes there between marble and bronze ;  
As the Cræsus under the block of marble ;  
Ask the brave one who sleeps here with his sword.

¿A dónde está el poder, á dó la gloria  
Que en tanto de la tierra era preciada ;  
Dó la opulencia que brilló envidiada ;  
A dónde el himno audaz de la victoria ?

Todo pasó cual humo disipado,  
Todo pasó ! pero quedó el olvido . . .  
Y ¿acaso en el sepulcro del mendigo  
Un instante ese bien habrá faltado ?

Ahora . . . volved á vuestro mundo hermoso  
Y en medio del festín y sus cantares,  
Incensad de fortuna los altares,  
Envueltos en su brillo esplendoroso.

Adormecéos en sitial dorado  
De la lisonja al embriagante acento ;  
“Caigan virtud y honor para el contento  
“De quien en noble cetro está apoyado.”

Hollad al débil si piedad os pide  
Y al mísero que gima en vuestra sala,  
No le deis aun las sobras de la gala,  
Que donde quiera vuestra planta mide !

Alzad la espada sanguinosa y fuerte.  
Que doma al pueblo, esclavitud sembrando,  
Y de las leyes el altar pisando,  
Poblad la tierra de orfandad y muerte !

Que yo, sobre las tumbas recostado,  
De vuestras dichas y poder me rio ;  
En la justicia del señor confío,  
Que solo el que la ofende es desgraciado !

MELCHOR PACHECO Y OBES.

Where is power ? Where is glory,  
So highly prized by the world ?  
Where the envied opulence that glittered ?  
Where the fearless hymn of victory ?

All have vanished like dissipated smoke ;  
All passed ! Only oblivion lasted—  
And did even a beggar's tomb  
Ever miss this boon for an instant ?

Now return to your beautiful world  
And in the midst of its feasts and songs,  
Incense the altars of fortune,  
Wrapped in its magnificent lustre.

Slumber ye under gilded canopies  
With the intoxicating voice of flattery :  
“ Let virtue and honor fall for the satisfaction  
Of him who leans upon a magnificent sceptre.”

Trample the weak if they beg for mercy,  
And to the wretch who moans in your hall,  
Yield not the remains of the pomp  
Which all around your foot can measure !

Raise your sanguinary and mighty sword  
That rules the people, sowing slavery,  
And treading upon the altars of law,  
Fills the earth with orphans and death !

For I, on this tomb reclining,  
Laugh at your riches and power.  
I trust in the justice of the Lord,  
For he only is miserable who offends it.

MELCHOR PACHECO Y OBES.

## AMERICA.

Ceñida de jazmín y enredadera  
Y entre viejas montañas escondida,  
Pasa su blanda y perezosa vida  
Una tierra bellísima, un jardín.

América unos hombres la llamaron  
Y sus hijos despues lo repitieron ;  
Sus moradas sobre ella suspendieron  
La sílfide, la fada, el serafín.

Las auras de sus bosques centenarios  
Mecen los mil jazmines de su frente,  
Y en aroma purísimo, inocente,  
Se desprende al columpio virginal.

Ciñen su inmensa frente por diadema  
Ejércitos de palmas cimbradoras,  
Altivas caducas moradoras  
Del desierto y del tórrido arenal.

Descienden en vistosos torbellinos  
De transparentes perlas sus cascadas,  
Y bordan las corolas perfumadas  
De la campestre y olvidada flor.



## AMERICA.

Crowned with jessamine and bind-weed,  
And amidst ancient mountains concealed,  
A most lovely land—a garden,  
Passes its gentle and indolent life.

America, some men called it  
And their children repeated it ;  
The sylph, the fairy and seraph  
Suspended over her their homes.

The zephyrs of her ancient woods  
Rock the multitude of jessamines on her brow ;  
And amidst purest and simple fragrance  
The virginal swing is unloosened.

For a diadem, armies of pliant palms,  
Proud and ancient dwellers  
Of the desert and torrid sands,  
Crown her mighty brow.

Her cascades descend in lovely  
Showers of transparent pearls,  
Embroidering the fragrant corollas  
Of the wild and lonely flowers.

Pueblan sus altos robles y sus ceibas,  
En bandos pintorescos los turpiales,  
Y ostentan los mitrados cardenales  
La púrpura de Tiro en su color.

Las deidades del mar visten sus playas,  
De caracoles, conchas y corales,  
Que ostentan sus desiertos arenales  
Como un ciuto de perlas y rubí.

Encaje pintoresco y ondulante  
Con que adornan su vírgen vestidura,  
La casta, hermosa, celestial y pura  
Tierra de los ensueños de alhelí.

Un cielo azul, benigno, trasparente  
De nubes de oro y nácar tachonado,  
Y sus noches de amor, engalanado  
Con millares de estrellas por do quier.

Es el toldo magnífico, esplendente,  
Que con tierna, y bellísima sonrisa  
Tiende en las alas de la mansa brisa  
El ángel de los sueños y el placer.

Los ojos de sus bellas son de fuego,  
Sus miradas fascinan y eloquecen ;  
Descarriados arcángeles parecen  
Que descendieron en su vuelo aquí.

Sus morenas mejillas, sus melenas,  
Sus senos voluptuosos, palpitantes,  
Del corazón arrancan delirantes  
Mil suspiros de ardiente frenesí.

The finches, in picturesque flocks,  
Inhabit her oaks and silk-cotton-trees,  
And the mitred nightingales  
Display the Tyrean purple in their tints.

The deities of the ocean deck her shores  
With shells, periwinkles and corals,  
Which deck her sandy beaches  
Like a belt of pearls and rubies.

The picturesque and undulating mosaic  
With which they adorn the virgin vestures  
Of the lovely, chaste, pure and heavenly  
Land of dreams, and home of the gillyflower.

An azure, benign and transparent sky,  
Fringed with clouds of gold and pearl.  
And its nights of love, decked  
Everywhere with millions of stars.

It is the magnificent, splendid toldo  
Which, with a tender and delicious air,  
Unfolds on the wings of the gentle breeze  
The angel of dreams and joys.

The eyes of her lovely maidens are of fire ;  
Their gaze charms and enraptures,  
They seem like archangels who have lost their  
And in their flight descended here. [way

Their dusky cheeks, their flowing locks,  
Their bosoms, voluptuous and palpitating,  
Press from the heart a thousand  
Delirious sighs of fervent madness.

Tus bosques, tus ríos, tus limpias cascadas,  
Eternos sus flores, sus aguas te den,  
Tus auras fugaces de aroma cargadas  
Columpien tus palmas con blando vaiven.

Tu cielo de estrellas, azul, transparente,  
Derrame su manso fulgor para tí ;  
Y rica y altiva, feraz y potente,  
Los soles te alumbren, fantástica hurí.

Esconda en tus flores sus lágrimas puras  
La cándida y tibia mañana de paz,  
Y tienda en tus verdes feraces llanuras,  
Su velo de rosas liviando y fugaz.

Arrullen tu casto, mansísimo sueño,  
Del bosque las brisas con dulce rumor,  
Y el canto del ave, silvestre, halagüeño,  
Tu paz interrumpa con notas de amor.

Desciendan en vistosos torbellinos  
De transparentes perlas tus cascadas,  
Y borden las corolas perfumadas  
De la flor escondida y virginal.

Ciñan tu inmensa frente por diadema  
Ejércitos de palmas cimbradoras,  
Siempre altivas y eternas moradoras,  
Del llano, el bosque, el valle, el arenal.

Vierta Dios á torrentes en tu suelo,  
Virtud, saber, prosperidad, bonanza ,  
Y el eterno faual de la esperanza  
Alumbre tu dormir, tu despertar.

May thy woods, thy rivers, and thy limpid cas-  
cades, Forever give thee their flowers and waters ;  
May thy light, aroma laden breezes  
Gently rock thy palms to and fro.

May thy starry heavens, clear and blue,  
Scatter for thee their gentle light ;  
And may the sun shine upon thee, noble  
And proud, fruitful, mighty and fantastic

May the candid and mellow morn of peace hour,  
Conceal in thy flowers its pure tears,  
And on thy green and fertile plains, lightly  
And gently unfold its veil of delights.

May the breeze of the forest  
Lull thy pure, gentlest sleep with sweet murmurs,  
And the song of the bird, rural and alluring,  
Interrupt thy peace with tunes of love.

May thy cascades descend in lovely  
Showers of transparent pearls  
And fringe the fragrant petals  
Of the wild and virginal flowers.

For a diadem may armies of waving palms  
Crown thy stupendous brow,  
Ever proud and eternal dwellers  
Of the plains, woods, valleys and shores.

May God scatter on thy soil, in showers,  
Virtue, wisdom, prosperity and happiness :  
And may the eternal beacon of hope  
Brighten thy sleep and thy awaking.

Que el genio misterioso de los siglos  
Sobre su inmensa trípode sentado,  
Te augure con la fé del inspirado  
Glorias que éi mismo no podrá borrar.

- A. LOZANO.



May the mysterious genius of the ages,  
Seated upon his colossal tripod,  
Augur thee with the faith of the inspired,  
Glories which he himself could not efface.

A. LOZANO.



## EL DIA FINAL.

Cumpliéronse los tiempos ! de sus obras  
Retira el Criador su excelsa mano,  
Y aquella voz que enfrena al oceano,  
Terrible é indignada,  
“ !Toma ! dice á la nada,  
“ !Cuanto de tí saqué, de mí recobras ! ”

Y alzando el ángel de la muerte el vuelo  
Por los inmensos campos del vacío,  
Rauda entre nubes de color sombrío,  
Que al sol envuelven en luctuoso velo,  
De planeta en planeta  
Pasa llevando la sentencia dura,  
A que el Supremo Artífice sujeta  
De su poder la portentosa hechura.

Rota la ley que ordena el movimiento  
De innumerables mundos,  
Por la vasta estension del firmamento,  
Sin rumbo ni compas vagan errantes  
En confusion y vértigos profundos.  
Unos con otros luchan : sus brillantes  
Destellos palidecen ;  
Y el espacio sin fin el grito absorbe  
Que cruza por los ámbitos del orbe.



## THE FINAL DAY.

The cycles of time have passed ! The Creator  
Withdraws his supreme hand from the work,  
And that voice which restrains the oceans,  
Terrible and indignant,  
Thus saith to vacancy : " Receive !  
Thou reclaimest what I produced from thee ! "

And the angel of death, raising his flight  
Through infinite fields of space,  
Rapidly passed between sable clouds  
Which envelope the sun with a veil of mourning.  
Bearing the heavy sentence  
From planet to planet,  
To which the Supreme Maker binds  
The prodigious work of his omnipotence.

The law once broken that orders the movement  
Of innumerable worlds,  
They rove at random, without rudder or compass,  
In confusion and vertigo profound,  
Through the vast extension of the firmament.  
One struggles against the other : their brilliant  
Lights fade ;  
And space hurries along that eternal cry  
Which crosses the limits of the sphere.

¡ Escuchad, escuchad !! . . Los aquilones  
Rápidos giran, y en su curso ciego  
De unas á otras regiones  
Van el carro de fuego  
De la sañuda tempestad lanzando ;  
Las altivas naciones  
Pálidas tiemblan con pavor nefando,  
Y cual flexibles cañas  
Doblan sus crestas ásperas montañas.

Por las ciudades, de opulencia emporios,  
Rugiendo van los tigres y panteras ;  
Las aves carniceras  
Refúgianse en magníficos cimborios  
De alcázares y templos ; y en las grutas  
De sanguinarias fieras,  
Hermanos contra hermanos  
Se abalanzan hambrientos los humanos.

[gro espanto,  
¡ No hay amor ! ¡ no hay piedad ! Del ne-  
Del furor ciego y el pesar profundo,  
Huyendo van los sentimientos suaves . . .  
Del inocente infante el tierno llanto,  
Y del anciano los dolores graves,  
La desesperacion en su iracundo  
Frenético anhelar, en vano escucha . . .  
¡ Naturaleza con la muerte lucha !

¡ Espectáculo atroz ! La mar devora  
Campos y pueblos que no dejan rastros,  
Y se alza bramadora  
Amenazando al cielo,  
Como si el apagar fuese su anhelo  
La ya marchita lumbre de los astros.

Listen, listen !! The north winds  
Rapidly revolve, and in its blind career  
From realm to realm  
The fiery chariot  
Is launched by the furious tempest.  
The haughty, pallid nations  
Tremble with contemptible fear,  
And mountains bend their sharp crests  
Like pliant reeds.

Through cities of opulent emporiums  
Go roaring tigers and panthers ;  
The birds of prey  
Take refuge in magnificent cupolas  
Of temples and castles ; and in the caves  
Of ferocious beasts  
Men ravenously dash,  
Brothers against brothers.

There is no love, no piety ! The gentler  
Sentiments flee before gloomy fear,  
Blind fury and deep sorrow :  
Despair, in its furious,  
Frenetic anxiety,  
In vain hears the feeble cry of the infant  
And the caustic sorrows of the aged—  
Nature is struggling with Death !

Awful spectacle ! Oceans engulfing  
Fields and villages without leaving a vestige,  
Roaring and rising,  
Threatening the heavens,  
As if its desire were to extinguish  
The light of the stars, already faint.

La ponderosa mole de la tierra  
Su movimiento y turbulencia imita,  
Vorágines inmensas abre y cierra  
Y en convulsion frenética se agita.

¡ Despareció la lóbreguez ! El cielo,  
Hoguera inmensa sacudiendo llamas,  
Con claridad fatídica ilumina  
La universal catástrofe. Del velo  
De densos nubes, que desgarrar el rayo,  
Despeja el sol la enrojecida frente,  
Y de su centro súbito desata  
Volcánico torrente,  
Que por el ancho espacio se dilata.

Brama en el aire ignífero oceano,  
Zumba y estalla el fulminante trueno ;  
Giran chocando rápidos planetas,  
Como del mar en proceloso seno,  
Desmanteladas y perdidas naos ;  
Cruje la tierra ; el cielo se desgarrar,  
Tiende la muerte su acerada garra ;  
Gime la creacion y torna el caos !  
! Reina la eternidad ! sobre los mundos,  
Devueltos á la nada,  
El ígneo trono del Señor se asienta :  
Yace á sus piés la muerte encadenada,  
Rota en su mano inerme  
La guadaña sangrienta,  
Y el tiempo á su lado inmóvil duerme.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

The ponderous mass of the earth,  
Following its movement and turbulence,  
Opens and closes immense vortices  
And stirs in frightful convulsions.

Darkness disappears ! and heaven,  
The vast bonfire, discharging flames,  
Illuminates the universal catastrophe  
With a prophetic light. The sun clears  
His fiery brow from the veil  
Of dense vapors sent by the thunderbolt,  
And suddenly unfastens  
A volcanic torrent  
That spreads through the extensive space.

The igniferous ocean roars in the air ;  
The fulminating thunder peals and cracks ;  
Rapid planets revolve, colliding  
Like ships unmasted and wrecked  
In the stormy bosom of the sea ;  
The earth creaks ; the heavens fall ;  
Death stretches his steel-like claws ;  
Creation moans and chaos returns !  
Eternity reigns ! Over the worlds,  
To naught returned,  
Rests the fiery throne of the Lord :  
At his feet lies Death in chains ;  
His sanguinary scythe is broken  
In his unarmed hand,  
And Time sleeps motionless at His side.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

## A LA LUNA.

¡ Oh luna solitaria !  
Un argentado rayo  
De tu luz se refleja blandamente  
Sobre mi adusta y amarilla frente.

Tus puros resplandores,  
Tu quietud, qué contraste  
Con el triste negror del alma mía,  
Y con la convulsion de mi agonía !

En un tiempo me viste  
De la infiel en los brazos,  
En un mar de deleites sumergido  
De celestes visiones seducido.

Esperando me viste  
La cita apetecida,  
Y acusando del tiempo la tardanza,  
Que difería el colmo á mi esperanza.

Entonces yo contaba  
Del reloj los compases,  
Tardos, al paso que eran repetidos  
Con rapidez del pecho los latidos.

## TO THE MOON.

O, solitary moon !  
A silvery ray  
Of thy light softly reflects  
Upon my gloomy and sombre brow.

Thy pure brilliancy,  
Thy repose : what a contrast  
To the mournful gloom of my soul,  
And the convulsions of my agony.

Upon a time thou didst behold me  
In the arms of the faithless one,  
Plunged in a sea of delights,  
Seduced by celestial visions.

Thou didst behold me waiting  
For the craved appointment,  
And accusing the slowness of time  
Which deferred the height of my hope.

I counted then  
The strokes of the clock ;  
Tardy, compared with the speed  
With which the heart beats were repeated.

Ahora tu luz serena  
En mis párpados dora  
Una lágrima amarga y solitaria,  
Como lo son mi queja y mi plegaria.

La sombra de la angustia  
Que el corazón desgarró  
Se proyecta en mis ojos negra y triste,  
Y el universo de pavor resiste.

Mis sueños de ventura  
Huyeron para siempre :  
La infausta realidad me ha despertado  
Y el seductor encanto ha disipado.

Solo queda la imagen  
De la fiel que adoraba.  
¿ Mas qué ? ¿ La he olvidado y no la adoro ?  
Mis labios callen : dígalos mi lloro.

Su imagen es el pino  
Que crece en el desierto,  
El pájaro que en noche umbría canta,  
La torre que entre ruinas se levanta.

De mi dicha el recuerdo,  
Luna, brilla en el alma  
Cual tu rayo en el mar embravecido  
Cuando el rudo aquilón lo ha sacudido.

¿ Por qué ocultas tu disco  
Tras la parda montaña ?  
¿ Aun tú me dejas sin alivio, oh luna ?  
¿ Aun para tí mi queja es importuna ?



Thy solemn light  
Now gilds upon my eyelids  
A tear as bitter and solitary  
As my lamentations and my prayers.

The shadow of anguish  
That rends my heart,  
Projects from my vision, dark and gloomy,  
And the universe resists with dread.

My happy dreams  
Forever fled ;  
Unfortunate reality has awakened me  
And the tempting charm has vanished.

Only the image remains  
Of the faithful one which I adored.  
But what? Have I forgotten, and adore her not?  
My lips be silent : my tears shall speak.

Her image is the pine  
That grows in the desert ;  
The bird that sings in the shady night ;  
The tower that rises amidst the ruins.

The memory of my happiness,  
Dear moon, shines in my soul  
As shines thy ray upon the stormy sea  
Lashed by the rough septentrion blast.

Why dost thou hide thy disk  
Behind the mountains gray?  
Thou e'en wilt leave me comfortless, O, moon  
And e'en to thee my plaint is importune.

Si tú á quien miré siempre  
Cual deidad bienhechora,  
No prestas un consuelo á mi amargura,  
Me queda un postrer bien ; la sepultura.

Sonríó contemplando  
Que del duro destino  
El furor implacable y saña airada,  
Bien pronto, no hallarán sino la nada.

Sueñe con nueva vida  
El mortal que disfruta  
De placeres, de gozo y bienandanza,  
Mientras yo digo "á Dios" á la esperanza.

JOSÉ MANUEL CORTÉS.

If thou, to whom I have always looked  
As to a beneficent deity,  
Dost not grant consolation for my sorrow,  
A solace yet remains for me—the grave.

I smile while contemplating  
That the implacable madness  
And angry rage of rude destiny  
Full soon will find but naught.

May the mortal one who enjoys  
The pleasures and mirth and happiness,  
Dream with a new life,  
Whilst I shall say : “ All hope, farewell.”

JOSÉ MANUEL CORTÉS.

AL LIBERTADOR,  
EL DIA DE SU CUMPLEAÑOS.

CANCION.

CORO.

Compatriotas, llegó nuestro día !  
Hoy el grande *Bolívar* nació,  
Nuevo Alcides, pavor de tiranos  
Y de América gloria y amor.

¡ Colombianos, pasó la tormenta !  
Ya no se oye tronar el cañon ;  
Ya no se oyen los gritos de muerte,  
Ni del huérfano el triste clamor.  
Sobre el suelo feliz de la patria  
No ha quedado ni un solo español,  
Y Columbia reposa en los brazos  
De la Paz, la Concordia y la Union.  
Compatriotas, etc.

Hoy la América entera te aplaude ;  
Y las artes, la industria, el honor  
Cuanto encierra de ilustre la Europa,  
Te saluda, inmortal campeón ;  
Y los libres de toda la tierra,  
Acordando uniformes su voz,  
Te proclaman el héroe del siglo,  
Te titulan, el *Libertador*.  
Compatriotas, etc.

## TO THE LIBERATOR,

UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

SONG.

CHORUS.

Compatriots, our day has arrived !  
To-day was great Bolivar born,  
The new Alcides, the tyrant's terror,  
And America's love and glory.

Columbians, the storm has passeded !  
No more we hear the cannon's blast ;  
No more we hear the cry of death,  
Nor more the orphan's bitter wail.  
Upon our happy native soil  
Not a single Spaniard has remained,  
And Columbia reposes in the arms  
Of Harmony, Union and Peace.

Compatriots, etc.

To-day entire America applauds thee ;  
And the arts, industry and honor,  
All that is famous in Europe contained,  
Greet thee, immortal champion ;  
And the free from all the land,  
In harmony joining their voices,  
Proclaim thee the hero of the age,  
And name thee the Liberator.

Compatriots, etc.

Hoy recorre tu nombre igualmente  
De dos mundos la inmensa estension :  
¡ Prodigioso concierto de aplausos !  
Ningun héroe jamas lo escitó.  
A las ninfas del Támesis rico  
Y del Sena y del Rin y del Pó  
Corresponden con voz majestuosa  
Orinoco y el gran Marañon.  
Compatriotas, etc.

El rompió nuestras duras cadenas ;  
Vida, hogares y patria nos dió :  
El, de un pueblo de tristes esclavos,  
Ha formado una hermosa nacion.  
Por nosotros ¡ qué angustias  
Ha sufrido su gran corazon !  
En quince años de afan y trabajos,  
¡ Cuántas veces la muerte arrostró !  
Compatriotas, etc.

¿ No los veis ? En su frente gloriosa,  
Coronada de eterno verdor,  
¿ No los veis esos blancos cabellos,  
Esas huellas de un noble dolor ?  
Jóven tierno empezó la carrera :  
No son muestras del tiempo veloz :  
De sus largas fatigas, sin duda,  
De su amor y cuidados lo son.  
Compatriotas, etc.

To-day thy name travels equally  
The vast extension of two worlds.  
Such grand concert of applause  
No hero ever excited !  
To the waters of the rich Thames,  
And of the Seine, the Rhine and the Po,  
Correspond with majestic voice  
The Orinoco and grand Marañon.  
Compatriots, etc.

He rent our heavy chains ;  
He gave us life, homes and fatherland :  
He, from a people of abject slaves,  
A beautiful nation formed.  
For our sake what anguish  
His grand heart has suffered !  
In fifteen years of anxiety and strife  
How many times he has faced death !  
Compatriots, etc.

Upon his glorious brow,  
Crowned with eternal spring,  
Behold ye not those hoary locks,  
Those imprints of a noble grief?  
While young and tender his career began :  
They are not proofs of fleeting time ; [ships,  
But they indeed explain his lengthened hard-  
And prove his love and his cares.  
Compatriots, etc.

Pero él vive ; así viva cien años  
De Columbia el feliz fundador,  
El guerrero impertérrito y firme  
Que ha vengado á los hijos del sol !  
Sí, prolónguese un siglo esa vida  
Que las vidas de tantos salvó,  
Y benignos conserven los cielos  
En *Bolívar* al padre mejor !  
Compatriotas, etc.

JOSÉ FERNANDEZ MADRID.



But yet he lives ; a hundred years may he  
Columbia's happy founder, [thus live,  
The warrior, intrepid and resolute,  
Who has avenged the children of the sun !  
Yes, may that life a century last  
That saved the lives of so many ;  
And may the heavens benignly preserve  
In Bolivar the best of fathers.  
Compatriots, etc.

JOSÉ FERNANDEZ MADRID.

## EN UNA TEMPESTAD.

### AL HURACAN.

Huracan, huracan, venir te siento,  
Y en tu soplo abrasado  
Respiro entusiasmado  
Del señor de los aires el aliento.

En las alas del viento suspendido  
Vedle rodar por el espacio inmenso,  
Silencioso, tremendo, irresistible  
En su curso veloz. La tierra en calma  
Siniestra, misteriosa,  
Contempla con pavor su faz terrible.  
¿Al toro no mirais? El suelo escarba  
De insoportable ardor sus piés heridos,  
La frente poderoso levantando,  
Y en la hinchada nariz fuego aspirando  
Llama la tempestad con sus bramidos !  
Qué nubes ! qué furor ! El sol temblando  
Vela en triste vapor su faz gloriosa,  
Y su disco nublado solo vierte  
Luz fúnebre y sombría,  
Que no es noche ni día . .  
Pavoroso color, velo de muerte !  
Los pajarillos tiemblan y se esconden  
Al acrecerse el huracan bramando,  
Y en los lejanos montes retumbando  
Le oyen los bosques, y á su voz responden.

## IN A TEMPEST.

### TO THE HURRICANE.

Hurricane, hurricane, I feel thee coming,  
And in thy burning blast  
I rapturously respire  
The breath of the lord of the elements.

Suspended upon the wings of the wind  
Behold it impelled the vast space through,  
Silent, tremendous, irresistible  
In its rapid course. The earth,  
In a sinister, mysterious calm,  
Contemplates, with terror, its fearful aspect.  
See you not the bull? He paws the ground,  
His hoofs moved by insupportable ardor,  
Raising his powerful forehead,  
And breathing fire from his swollen nostrils,  
Summons the tempest with his bellowing!  
What clouds, what fury! The trembling  
Sun veils his glorious face with a gloomy mist,  
And his cloudy disk sheds only  
A mournful and dismal light  
Which is neither night nor day.  
Dreadful light! veil of death!  
The birdlets tremble and hide  
At the approach of the roaring hurricane,  
And in the distant mountains the woods  
Hear it re-echo and respond to its voice.

Llega ya     ¿No le veis? Cuál desenvuelve  
Su manto aterrador y majestuoso!...  
Gigante de los aires, te saludo!...  
En fiera confusion el viento agita  
Las orlas de tu parda vestidura...  
Ved! . . en el horizonte  
Los brazos rapidísimos enarca,  
Y con ellos abarca  
Cuanto alcanzo á mirar de monte á monte.  
Oscuridad Universal! . . Su soplo  
Levanta en torbellinos  
El polvo de los campos agitado! . . .  
En las nubes retumba despeñado  
El carro del Señor, y de sus ruedas  
Brotó el rayo veloz, se precipita,  
Hierre y aterra al suelo,  
Y su lívida luz inunda el cielo.  
    ¿Qué rumor? ¿Es la lluvia?... Desatada  
Cae á torrentes, oscurece el mundo,  
Y todo es confusion, horror profundo.  
Cielo, nubes, colinas, caro bosque,  
¿Dó estais?... Los busco en vano:  
Desparecisteis . . La tormenta umbría  
En los aires revuelve un oceano  
Que todo lo sepulta . . .  
Al fin, mundo fatal, nos separamos;  
El huracan y yo solos estamos.  
¡Sublime tempestad! Cómo en tu seno  
De tu solemne inspiracion henchido,  
El mundo vil y miserable olvido  
Y alzo la frente de delicia lleno!  
¿Dó está el alma cobarde  
Que teme tu rugir? . . Yo en tí me elevo  
Al trono del Señor: oigo en las nubes

Here it comes ! Do you not see it ? How it  
Unrolls its terrifying and majestic mantle !  
Giant of the air, I greet thee !  
In fierce confusion the wind stirs  
The fringes of the gray vesture.  
Behold ! in the horizon  
It twirls its arms with terrible rapidity,  
And with them embraces  
Whatever I see, from mountain to mountain,  
In universal darkness ! Its blast  
Raises the agitated dust  
Of the fields in clouds !  
The dashing chariot of the Lord  
Resounds in the clouds, and from the wheels  
Springs the swift thunderbolt, and falls,  
Striking and tearing the ground,  
And deluging the skies with its livid light.

What uproar ? Is it the rain ? Unbridled  
It falls in torrents darkening the earth.  
All is confusion and terror profound. [woods :  
The sky, the clouds, the hills, the beloved  
Where art thou ? For you in vain I seek :  
Ye have vanished. The umbrageous storm  
Stirs the air into an ocean  
That buries everything.  
At last, ill fated world, we separate ;  
The hurricane and I alone are left.  
Sublime tempest ! When in thy breast,  
Filled with thy solemn inspiration,  
I forget the wretched and miserable world,  
And lift my brow, full of delight !  
Where is the coward soul  
That fears thy roaring ? In thee I rise  
To the throne of God : in the clouds I hear

El eco de su voz : siento á la tierra  
Escucharle y temblar. Ferviente lloro  
Desciende por mis pálidas mejillas,  
Y su alta majestad trémulo adoro.

JOSÉ MARIA HEREDIA.



The echo of his voice : I feel the earth  
Listening to him and trembling. Fervent tears  
Descend my pallid visage,  
And tremulous I adore His exalted majesty.

JOSÉ MARIA HEREDIA.



## EL AURA DE AMOR.

Al beso del aura derraman las flores  
Sus copas de olores  
Con suave candor ;  
Y llenos de aroma, de vida y consuelo,  
El bosque, la tierra, la brisa y el cielo,  
Exhalan perfumes de paz y de amor.

Y es pura y es santa la esencia primera  
Que vierte hechicera  
La tímida flor ;  
Como es inocente la lágrima pura  
Que brilla en los ojos de casta hermosura  
Al beso primero del auro de amor.

La cándida niña, donosa, inocente,  
Que mira en su frente  
Brillar el pudor ;  
Suspira y ansía sentirse inspirada,  
Y en sueños divinos verter perfumada  
La esencia primera del aura de amor.

Y en dulces delirios mirar seductoras  
La vida y las horas  
Rodar sin dolor,  
Cual ruedan sencillas en noches de estío  
Las ondas ligeras del diáfano río  
Al leve suspiro del aura de amor.



## THE BREATH OF LOVE.

At the kiss of the breath the flowers pour out  
Their abundance of fragrance  
With gentle candor ;  
And the woods, the land, the breeze and the heavens,  
Filled with fragrance, life and joy,  
Exhale perfumes of peace and love.

And the first essence exhaled  
By the modest flower  
Is pure and holy ;  
As innocent as the pure tear  
Sparkling in the eye of chaste beauty  
At the first kiss of the breath of love.

The simple maid, gentle and innocent,  
Who sees on her brow  
The glow of modesty,  
Sighs and longs to be inspired,  
And in divine dreams to pour  
The first essence of the breath of love.

And in sweet deliriums to behold  
Life and the hours temptingly  
Roll by without sorrow,  
As the lucid waves of the clear river  
Roll quietly in the summer nights  
At the light breath of the kiss of love.

El ave nos brinda sus nítidas plumas,  
El mar sus espumas,  
Las flores su olor ;  
La tierra sus galas brillantes y bellas,  
Y el cielo sus nubes y blancas estrellas,  
Antorchas divinas de paz y de amor.

Empero, ¿qué fueran sus castas dulzuras,  
Sus lágrimas puras,  
Su eterno fulgor . .  
Si nunca vinieran en rápidos giros  
Vertiendo ligeras sus dulces suspiros  
Las candidas alas del aura de amor? . .

Horrible nos fueran los mares y estrellas,  
Las tristes querellas  
Del ave y la flor ;  
Y lánguidas fueran las suaves caricias,  
Que llenan el alma de afables delicias,  
Apénas sentimos el beso de amor.

El mundo nos brinda sus mil serafines,  
Sus ricos jardines  
De angélico olor ;  
Y en tanto sentimos su dulce armonía,  
Los goces del alma nos dan poesía,  
Y eternos nos dicen : “ ¡ la vida es amor ! ”

RAFAEL MARIA MENDIVE.

The bird allures us with its bright feathers ;  
The sea with its foam ;  
The flowers with their odor ;  
The earth with her brilliant and beautiful pomp,  
And the sky with its clouds and bright stars,  
Celestial torches of peace and love.

But what would become of their chaste delights,  
Their pure tears,  
Their eternal radiance,  
If the pure wings of the breath of love  
Were never to come in rapid circles  
Lightly to shed their sweet sighs?

The oceans and stars would horrible seem,  
And the sad complaints  
Of the birds and the flowers ;  
And faint would seem the gentle caresses  
That fill the soul with affable delights,  
And hardly feel the breath of love.

The world allures us with a thousand seraphs  
And its rich gardens  
Of angelical fragrance ;  
And while we feel its sweet aroma  
The joys of the soul give us poetry,  
And eternally say to us : " Life is love ! "

RAFAEL MARIA MENDIVE.

## CREPUSCULO EN EL MAR.

Antes de espirar el día  
Vi morir a mi esperanza.  
ZARATE.

Allá en el horizonte el rey del día  
Su frente hunde radiosa,  
Y por el vasto espacio va flotando  
Su cabellera de oro luminosa.

De arreboles vistosos y cambiantes  
Se adorna el firmamento  
Que entre negros celajes se confunden  
En su brillante airoso movimiento.

Y poco á poco sus inmensas alas  
La noche va estendiendo,  
Y con manto de duelo los adornos,  
Y las galas del orbe va cubriendo.

Es la hora en que los tristes corazones  
Ven la imágen sombría  
De la esperanza que los sustentaba,  
Desvanecerse con la luz del día.

Y la hora en que yo veo de mi vida  
La trama deshacerse,  
Y el porvenir glorioso que halaga,  
Como el cielo entre sombras esconderse.

## TWILIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

I saw my hopes vanishing  
Before the day expired.

ZARATE.

The king of day, yonder in the horizon,  
Sinks his radiant brow,  
And through the vast space  
Float his luminous rays of gold.

The firmament is clad in beautiful  
And changeable hues  
That mingle with the dim lights  
In their brilliant and graceful movements.

And little by little night  
Spreads her immense wings,  
Covering with a cloak of mourning  
The world's glories and pomp.

It is the hour in which sad hearts  
See the darkened image of hope  
Which sustained them  
Vanishing with the light of day.

It is the hour in which I see  
The fabric of my life crumbling,  
And the glorious future which it courts  
Is hiding like the sky between the shadows ;

En que yo digo adios á la esperanza  
Y á los goces del mundo,  
Y con incierto paso y sin vigía  
Marcho por un desierto tremebundo.

En que contemplo mi fugaz aurora  
Sin lucir disiparse,  
Y las lozanas flores de mi vida  
Sin exhalar perfume deshojarse.

En que á la vez mis bellas ilusiones  
Toman cuerpo, se abultan :  
Tocan la realidad, y desmayadas  
En crepúsculo negro se sepultan.

ESTEVAN ECHEVERRÍA.

The hour in which I say farewell to hope,  
And to the joys of earth,  
And with uncertain step, without a guide,  
I travel through a dreadful desert ;

In which I contemplate my fleeting youth,  
Vanishing without having shone,  
And the luxuriant flowers of my life [fragrance,  
Dropping their petals without exhaling their

It is the hour in which my beautiful illusions  
Take shape and augment :  
They touch reality and then begin to fade,  
And to sink in the twilight's gloom.

ESTEVAN ECHEVERRIA.

## A. . . . .

### VERSOS ESCRITOS EN EL GOLFO MEJICANO.

En las ondas azules, agitadas,  
Cuando el austro amenaza tempestad,  
El riesgo olvido de mi frágil nave,  
Solo pienso, mi bien, en tu beldad.

Ruega por mí, ferviente y piadosa,  
Al que rige la tierra, el viento, el mar ;  
De tus santas plegarias conmovido,  
Mi delincuente vida salvará.

Este secreto impulso que me arrastra  
Hácia tu ser hermoso, celestial,  
No es el amor profano de este mundo,  
Misterio es de pasion y de piedad.

Suele buscarte mi alma enardecida  
En el éter del aura matinal,  
En el cielo de un sol que se despide  
No en el grato recinto de tu hogar.

Antes de verte hechizo de mi vida,  
Mi triste corazon era un volcan,  
Y en su lóbrego centro se agitaban  
Fiera ambicion, venganza funeral.



TO . . . . .

LINES WRITTEN IN THE MEXICAN GULF.

Upon the blue and agitated waves,  
When notus threatens storm,  
I forget the peril of my fragile bark,  
And only think, my treasure, upon thy beauty.

Pray for me, fervently and piously,  
To Him who rules the earth, the wind and sea,  
And, moved by the holy entreaties,  
He will save my erring life.

This secret impulse which draws me  
Towards thy beautiful and heavenly being,  
Is not the irreverent love of this world ;  
It is the mystery of passion and piety.

My kindled soul would seek thee  
In the pure morning breeze ;  
In the heaven of a sun that never sets ;  
In the delightful confines of thy home.

Before I beheld thee, my life's enchantment,  
My sad heart was a volcano,  
And within its mournful center stirred  
Ambition fierce, and hapless vengeance.

Crudos embotes de civil discordia,  
Lauro sangriento, aplauso popular,  
Éran objetos que á mi pecho hacian  
De esperanza y de gozo palpar.

Te vi, y amé el perfume de los campos,  
La pureza de un pecho virginal,  
El río que se esconde entre las flores,  
En un infante el beso maternal.

Hoy ya no cruzo el piélago espumoso  
Tras de una gloria de placer falaz ;  
Corro á tus brazos . . á mi opaca frente  
Una lágrima tuya animará.

JOSÉ RIVERA INDARTE.

Heavy stupefaction of civil discord,  
Sanguinary glory and popular applause,  
Were the objects that made my heart  
To beat with hope and joy.

I saw thee, and I loved the fragrance of thy  
The purity of a virginal heart ;            [fields :  
The river concealed among the flowers,  
And in a child the mother's kiss.

Henceforth no more I cross the high and  
After a glory of deceitful joys ;    [foamy seas  
I run to thy arms, when one of thy tears  
Will brighten my gloomy brow.

JOSE RIVERA INDARTE.

## A CRISTOBAL COLON.

“¿Quién el furor insulta de mis olas?  
¿Quién del mundo apartado y de la orilla  
Entre cielos y abismo hunde la quilla  
De tristes naves náufragas y solas?  
Las banderas triunfantes que enarbolas,  
En la mojada arena con mancilla  
Miedo al mundo serán, no maravilla,  
Y el ocaso de tus naves españolas.”

El mar clamó; pero una voz sonora  
; Colon! prorumpo y al divino acento  
Inclina la cerviz, besa la prora.  
Cruje el timon: la lona se hincha al viento;  
Y Dios guiando al nauta sin segundo  
A los piés de Isabel arroja un mundo.

RAFAEL MARIA BARALT.

## TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

“ Who insults mine angry waves ?  
Who, separated from the world and its shores,  
Between heaven and destruction, sinks  
The keel of gloomy ships, calamitous and alone ?  
The triumphant banner which thou plantest  
Audaciously upon my humid shores  
Will not bring surprise, but fear to the world,  
And destruction to thy Spanish ships.”

Thus exclaimed the sea ; but a sonorous voice  
Burst out: “ Columbus !” and at the voice divine  
He bent his brow and kissed the prow. [burst  
The rudder creaked ; the sail swelled in the wind  
And God, guiding the matchless marine  
Flung a world at Isabella's feet.

RAFAEL MARIA BARCELONA

## A WASHINGTON.

No en lo pasado á tu virtud modelo,  
Ni copia al porvenir dará la historia,  
Ni el laurel inmortal de tu victoria  
Marchitarán los siglos en su vuelo.

Si con rasgos de sangre guarda el suelo  
Del coloso del Sena la memoria,  
Cual astro puro brillará tu gloria  
Nunca empañada por oscuro velo.

Mientras la fama las virtudes cuente  
El héroe ilustre que cadenas lima  
Á la cerviz de los tiranos doma,

¡Oh gozosa, América, tu frente,  
El Cincinatti que formó tu clima  
Vira al mundo, y te lo envidia Roma.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

## TO WASHINGTON.

The centuries, in their flight, could never  
Pale thy victory's immortal glory,  
Nor could history give to the future a copy,  
Nor in the past, a model of thy bravery.

If the native land of the statue of Sena  
Preserve his memory with gushes of gore,  
Thy glory, which was never clouded by a dark veil,  
Will shine like a brilliant star.

While fame recounts the deeds  
Of the illustrious hero who broke the chains  
And subdued the tyrant's pride,

Rejoice, America, and lift thy brow,  
For the world admires and Rome envies  
The Cincinnatus—the native of thy soil !

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

## AL SOL.

EN UN DIA DEL MES DE DICIEMBRE.

Reina en el cielo, sol ; reina é inflama  
Con tu alma fuego mi cansado pecho :  
Sin luz, sin brio, comprimido, estrecho,  
Un rayo anhela de tu ardiente llama.

A tu influjo feliz brote la grama,  
El hielo caiga á tu fulgor deshecho ;  
Sal ! del invierno rígido á despecho,  
Rey de la esfera : sal ! mi voz te llama.

De los dichosos campos, do mi cuna  
Recibió de tus rayos el tesoro,  
Alejome por siempre la fortuna.

Bajo otro cielo, en otra tierra lloro  
Esta nieve luciente me importuna.  
; El invierno me mata ! ; yo te imploro !

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.



## TO THE SUN.

ON A DECEMBER'S DAY.

King of the heavens, thou sun ! rule and kindle  
With thy holy fire my weary heart,  
Which, without light or courage, depressed, de-  
Craves for a ray of thy glorious fire.        [jected,

May the grain spring in thy vivifying power ;  
May the ice fall melted at the brilliancy of thy  
Arise ! in spite of the rigorous winter,        [light.  
King of the world, arise ! to thee my voice calls.

Fate separated me for forever  
From the happy fields where my cradle  
Received the treasures of thy rays.

Under another sky, in another land, I weep :  
This dazzling snow annoys me ;  
Winter is killing me !—I implore thee !

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

## AGRADECIMIENTO.

No necesitas, no, niña preciosa,  
De tu garbo, donaire, gentileza :  
Para ser estimada con presteza,  
Eres á mas de linda, muy graciosa.

Estando en la ciudad mas populosa,  
Cual viajante, que yerra en la maleza,  
Mereció mi cariño tu terneza :  
¿ Puede darse entre dichas mayor cosa ?

Mil gracias te repito cada día,  
En la noche, en la tarde, en la mañana,  
Recorriendo tu amor y gallardía :

Y á pesar de la ausencia mas tirana,  
Un altar te levanto en la alma mia,  
Donde adoro tu imágen soberana.

FR. MANUEL NAVARRETE.

## GRATITUDE.

Thou dost not need, lovely maiden,  
Of thy elegance, grace and gentility  
To be at once esteemed,  
For besides beautiful thou art most gracious.

Being in the most populous city,  
Like a traveler wandering in the barren waste,  
Thy tenderness deserved my affection :  
Can one give, among riches, anything better ?

Many thanks I repeat to thee each day,  
At night, in the evening and in the morning,  
Thinking upon thy love and thy grace ;

And notwithstanding most tyrannical absence  
I raise to thee an altar in my heart  
Where thy sovereign image I adore.

FR. MANUEL NAVARRETE.

## A UNA MARIPOSA.

Hija del aire, nivea mariposa,  
Que de luz y perfumes te embriagas,  
Y del jazmin al amaranto vagas,  
Como del lirio á la encendida rosa ;

Tú que te meces cándida y dichosa  
Sobre mil flores que volando halagas,  
Y una caricia por tributo pagas  
Desde la mas humilde á la orgullosa ;

Sigue, sigue feliz tu raudo vuelo,  
Placer fugaz, no eterno, solicita,  
Que la dicha sin fin solo es del cielo :

Fijar tu giro vagaroso evita,  
Que la mas bella flor que adorna el suelo  
Brilla un momento y dóblase marchita.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

Child of the zephyr, thou white butterfly,  
Drowning thyself in perfumes and light ;  
From the amaranth to the jasmine flitting,  
Likewise from the lily to the blushing rose.

Thou rockest innocently and happy  
Upon a thousand flowers caressed by thy wings ;  
And from the humblest to the proudest  
Thou payest a tribute of thy love.

Pursue in happiness thy rapid flight,  
A fleeting, but not eternal delight.  
Consider that endless bliss comes only from heaven.

Forbear to fix thy restless flight,  
For the fairest flower that adorns the earth  
A moment shines ; then droops and fades.

GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.



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